

## Papercuts & Stamps

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/34057108) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/34057108>.

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|------------------|---|
| Rating:          | <a href="#">Teen And Up Audiences</a>   |
| Archive Warning: | <a href="#">No Archive Warnings Apply</a>   |
| Category:        | <a href="#">M/M</a>   |
| Fandom:          | <a href="#">Minecraft (Video Game)</a>  |
| Relationship:    | <a href="#">Clay   Dream/GeorgeNotFound (Video Blogging RPF)</a>  |
| Character:       | <a href="#">Clay   Dream (Video Blogging RPF)</a> , <a href="#">GeorgeNotFound (Video Blogging RPF)</a> , <a href="#">Sapnap (Video Blogging RPF)</a> , <a href="#">Wilbur Soot</a> , <a href="#">Original Characters</a>   |
| Additional Tags: | <a href="#">Alternate Universe - High School</a> , <a href="#">Pen Pals</a> , <a href="#">DNF</a> , <a href="#">dreamnotfound</a> , <a href="#">Mutual Pining</a> , <a href="#">Love Letters</a> , <a href="#">Falling In Love</a> , <a href="#">Slow Burn</a> , <a href="#">POV Changes</a> , <a href="#">Boys In Love</a> , <a href="#">Awkward Flirting</a> , <a href="#">Friends to Lovers</a> , <a href="#">Fluff</a> , <a href="#">Tooth-Rotting Fluff</a> , <a href="#">Strangers to Lovers</a> , <a href="#">Pining</a> , <a href="#">Crushes</a> , <a href="#">Feelings Realization</a> , <a href="#">Comfort</a> , <a href="#">First Meetings</a> , <a href="#">High School</a> , <a href="#">Minor Injuries</a> , <a href="#">literally a papercut dont worry</a> , <a href="#">collab fic</a> , <a href="#">Emotional Hurt/Comfort</a> , <a href="#">Hurt/Comfort</a> , <a href="#">Coming Out</a> , <a href="#">Alcohol</a> , <a href="#">mention of smoking</a> |
| Language:        | English   |
| Series:          | Part 1 of <a href="#">Love Letters</a>  |
| Stats:           | Published: 2021-09-24 Completed: 2022-03-02 Chapters: 40/40 Words: 213300   |

## Papercuts & Stamps

by [discountsimp](#), [lxcuxex](#)

### Summary

A week later, a green envelope was waiting for him on his pillow when he came home from school. The handwriting was messy, but readable. He'd heard back from a boy he'd never known the name of.

### Notes

Hello! welcome to Kat and Tad's collab fic! This is a high school pen-pals au, and chapters will be switching off POV's between George and Dream. All George chapters will be written by Kat, all Dream chapters will be written by Tad!

We hope you enjoy! Make sure to follow us on twitter for updates and snippets! New chapters should be posted on a weekly basis <3

[Kat's Twitter](#)

[Tad's Twitter](#)

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

## rainy days

*Dream,*

*Hi, it was so nice to receive your letter today! With the storms being as terrible as they have been, I was worried that your letter was going to end up lost in the mail, and then because of the program's 'rules' about only communicating via letter, I would have had no way to contact you to see if you forgot about me. ~~That sounds clingy.~~ I mean, whatever though, right? You're probably my closest friend, even if you live approximately 4,336 miles away.*

*I just feel like people at my school don't understand anything about anything. Let me rephrase... People at my school don't interest me. All they care about is nonsensical drama between classmates and spreading rumors. I get that this is a preparatory academy, and that comes with the pretense of snobby rich kids (don't you dare loop me in with them, you asshole). Listen, I know my family has money, but I feel like, compared to people at my school, we live a more frugal lifestyle. I don't know, I still have to go to my grandparent's home on the weekends to help on the farm.*

*I sincerely don't think any of my classmates have ever collected eggs from a chicken coop or milked a cow. Curious, have you? I know we've been talking for a few months now, but America still seems entirely incomprehensible to me. Maybe one day I'll have to come visit, if you'd want me to.*

*As far as school goes, as you asked, classes are fine. I really am enjoying the computer programming class we talked about in my last letter. I don't know how to explain it really, it just makes sense instantly to me. I've been considering studying it in university. I think if I work hard enough at this course, and complete the extra credit assignments like I've been doing, I might be able to get some form of a scholarship! My professor said she would even give me extra side projects that I can pick away at if I complete all of the extra credit.*

*It's weird, really. Thinking about the future. I don't know, I've never really been sure of anything in regards to my future, but I know I enjoy this. It's also kind of exciting to have a friend in another part of the world. I know I've said that before, probably more than once, actually. But genuinely, I really do enjoy our friendship. I'm glad we got partnered for this whole pen-pals thing, I don't know if I'd have been able to keep it up with anyone else.*

*My literature professor said that my project is going well - documenting my experiences with this*

*whole writing back and forth thing. We've recently had to write a paper on what it feels like to only have this as a form of communication, and I ended up writing something about this is what they must have felt like before the internet or messaging on phones was invented. It is a strange feeling honestly, there's days I just want to call you and scream about bullshit that happened at school.*

*It would be nice to know more about you, like for instance, what your voice sounds like. Or what you look like. You don't have to, and there is no pressure at all. But maybe we could send photographs of ourselves in our next letters? I got a polaroid camera as a gift from my grandparents for starting my final year of school before university, so I could probably convince my mum to take a picture of me. Again, no pressure, just an idea. And it's not against the rules, so if you're comfortable...*

*Anyways, it really was a relief to receive your last letter. I love hearing from you, Dream. Thank you for being my friend and for continuing to write letters back and forth with me.*

*How's school there? How's that history project going, and are your classmates you're partnered with still being dicks to you? I'm sorry about that, by the way. You deserve better. And your literature project as well, with this whole pen-pals thing - has your professor given you any assignments like mine, other than keeping the letters to document everything?*

*I hope you're well, the two week gap was brutal, but I'm sending this letter with expedited shipping so hopefully it reaches you quickly and you don't think I forgot about you or hate you or any of that bullshit.*

*Give patches a head pat for me, maybe a treat if she's been good.*

*-George*

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“Ouch...” he hissed as he folded the piece of paper in thirds, pulling his hand away quickly.

George looked at his finger, wincing at the newly formed small line beading with a drop of blood. He pulled his finger to his mouth, sucking lightly at the minor injury before looking back down to

the folded letter. Crimson stained the very corner he'd cut himself on.

Rolling his eyes, he pulled out his pen and drew a small arrow pointing to the small disruption on the page, writing out a little note that read 'sorry, papercut...'.

He pulled open the top drawer on his desk, revealing neatly stacked envelopes next to a box full of stamps and other pens. Before he could pull one out, he realized he was still bleeding. With a sigh, he pushed himself out from his desk and stepped out of his room to go muddle around the bathroom for a band-aid.

A rattling sound came from downstairs, followed by the sound of glass shattering. Bickering filtered in muffled noises, and he just decided to ignore it. His little sister had been trying to learn more about baking, spending time after school with their nanny to improve her skills. It wasn't an *off* occurrence for her to slip up and make mistakes here and there, she was still learning. However, he wasn't sure their parents would be too happy about yet another broken ramekin.

Of course the only band-aid he could find was pink and covered in small flowers, his sister's choosing no doubt when she'd accompanied the nanny to the grocery store. He couldn't care less at this point, in all honesty, he just wanted to read through Dream's letter again.

When his literature professor first assigned the whole pen-pals thing, he was far from excited. He didn't like talking to new people, hell, he barely even liked talking to the people he was forced to interact with on a daily basis. But he was compliant, he wrote a short and simple letter and signed his name at the bottom, letting his professor send it off in the first batch of letters.

A week later, a green envelope was waiting for him on his pillow when he came home from school. The handwriting was messy, but readable. He'd heard back from a boy he'd never known the name of, as his assignment was just to write a letter and then his professor would decide who it would be sent to.

The boy from America was sweet, he was funny, and he signed his name as 'Dream'. George asked in his response letter what that was all about, and another week later, he was told it was a nickname the boy had decided on for himself. George almost wished he'd sent his letter with a nickname as well in the first place, but something about the way Dream wrote his name out made his heart swell.

With a band-aid wrapped securely around his finger, he went back to package the letter, scrawling out Dream's name and address across the front of it. He didn't want to waste a second of time, still worrying that the letter had taken two weeks to get to him because of the potential hurricane that

delayed everything. He liked talking to Dream, a lot. He made him feel *seen*. He didn't want the boy to think he forgot about him.

Wrapping his scarf around his neck, George trudged down the stairs, hoping to get out of the home without a - "George!"

He pinched his eyes closed for a moment, taking a few steps backwards down the hallway to peek into the kitchen. "Hi Gracie, did you need something?" he asked, eyeing his little sister donning a flour coated apron, along with a few smears of the white powder across her forehead and cheeks.

"Where are you going?" she asked, picking up a whisk and dipping it into a bowl before slowly turning it in wide circles.

"Post office, Dream's letter finally came so I wrote him back."

"That quickly? I just brought it up to you an hour ago..." she scolded in an almost teasing manner.

"Yeah and it took forever to get here, I want to get him a response as quickly as possible." he retorted, holding his arms around himself, feeling the weight of the white envelope tucked securely in the inside chest pocket of his coat.

"Can you pick up some chocolate chips on your way home, then? Since you're already running an errand for *sweets* ." she said with a wink, laughing lightly at her own joke. George stuck his tongue out at her, stepping away from the kitchen to move back down the hall. "George! I really do need chocolate chips!"

"Yeah, yeah, I'll get them." he yelled back, pulling the front door open before stepping outside and closing it behind himself.

He was used to his sister's teasing, he was used to her trying to read the letters he kept in an old shoebox whenever he'd let her in his room. It wasn't that he was ashamed of what they'd write or anything, it wasn't like they were writing anything that needed to be kept secret. The letters just felt *personal* though, something that was meant for just him and Dream. He allowed himself to be selfish in that regard.

Even as the cold wind of autumn nipped against his face, he felt warm. He felt warmth radiating

from the letter in his coat pocket, he felt warmth in Dream's name being the one scrawled across the front of it. Dream made him feel safe, in a way.

Sure, he was an entire ocean away. But George wouldn't wish for anyone else to be partnered as his pen-pal. He'd never wish for anyone but Dream.

It was impossible to have a crush on someone from over four thousand miles away, right? It's not like he *knew* Dream as well as he'd like to pretend he did. He knew he was blonde and had more tan skin because of the constant presence of the sun in the sky where he lived. He knew that he had freckles and had recently hit a growth spurt that made him tower a good six inches above George's own height.

He knew Dream had a tabby cat that liked to cuddle and was scared of thunderstorms, and that he'd named her 'Patches'. He knew Dream liked to play Minecraft and would wait until his parents fell asleep to quietly turn on his computer and play online with his childhood best friend. George liked to think Dream remembered things about him as well, that he was worth being remembered by the boy across the ocean that would send him letters.

He couldn't have a crush on a boy from four thousand miles away, not if he'd never actually met or seen him. He couldn't let himself feel butterflies in his stomach whenever he'd see a new letter on his pillow when he came home from school. He couldn't let his head feel floaty when he read over specific words scribbled out with more care than the others so they were more legible. He couldn't have a crush.

"How can I help you, young man?" a voice pulled him from his daze. He looked up, meeting the grey eyes of a woman he'd never actually spoken to before at the post office.

"Oh, sorry. I have a letter to send." he fumbled, pulling his arms from hugging around his body from the wind chill to pull the white envelope from his coat pocket.

"If it's just a standard letter that's postmarked properly, you can put it in the slot over there." she said, gesturing to the familiar box on the wall he'd normally slide his responses to Dream in. He looked to the envelope in his hold, biting at the inside of his cheek as he focused on not making his next words sound desperate.

"It- I need... I need this to get to America as quickly as possible. Can I expedite this? To send it faster?"

Her face settled into something sweet, something that reminded him of the way his mother would smile at him when he'd come home with an excited pep in his step because of well performing marks on his school reports. She extended her hand with a light nod. George handed her the letter, still biting at the inside of his cheek out of some self repressed form of anxiety around people reading into his friendship with Dream, or rather, saying something about it that he wasn't ready to admit out loud.

He watched her lay the envelope out flat, pulling an extra stamp from a roll to stick next to the two he'd placed himself. "It should be there within two days, sweetie."

"Thank you." he said with a sigh, letting his shoulders drop from a tension he hadn't understood he'd been holding.

"Dream, huh? Must be a special girl." she added, typing in the cost of the expedited stamp into her cash register. George winced at the inference, knowing societally speaking that the general consensus was everyone was straight until proven gay. He also couldn't help but pull into himself at the assumption that he and Dream were 'together'.

"Yeah, uh, they're... They're a good friend." he decided on finally saying, scrunching his nose as he sniffled from the residual effects of the cold air from outside.

"Three pounds, love."

George just nodded, handing her loose coins from his pocket to pay for the extra postage before bidding her a good day.

Maybe he did have a crush on Dream, or maybe his cheeks were just flushed pink from the cold. Maybe he could allow himself to feel something for someone he'd only ever read words written on a page from. He was young, wasn't being young and in secondary school the point of allowing yourself to feel something more than friendship? Or was it all premature?

It had only been three months since their first correspondence. Three months of the sky turning more grey as clouds would roll in across the horizon. Three months of writing extra letters to Dream in a notebook he kept stored between the wall and his bed that were full of ramblings he felt like he wasn't quite ready to share yet.

And yet, even though school was a bore and the sky refused to do anything but let rain fall, George



felt like there was a ray of sunshine following him around. Bright light blinding him with comfort with every new green envelope he would open and keep securely in his damned shoebox. On his worst days, he would re-read through them, letting his eyes become almost too focused on the little smiley faces Dream would draw after he signed his name.

Maybe he could let himself be selfish. Maybe he just needed to pick up chocolate chips for Gracie.

# grass blades

## Chapter Summary

It was time to play the waiting game again, but it was always worth it. The thought of receiving a photo next time made it even more exciting.

## Chapter Notes

hi! we are gonna try to start posting updates more frequently! we actually already have a lot written on this so we will keep you updated on twitter! (linked in end notes)

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

*Georgie,*

*Hi :) Your letter came much faster this time, which was a nice surprise. Expedited shipping, guess I'll have to do the same, to make sure it gets to your hands safe and sound. Since mine took ages to arrive I thought yours would too, I'm glad mine didn't get lost in the weather though!!! ~~I'd hate to lose these~~*

*So you could say I'm your BEST friend then, huh Georgie? I don't mind at all, I know I'm too cool to resist for too long. (I still can't believe you did all that math to find the distance when I mentioned I'm American... weirdooooo)*

*I'd hate to loop you in with the snobby rich kids, but the fancy way you keep these letters all neat and tidy got me thinking something else. You're just missing the wax seal at this point, rich boy. ~~I love it though don't worry.~~ I won't lie to you, it's the same here. Lots of drama and high school flings gone wrong. I guess all high schools are the same, fancy or public. We all think alike. (I think.)*

*Milking cows sounds fun, can't say I've ever done it. But I've wrestled an alligator, bet YOU haven't done that. Cooler than milking a cow though. Did you drink the milk after? I don't know if that's allowed or not. Do you gotta purify the milk first? Does it taste like the store bought stuff? Have you ever witnessed a chicken lay an egg??? Or do you know what came first? The chicken or the egg? Important question Georgie, I hope you answer me wisely. Mmm I think I got carried*

*away with the milking questions.*

*Glad you're enjoying the classes though, told you computer classes would be fun! That shit is the most interesting. I take some too and to be honest it's the best part of my school day.*

*You're always so on top of everything. I haven't even thought about my future, I tend not to. It seems intimidating. I bet you could get that scholarship easily though. Didn't you ace that essay you did last time? Or you were mentioning it I think. How'd that go? If it's still relevant. ~~I lose track sometimes, sorry.~~ I guess right now the best part of my month is waiting for your letters. Which is dumb probably, my brother keeps making fun of me for it. He doesn't understand it's also a school thing plus friendship. Senior year's kinda a drag since I didn't join football this year. I guess I should've joined more things, but didn't feel it this year. Guess that's why I'm sitting on my ass all day.*

*Didn't we already discuss looks? I swear we did Georgie, or are you too curious about how hot I am? Hmmm? I kinda like the mystery of it. I could be anyone, you could be anyone. I bet you wouldn't take a second glance when I passed down the street. Your average white boy. Though I wouldn't mind taking a peek at you. Definitely ask your mom to take a polaroid of you, that'd be adorable. Give her my regards - or whatever rich people say in the movies.*

*How did colorblindness treat you this time? (Yes I will ask every letter.)*

*Quit worrying about me disappearing, dummy. I'm not going anywhere, Especially if I wanna pass this class. But also I like talking to you. Don't forget that. Calls would be better, but the letters are kinda cool too. I like that you can add personality to them, like the blades of grass Patches brought me for your letter last time. (I'll include another one she brought in this morning.) I think she likes you, I'm being replaced I think.*

*Sorry I'm getting a little ramby again. School is okay. I still hate it. My classmates were still jerks but I just did my part and handed it in, was half tempted to just not do it. But as you said I should at least TRY to pass, so anything for you. We got a similar assignment to you though. Teach said something about comparing how this was different from texting or calling which we do more commonly now. Blah blah, you know the drill. Did I tell you I tried to drop out two years ago? My parents forced me back and said I needed a high school diploma at least, so I continued. I'm kinda glad I didn't now, meeting you kinda made it worth it. If that isn't too cheesy. ~~It's totally cheesy isn't it, fuck.~~*

*I kinda don't wanna show these letters to him anymore, I wonder if I can just hide them and tell them I did it. Do you know what I mean? Like it's weird to know they'll read the shit we're saying right now, like what if I confessed to a murder or something??? I don't want him to know, especially your fancy school teachers. (I didn't commit murder just so you know)*

*It was nice hearing from you as always. Highlight of the month has arrived and now I'll have to wait once more for the next highlight. (Hope you include the photo next time.) looking forward to what new juicy gossip your school will provide in your next letter. See you.*

- Dream :)

---

With a soft sigh, Dream leaned back into his chair, a creak leaving it as viridian eyes scanned across his letter.

Just beside it was George's open letter. It was a flourish of pretty handwriting and neat words. It was carefully organized and it made his head fuzzy. The envelope tucked under it, labeled with his name written in the same pretty lettering.

It made him love the nickname even more.

George's letters were always so pretty, whilst his on the other hand, were a fury of letters and careless thoughts thrown onto paper. The Brit never seemed to mind though. Not a single complaint was written in it since the first letter at least.

It was funny thinking back sometimes. The first letter he had ever received from George. The one that was tucked away at the bottom of his desk, under the ones that had gathered over the past few months.

The letter was cold hearted if anything. When he had received it, he had almost worried it was a letter from some old dude. But no, it had simply been George, reluctant to make new friends, thinking of these as nothing more than an inconvenience to his day to day life.

But in the end he liked to think he had gotten through to him, especially when he read George's letters.

His eyes drifted across his own letter to George's. The recent letters were much softer sounding. Just as eloquent, but much more friendly.

A small smile appeared on his face as his fingers brushed across the arrow that had been drawn into the corner of the paper. It pointed towards a small line of crimson dotting the paper.

Remnants of a paper cut.

*Idiot.*

He shook his head, amused at the little action. It felt personal somehow. He didn't know why.

But back to his letter. The corner of his lips fell as he gazed upon the wreck of it. From the smudged ink, to scribbled out words.

Maybe he should try to write neater next time.

He pushed his chair closer to the desk, picking up his pencil as he went through his words. He fixed sentences here and there, rewording some of the thoughts that didn't make sense to him either, crossing out other thoughts.

Sometimes his brain was faster than his hand.

Absent-mindedly as he read through, the margins began to fill with little doodles, from smiley faces to small flowers. A small habit he had come across to stay on task. His hands kept moving but he could try to focus his brain on the task on hand.

As he got to the end of the letter, the thought of a Polaroid came back to mind. George had mentioned how he was curious about how he sounded like, how he looked despite them describing themselves in the third letters they had sent.

He knew a handful of things. George had fluffy brown hair and chocolate eyes. He had a scar on his eyebrow and the faintest of freckles across pale skin. George was short too, which he had found incredibly amusing, he would tower over him easily with his extra inches.

Those little things had easily come and made home in his brain. Never letting him forget about the boy across the ocean.

There was a soft touch against his leg, Dream peering down to find Patches pawing at his feet, blinking up at him with big eyes.

“Hey, baby...” he murmured, leaning down to pick her up and tuck her into his lap. He smiled as she rubbed her face against his shirt. But she didn’t sit still for long, standing up to, what looked like, scan at the contents of his letter.

“Don’t worry, I won’t forget.” he cooed softly, pushing the blades of grass Patches had brought back earlier in the day into view. “I’m sure George will appreciate your gift very much.” His hand came up to pet her gently earning him a soft purr.

“Wanna watch?” He asked, gently pushing her back into his lap as he began to fold up the letter. Trying to keep it as straight as possible.

He wondered if George had a technique for folding it so straight. Did they teach things like this at fancy academies?

Carefully he tucked the letter into his green envelope. It was one of the first things he had picked up when he had received the letter from George. George had sent an ordinary one which only had urged him even more to buy something bright.

Once the letter was safely in, the blades of grass followed, tucked into the envelope. “See girl? This’ll be arriving to George safe and sound.” He commented, pressing a kiss to the top of her head.

Hopefully she appreciated the care in her little cat brain.

He sealed the letter, picking out a stamp for the corner as he scrawled George’s name across the front, followed by a smiley added onto the corner.

Now it was time to send its way home. With a soft push, he got Patches off his lap. The cat

mewling in distaste as she hopped onto his bed, curling up.

“Sorry! I just gotta make sure I send it now. I don’t want it taking any longer.” He mumbled, tugging a hoodie and grabbing the letter.

The house was silent as he slipped out of his room, humming softly. His sister wasn’t home, over at a friends while his parents were still at work.

Which left his brother who should’ve been home-

“Off to send *lover boy* another letter?”

Dream frowned, turning to see the taller leaning against his door frame. He rolled his eyes, the tone something he had grown used to over the years.

*Judgmental.*

From the beginning his brother had always bothered him with whatever he did, and this letter was no different. He loved to find things to nag him about and his sudden excitement to send letters to a British boy didn’t pass safely under his radar.

He hadn't even told him, he had been telling his sister when the older had interrupted them, plucking one of George’s letters from his hands and attempting to read.

It was the only one that had damage to it, a rip in one corner when he had swiped it back angrily.

It still bothered him.

“It’s literally homework. I don’t know why this bothers you so much.” he huffed out, pressing the letter to his chest protectively.

“Mhm.” the older man hummed, eyeing him silently for a moment longer before disappearing into his room.

Dream took that as the opportunity to get out as fast as possible. He didn't want to be delayed any longer. He shoved his shoes on, not bothering with the laces as he stumbled out into the late evening, car keys in hand.

The letter from George had been waiting for him when he had gotten home from school. Tucked into the mailbox, safe from the burning sun and cold wind.

He'd spent all afternoon writing and he wasn't going to let anything spoil it.

There was a slight chill to the air, indicating the arrival of the colder months. He couldn't imagine how cold it was for George. He knew England got much colder than Florida. Maybe he should add a note for him to keep warm next time.

The cold simply nipped at the tips of his ears and tinted his cheeks a soft pink. He could easily go around in a hoodie and shorts though.

He wondered if George needed the whole ensemble to go out. He really needed to remember to ask next time.

It often went like this. He connected everyday tasks to George. More questions piling up, things about England and himself. When he had been gaming last night, he wondered if George would be interested as well. Or if he preferred a game like CS:GO over Minecraft. Sometimes while sitting in class during a boring lecture, he'd imagine George would enjoy it much more than him.

Maybe he'd enjoy it if he shared a class with George.

Maybe it was a little worrying how often the smaller was on his mind. Sapnap often liked to make fun of him for it. How attached he was to his pen-pal. Dream just couldn't help it. George had grown on him much too quickly.

The post office parking lot was empty of cars as he got there, parking his own and pushing open the doors. No one but the woman at the counter inside. Usually it was a simple task, but now he had to expedite it to match George's speed.



“How much to get it to the UK as fast as possible?” he asked, placing the envelope on the counter.

The woman raised her eyebrows, eyes scanning the envelope. “Important letter? Not many young people are out here sending letters these days.” She spoke slowly, typing something on her computer.

“School project...” he mumbled out, shrugging his shoulders.

The woman simply hummed, “It’ll be two extra dollars for the shipping.”

He quickly got the money out, paying the price. With a final pat to the envelope, he watched it disappear with the woman before he headed back out.

The sun had begun to dip in the sky as he clambered back into the car, a smile already threatening to erupt on his face.

It was time to play the waiting game again, but it was always worth it. The thought of receiving a photo next time made it even more exciting.

Would George be smiling in the photo? Would it be obvious how short he was in the photo? Would it be in his bedroom? Or somewhere in the hallway as a last minute photo taken by someone.

It made him giddy just thinking about being able to see his pen-pal.

Maybe senior year could turn out to be better than he thought.

## Chapter End Notes

note from tad:

hello :))) I hope you guys enjoyed the first Dream chapter !!!! I’m extremely excited

for everyone to see where we take this story and I really hope everyone enjoys dnf's dynamic. Still pretty unclear about how long this fic will be but we got lots to come !!!  
Thank you so much for reading

Don't forget to user sub to us both, comments and kudos always appreciated! <3

Socials-

Kat: [twitter](#)

Tad: [twitter](#)

## wax seals

### Chapter Summary

Eyeing over his wide smile in the picture made him blush, he wasn't entirely sure why, but part of him thought it was because he was smiling for Dream.

### Chapter Notes

hi! told yall we were gonna be posting updates more frequently! see yall in the end notes <3

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

*Dream,*

*I was going to start this letter by telling you how thankful I was that my letter actually got there as quickly as it did, but all I can think about right now is you wrestling an alligator. What kind of a mad man are you? Is this common behavior in America, or is it just like that in Florida? Honestly the idea of your country scares me sometimes, of course I want to visit some day, but you'll have to be my bodyguard or something, because I'm not going anywhere near something with teeth as big as an alligator's.*

*Patches' blades of grass are my favorite, granted they are very wilted and mostly dead now that they've arrived, I still fully intend on keeping them with the rest of your letters. She seems sweet, Cat and Dog don't go outside, they more just take naps all day. That is, of course, unless Gracie riles them up or gives them too many treats. Her baking has been getting better, she's recently been making homemade treats for them, they quite enjoy them actually.*

*That's a trick question, but I do have an answer for you, if we're going off the theory of evolution. And if we are, as I mentioned, then technically speaking, the dinosaur came first. They then evolved, or devolved, into what we know now as chickens. So I vote chicken came first, not the egg.*

*Listen, fresh milk can be drunk straight after milking... but it's warm and tastes rather odd. It's usually best after it's been pasteurized and whatever else my grandfather does to it. I think you'd*

*like their farm, it's really peaceful sometimes. When I have to visit and be up at the crack of dawn, while the sun is still rising in the sky and there's dew on all of the grass and trees. I'm sure if I wasn't colourblind it would look a lot more beautiful and not so yellow, but it still is very calming to me. So since you asked, yet again, my colourblindness is treating me just fine.*

*That's a lie, I accidentally wore a button down to school that had been stained pink from being washed with Gracie's red socks, no one told me until lunch. I tried not to be embarrassed by it, but there were some side glances and whispers. People suck sometimes. Wilbur said it wasn't a big deal, and that I shouldn't worry about it, but I think he just didn't want to see me beat myself up over it.*

*~~He's a good friend, but sometimes I wish you were here instead.~~*

*Look, you don't get to call me ridiculous for calculating the approximate mileage between our homes when you practically speak binary code fluently, nerd. I actually learned a new bit of coding for building full websites. I picked it up very quickly and I've been able to make a few test ones so far. If you'd be interested in checking them out, I'll add a small card with their links printed out so you don't have to try to read them with my less than proper handwriting. You don't have to, but if you want to, then you can tell me how absolutely awful they look. (joke, maybe.)*

*I'm glad you didn't actually drop out, but I'm glad you dropped your American football if it wasn't making you happy playing anymore. Do you still watch it? I think I read something on Twitter the other day about the American football season starting. I'll be honest, I don't find it entertaining in the slightest, but if you tell me the name of a team you like, I'll indulge your requests for me to watch a single game. ~~Don't fault me if I fall asleep during it however.~~*

*Gracie teases me as well about the letters, just like your brother. I've told her time and time again that this is a school project, becoming friends so quickly has just been an added bonus. How is your brother? I thought he was at University?*

*Speaking of which, it's okay to not know what you want for your future. Especially if you had almost dropped out of ~~secondary school~~ high school two years ago. I think I've only made somewhat solidified plans because of my family. I just feel like I'd be disappointing my parents if I didn't attend uni. Yeah, yeah, rich kid shit. Shut up, you're an idiot.*

*And just for that comment, I will in fact be sealing this letter with a wax seal.*

*I was in class the other day, with Wilbur, and we were reviewing this bit of literature that was going on about how young people should experience the world and travel as much as possible. It*

*discussed learning new languages and immersing oneself in the different cultures from around the world. Have you ever been anywhere but Florida? I've been to a few different European countries, but I think I'd like to see South America one day. Japan looks quite interesting as well... doesn't your friend like those Japanese comics and shows?*

*Fine, I will have my mum take a polaroid of me, but only because you asked nicely. What gave you the idea that I desperately need to know what you look like? Maybe I'm just a curious person, Dream. And that's a lie, I think if I were in America and walking down the street, I'd take a second glance at you. Isn't 'basic white boy' just an excuse to say you know you're attractive? Societally speaking of course. ~~That sounded weird, I'm sorry.~~ But it's not my fault, you did call yourself 'hot' in your last letter. Whatever.*

*Look, I'm not saying you have to send a photograph back, but my birthday is in two weeks. Not saying you have to get me anything either, your letters are enough of a gift any day of the week. It feels strange to be aging, does that make sense? Maybe it's just a weird state of mind I've been in. Maybe it's the weather. It's been raining a lot here, nearly every day. I expect we'll be getting snow a few weeks after my birthday. I know it's hot there usually, do you get snow in Florida?*

*Yeah, I guess I would say you're my best friend. I feel closer to you than I do even with Wilbur, if I'm being honest. I just, I don't know honestly, I feel like I can tell you anything. If you call that cheesy or sappy, I will never write to you again. Another lie.*

*I know this letter has dragged on longer than my previous ones, I just, like I said, enjoy talking to you. Plus, the way you talk is fun, and the way you write. I feel like I can know more about your personality just from the way your handwriting looks, plus the doodles you do along the sides of the page are ~~cute~~ fun.*

*I do truly hope you're well and that school hasn't been a drag on you. I'm glad that project is finally over with, though, I know how you detested it. I honestly can't remember when you started calling me 'Georgie', but I'm not complaining. Do I call you 'Dreamie' now? Maybe just on special occasions.*

*~~I miss you.~~*

*I wish letters would send faster. I think that's why modern technology is so preferred, we get instant gratification within immediate conversation with someone. No waiting, no distance or time. Maybe that's what I'll write my next essay on, the overwhelming feeling of serenity that comes with instant human connection and discussion through modern technology. God, that wording sounds far too proper. Maybe I've been spending too much time with the snobby rich kids.*

*Tell me more about your life, or the thoughts that run around in that head of yours when you're home after school, or at that park you mentioned a few letters back.*

*- your best friend, George.*

---

He glanced at the small photograph he'd had his mother take of him that evening after supper, reaching to pick it up by the corners so he wouldn't dot the film with fingerprints. He wasn't utterly disappointed in how it had turned out, if anything, it was one of the better pictures taken of him. His hair wasn't too unkempt, still curling at the base of his skull. He thought he needed a haircut soon, maybe he'd wait to see what Dream had to say about it.

Eyeing over his wide smile in the picture made him blush, he wasn't entirely sure why, but part of him thought it was because he was smiling for Dream. After almost three and a half months, he was going to be showing his *best* friend what he looked like. He wasn't optimistic about getting a picture in return, but he hoped for maybe a little something special in the next letter.

His page was folded in thirds before he opened it back up to tuck the polaroid in the center fold, along with a small card he'd printed out with the two web addresses for the sites he'd designed. They weren't anything special, really. One was something he'd made for a fake restaurant, all images stolen from google. The second was one he'd created under the premise of marketing himself as a freelance coder.

Once everything was tucked neatly into the envelope, he dragged his tongue across the putrid glue to seal it shut. Dream's name and address were scrawled across the front, along with two stamps and an expedited shipping stamp from a roll he'd gone back to purchase from the post office. Maybe it had become a little too exciting to know that he and Dream could get their letters back and forth in the span of four or five days rather than one to two weeks.

He'd borrowed his father's wax seal kit earlier after his mother took the polaroid, dark blue wax finally melted and bubbling above the small candle lit beneath the small ladle holding it. He turned the letter face down, pulling the ladle from its resting spot above the tea light to pour it in the center of the sealed part of the envelope. Once formed into a somewhat messy circle, he pressed a gold stamp into it, holding it in place until the wax seemed to have dried.

An uppercase 'D' was left residually stamped and sealed in blue wax against the stark white of the envelope, his family's surname. His father had a few different ones to choose from, but even with the flourishes surrounding the letter, it was the most simplistic one he could find.

He'd gotten his letter too late in the day from Dream, having had to stay after school for a chess tournament he'd forgotten Wilbur had signed them up for. He had a feeling the letter had come, too. It was strange, really. Dream felt like a magnet to him at times. He felt like part of his being could sense whenever a new green envelope filled with blades of grass and silly doodles would be waiting on his pillow case. So even though he played each game well and strategically, ultimately ending up in second place in the tournament, he wouldn't be able to send the letter until the following morning.

Part of him hated himself for how much he'd mentioned Wilbur in his letter. Granted, the last few days had been spent convincing himself he couldn't have a crush on Dream, so talking about his friends or literally anything else felt like his only way to convince himself further. He would have let his head swirl with the thoughts further if his phone hadn't started buzzing against the wood of his desk.

George reached for it, thankful it was just his closest friend he had that didn't exist to him only through letters sent from across the ocean.

"Hey, Wil." he answered blandly, running his finger over the dried wax to trace the small designs.

"George! You left so quickly after the tournament, everything alright?" he heard from the other end of the line while muffled shouts and music filtered through behind Wilbur's voice.

"Yeah, yeah sorry, Wil. I didn't mean to leave you hanging like that. I had some stuff to take care of at home tonight." he let out a sigh, moving to collapse against his bed. George turned his head to the side, using his free hand to grab Dream's latest letter.

"You? What have you ever got going on at home? Plus, your letter from Dream shouldn't be coming in for at least a few days, right?"

The sudden mention from Wilbur about the letter stunned him for a moment. Had he talked too much about them? Did he really bring Dream up *that* much?

“Um, his letter came early, actually. Expedited postage and all.” he replied meekly, letting his eyes fall over the handwritten words on the page.

“Damn, you two must really like talking more than I thought then, huh? You know, I wouldn’t say anything to our professor if you just broke the rules and called him.”

“Wil, I’m not doing that. I don’t know why, so don’t ask me that like I know you’re going to. I just... I don’t know, waiting for letters keeps giving me something to look forward to.”

“Ah, I see. So you actually *like* him then?”

George shot straight up, almost dropping the letter as his eyes widened and he looked to the freshly sealed envelope on his desk. Was he that obvious? Or, rather, was it that obvious to other people that he was trying to convince himself that developing feelings for someone he’d never met and probably wouldn’t meet for a long while?

“What? Wil, what?” his tone was flabbergasted, he didn’t mean to sound so shocked at his friend’s words, but the laugh he got in response was the only thing he could focus on to stop his increasing heart rate.

“George, you’re one of my closest friends. I can always tell when you get fixated on something, and not just because you never shut up about it. You’ve been happier this year, George. I just want you to know, it’s okay to let yourself be happy.”

He took a moment to pause, moving to hold the letter against his chest as a remnant blade of grass fell onto his thigh.

“I feel entirely ridiculous thinking about it all, Wil. Like I’ve gone mad. This kind of stuff, it just has always felt like an impossibility for me.”

“You’re the most humble heartthrob I’ve ever met. You know there’s birds fawning over you daily. Mostly underclassmen, sure, but you’re a catch. Even my ex used to talk about how her friends would always want us to set them up on a double date with us and you. Makes sense why you’ve never realized it though, seeing how it’s a boy that’s caught your attention.” his voice wasn’t mocking in any way. It was comforting, really.



Even though the flush spreading rapidly across George's face, he felt genuinely comforted by Wilbur's words. Maybe he wasn't crazy for feeling the way he did. He figured he'd end up writing another unsent letter in his notebook once they got off their call that evening.

"Wil, I just don't want to get my hopes up. You know?"

"Yeah, I guess I kind of know what you mean. But honestly George, let yourself have fun with it. He lives, what, four thousand miles away?" Wilbur asked, the noises in the background becoming slightly louder.

"Four thousand, three hundred and thirty six. Oh *God*, I am so sorry that was so-

"Stop. Stop feeling ashamed for being happy, Gog. Let yourself have this, Lord knows you deserve it. I have to get back to this party, my band is up next. And don't you dare apologize for not being here, go write him back." his friend interrupted.

"Alright then, have a good show Wil. Cheers."

"Cheers, mate."

He let himself fall back down against his bed, tossing his phone against his pillow so he couldn't be tempted to look up every high school in Florida until he would inevitably be scrolling through American high school football team photos from the year previous.

*'I guess right now the best part of my month is waiting for your letters.'*

It was impossible to not read over those words scribbled out and written over so they were bolder than the rest. Dream was right on his behalf as well. The letters were his favorite part of everything. Not even on just the days he'd get a new one.

Every time he could re-read over every letter written made his days the best days. Dream made every day better. Dream made *him* feel better.

## Chapter End Notes

note from kat:

not gonna lie, we may or may not have 17 chapters almost fully written on this story already. we're gonna probably move to a posting updates every 3-5 days kind of schedule, so expect more frequency from us! as the story has progressed, we've decided that this is probably going to be closer to a 30 ish chapter fic, so i hope yall are ready for an adventure!

don't forget to user sub to us both, comments and kudos always appreciated!

Socials:

[kat's twitter](#)

[tad's twitter](#)

## tree tops

### Chapter Summary

There was that word again. Cute. He felt his cheeks flush lightly, swinging his legs over the branch as they dangled in the air.

### Chapter Notes

hihi! new chapter time! thanks for your guys' patience while we are uploading a little later than normal <3

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

*Dear Georgie,*

*Emma told me to add the 'dear', she thinks it's more proper for a letter, so blame her if you think it's odd - her idea. She mentioned wanting a presence in the letter aside from the "annoying little sister", which is rude to assume I called her that. I didn't... too often... I think? I didn't tell you that right? She's gonna kill me, oh gods, don't say it to her face at least.*

*The American lifestyle has once again surprised you huh? Well if I'm being honest, there's a photo of me just sittin on an alligator, not wrestling it, but I'd consider myself a winner since I'm on top. Don't think I'll let you off that easy Georgie, I'll get your ass on an alligator one way or another, you'll do anything for me, won't you? ~~Kidding, you don't have to... maybe.~~*

*I'll protect you from the big bad Americans, Georgie, don't worry ;) Personal bodyguard at your service.*

*Patches is definitely happy you like them, I'll give her head scratches later when I get home, she must be sad I'm not at home today. She likes watching me write usually. I guess it's different. I'm more quiet and smiley, rather than loud and slamming my desk angrily during video games. She likes me better like this, which means she'll like you too probably. She's quite energetic, sometimes too much. I'd love to take a nap with Cat and Dog (work on your name game though loser, or I'll name them for you).*

*Hmmm, baking huh? I'd love to taste some, I can't cook or bake for shit. I'm kinda useless in that department. Would you feed me when you come to America? Unless you're a shit cook too... Then we'd nicely ask my mom to cook for us! We won't starve, don't worry.*

*Of course you'd think logically about it. I like the answer though, it makes sense. Evolution and all that crap. Wonder what change needed to happen for the chickens to start laying eggs. Hey at least you can see the baby chicks for their true color!!! A bright yellow!*

*The more you know then, I now know how milking cows works. I'll use this knowledge wisely, thank you Georgie.*

*It kinda gets me curious about your color blindness. Like there's colors in the world you'll never be able to see, which is kinda sad, but you also get to see the world like only a select few. I feel like that makes the world a little more special for you. You get me? Sorry, this probably doesn't make sense to you, but I don't know, you see the world uniquely. I just see it the boring way any other person would. I guess sunsets must be a little dull, but it's still special. My eyes will be a piss yellow for you though, right? I searched it up how you'd see the world, and green is practically non-existent. Sucks though, cause I think it's my fav thing about myself. Not that yellow is bad.*

*Okay but not too fun considering the shirt incident, but I bet you'd rock the pink mishap. Wilbur's right though, nothing wrong with a bit of color thrown into the mix, Georgie. Your classmates were probably just jealous that you look ~~cute~~ good in a pink mishap shirt. Trust me.*

*Don't test the universe Georgie, if you keep wishing for it, your dream may just come true. You'll have a 'dream' on your doorstep. Ha, get it. Cause I'm Dream, and you're dreaming about me? Feel free to swear at me for that one.*

*Hey CODING is FUN. Calculating math on the other hand? Not so much.*

*You coded it yourself!!!! I'd love to check out what you've fucked around with. Show away. I made quite a few when I was first messing around with it too. ~~I doubt you can do anything horrible.~~*

*Well I mean, I enjoy football a lot still, it was just getting a bit much for me, and joining the team again seemed like the worst thing to do at the time. So I just didn't join, coach wasn't happy, but the team has survived without me pretty well so far.*

*I don't know, it just didn't feel right this year. I felt kinda empty despite enjoying the sport. I just didn't know if I could keep my head on the game yaknow? So I didn't want to drag the rest of the team down with me. But no biggie I still watch it a ton. Mainly college football, cause that's the real shit. No fake shit yaknow? My favorite team is the "Oklahoma Sooners", and I think you should definitely take a watch just for me. American football is better than your European football (SOCCER btw) - I gagged writing 'European football'.*

*You know, looking at it whilst writing, I get distracted too much too often, this is getting long. ~~He~~  
~~ope you don't mind.~~*

*Andrew is well... how to put this. A jackass? Seems about right. He's going to a university in town so he comes home a lot, despite having his stupid little apartment near it. He says he likes being around his family, which means spoiling Emma and calling me a loser. He's such an ass for no reason. He's definitely one of the reasons I need your letters to make my days better. I never told you but he was the cause of a rip in one of the first letters you gave me. I despise him for it.*

*Hey, I don't think you'd be a disappointment if you don't attend college, if that means anything coming from me. You're pretty talented and pick up things easily, so frankly I think you'd survive in the real world better than me at least. Without a computer I'd probably drop dead.*

*I've never been out of the country before, I've been to a few different states but I've mainly stayed in Florida. That's cool you've travelled though! I wanna explore the rest of the world one day, would you take me to England? Show me your home and everything? I'd love to annoy Gracie in person, and cuddle with Cat and Dog. Maybe flick you on the forehead cause you're so short.*

*Sap! Yeah, he loves anime, he convinced me to watch "Death Note" the other night. So I'm currently watching it for his sake, but I fear the list of anime will definitely grow after this. Save me from him at this point, will you? But I'd love to go to Japan with both of you. I feel like you and Sap would get along. He's kinda a dork like us. He likes chess!!! I know you mentioned you play so you guys can gush over it together. He's younger than us by a year.*

*Now, I left this for last, don't be sad thinking I ignored your ~~cute~~-little Polaroid.*

*I just gotta say I was definitely right about you being small, I don't know how the photo shows it so well, but you're so small. I could throw you over my shoulder probably. But you've got a cute smile Georgie, maybe I'll get to see it in person one day? But thanks for the photo, seriously. It's nice putting a face to the boy I've been teasing for the past 4 months. It's relieving knowing you're not a 78 year old man.*

~~You're seriously really pretty though.~~

*You sure no one's swept you off your feet yet? Lucky girl perhaps got you hooked on her arm?*

*Snow doesn't exist on my side of Florida unfortunately, maybe further up north, but the cold is basically thunderstorms and too much rain here. No fluffy white snow for me. Which reminds me, you've probably got the whole thing going on huh? Hat, gloves, scarves, big jackets? You shoulda sent a photo of you all cozied up. (Totally not a request for another photo haha) Only if you want, ~~I'm not greedy.~~*

*Well, I'm happy to know I've beat Wilbur in this game. But I'd consider you a best friend too. I've never connected with anyone so quickly or well before, not to be sappy about my feelings for a second. But also, dummy, don't apologize for rambling. I like reading these, and I'm pretty sure my letter is longer this time. Sorry? Not really though. You get to see more of my pretty writing!*

*I'm glad you appreciate my writing, my teachers definitely do not. They don't like me at all, I think. I'm too "hyperactive" or however they like to put it. Idiots really.*

*School will always be a drag I think. I guess one of us had to like it and one of us had to hate it.*

*Dreamie, hm? I kinda like that.*

*I hope you're well as well Georgie. Make sure you keep warm in your terrible winters, hate for you to get all sick.*

*Hey, don't call them snobby rich kids. They're your people, I'm the only one who's supposed to call them snobby, idiot. So I can call you a snobby rich kid too. ~~Love you for that though.~~ The wax seal, by the way, not snobby rich kid shit, it was actually really pretty. Definitely use it more often. Is the D for Dream? A custom wax seal just for me?*

*You use a lot of big words, hopefully I won't have to end up searching one up like an idiot. But all good so far I think.*

*At the end of this letter you asked about my thoughts and what runs through my head. I'm not sure if I can provide anything too interesting. Funny thing is I'm actually at the park right now as I write this. I didn't want to be at home so I thought the park would be a nice place. I climbed up a*

*tree actually, I've got a cozy little nook up here. Don't worry I won't fall. I bet you worried about it when you read those words. I like to think I know you well enough.*

*It's nice up here, there's a cool breeze and the sun is blocked out so I won't get sunburnt. There's some kids playing at the playground nearby, and a couple having a picnic over by the pond. Have you ever been on a picnic? (Potential dumb question) They're kinda nice. Snacking out in public and just relaxing in the sun. It's nice here at least, I guess in the cold it's not as fun. We should go on a picnic one day. I'll gift you a leaf from the tree, so you get a little piece of it, I'll press it between something, dunno. But I'll have to at least try and make sure it doesn't crumble in the letter.*

*Also about the comment you made about how a 'basic white boy' means I'm hot, well I'm glad you think so. But really, I don't think there's anything special going on with me.*

*~~My life is a bit dull?~~ I don't do much. Yours is much more exciting I'm sure. Right now I'm thinking about how I should cuddle patches when I head home, and how I should've brought a sweater. I'm also thinking about what to give you for your birthday, as you mentioned. A face reveal would be a bit of a lame present, so I'll come up with something perfect, don't worry.*

*I guess we're approaching the dreaded time. The ending of the letter. It was lovely hearing from you as always. It's so much nicer knowing I'll get your letters faster too, I hope mine gets to you safely again. I'll end this letter properly too, so Emma doesn't throw a fit.*

*- yours truly, Dream :)*

---

He let his teeth dig into his bottom lip as his eyes scanned over his own words over and over again. Halting especially over where he had spoken about the photo George had sent him. He hoped it didn't seem over the top. Or too weird. There was extra worry piling into his thoughts. He didn't want to scare away George from sending more photos.

At the thought of it, he glanced back down at his lap where the photo had safely been placed. Away from the wind or any danger. It was an adorable polaroid, George centered perfectly with a wide grin displayed on his face. It brought his own smile up on his face. He looked cozy in his sweater and comfy pants. He looked relaxed and happy as far as he could see, and it made him

happy as well.

Sometimes in the letters, it always seemed like George worried too much. About the present and future. It was valid to worry, but he didn't want George losing himself in an endless cycle.

Dream hummed softly, leaning his head back against the rough bark of the tree he had climbed up earlier. At first it had seemed like a bad idea, but he definitely didn't regret it now. It was a safe place with little to no distraction, and he had finished off the letter with ease. No prying eyes or weird glances.

It was only the sound of children playing at the playground and the soft whoosh of wind occasionally pushing his hair into his eyes.

The reason he was cooped up in the tree though wasn't ideal. He had hurried home, eager to see if George's letter had arrived. But when he had opened the mailbox and peered inside to see nothing, his mood had immediately dropped. It only got worse though as he saw Andrew sitting on the front steps of their home with a white envelope.

Not this again.

Dream had marched forward, carefully but quickly plucking the letter out of the older's hands. "Don't take letters that aren't for you." he had spat out, tucking it against his chest protectively.

Andrew had simply rolled his eyes. "Mom told me to pick up the mail, kid. I don't have interest in snooping on your little *love* letters."

And the frustration with the older male was only growing. It was such an obvious lie after he had been sitting out there on the steps with only *his* letter.

With the knowledge of Andrew being home once again, Dream turned around on the spot and walked away from the house. He wasn't going to sit and wait for Andrew to show up to bother him whilst writing.

So with the envelope held in his hands, he carefully made his way out to the park. There was a crowd of school children when he had first gotten there, so he decided the trees would be his best bet.



When he was little, he often climbed them for fun. Sometimes to get away from his sister, or when his mom insisted that it was time to come inside for dinner.

He had climbed up the tree with ease once the letter was safely in his bag. It was a wide tree with branches hanging low enough that he was able to grab onto them and pull himself up onto the thicker and more sturdy ones.

And now here he was, finishing off the letter. It was messier than usual, the wind making it a bit harder to keep his paper steady.

It wasn't too bad in his opinion, so with careful movements he folded the letter up. He didn't have any of the envelopes this time, so he couldn't even go straight to the post office.

He let his hand drag across scribbled out letters once again. It was '*I miss you*'. It sent the butterflies fluttering inside of him again.

Somehow, he understood it too. Despite having never met, he found himself yearning for George's words and a way to contact him. There was always this invisible tug to the drawer that kept all his letters safe. The urge to re-read them until he had them all memorized. He partially may have already done that by accident.

But instead of letting his feelings get carried away, he tucked the letter between the pages of notebooks, hidden away from plain sight. He wasn't taking any risks of losing it either. George's letter was re folded and tucked into the notebook as well.

He had also promised George a leaf all of his own. There had been quite a few falling on him as he had written. He kept the pretty and intact ones, in the end settling for a soft orangey-yellow shaded leaf. He wasn't sure if it was the best choice color wise, but blue leaves just didn't exist, and at least George could see yellow.

That left him with the polaroid George had sent him. Each time he looked at it, a flurry of butterflies made themselves present in his stomach. He didn't know why George's smile did this to him. Maybe it was knowing he had the one and only copy of this photo. All for himself.

He'd have to hang up near his computer setup, next to the post it notes for his schedule.

God, if Sapnap knew that, he would lose his shit.

And as if the younger knew he was talking about him, his phone lit up with a discord notification.

He couldn't help but smile as he saw Sapnap's name scrawled across it.

But then the notifications didn't stop as he received ping after ping of the other asking him to hop onto his computer and play minecraft with him.

He rolled his eyes, shooting a quick message that he wasn't home yet. Quickly, he gathered his things, safely tucking all of them into his bag.

Fall also meant shorter days. The long summer days were gone, replaced by the sun beginning to dip at 6 pm. Dream didn't mind as he didn't go out much anyways.

It got him wondering if George was tucked into bed right now. Happily in dreamland.

He wondered if they could text, would they be staying up for each other? Their sleep schedules definitely didn't line up too well with a five hour time difference.

It wasn't hard to see himself losing sleep in order to talk to George. He'd been sleeping late for years now in order to play games with Sapnap. Ever since he was fourteen when he had first met the younger. It wasn't hard to see himself chatting endlessly with George.

The British accent would definitely be something he'd be new to. Sapnap's Texan drawl he had been hearing for years now, so it barely sounded odd to him these days. But British accents? It would take getting used to.

Would George sound as *cute* as he looked as well?

There was that word again. Cute. He felt his cheeks flush lightly, swinging his legs over the branch as they dangled in the air.

‘Cute’ was a word that seemed to connect to George much too easily. His height was cute, his smile was cute, and now he imagined his accent was cute too. It had to be though, right? An endless circle of cute.

With flushed cheeks, he clambered down the rest of the tree, patting the trunk of it gently as he brushed his hands clear of any wood chips across his sweatpants.

There was slight disappointment swimming in his head. The disappointment of not being able to deliver this letter right then and there. Maybe he should start carrying extra envelopes and supplies with him. That would be a smart idea.

But for now, he had to head home before his mom started blowing up his phone just like Sapnap had.

There was another thing added to the to-do list. To think of the perfect present for George. He knew if he asked it would revolve around seeing his face, for sure, and he’d melt and send a photo with whatever letter came next.

He wanted something more special though. His face didn’t fit into the perfect present realm. At least he didn’t think so. He was too ordinary to be anything special.

The polaroid he had tucked into his pocket was definitely leaving its mark. His hands stuffed into his pockets, the paper constantly brushing against the back of his mind.

Maybe he should keep it on him...

## Chapter End Notes

note from tad:

hello hello, hope you guys all enjoyed the latest chapter. we’ve already written up to almost chapter 20 which is insane. this fic lives rent free in our minds tbh. but yes don’t worry there won’t be long waits :))) !!!

don't forget to user sub to us both, comments and kudos appreciated!

socials:

[kat's twitter](#)

[tad's twitter](#)

# windowsills

## Chapter Summary

But seeing them written by Dream's hand? Especially when they were being written because of an image he'd sent of himself? That made his heart beat faster than he was able to manage.

## Chapter Notes

another day another new letter <3 i hope you're all as attached to this story as we are because there is so much more to come!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

*Dear Dream,*

*You see what I did there? Make sure you tell Emma, I'm sure she'll be proud of the proper formality of us starting our letters this way. However, I'll admit, starting a letter like this makes it feel like we're in olden times. I suppose that's the point of this whole thing though, isn't it? Maybe she's doing some good for us, helping us fulfill this assignment properly.*

*I regret to inform you I will not be going anywhere near an alligator unless there is at least six inches of bulletproof glass between myself and that devilish creature.*

*Anyways, have I mentioned that you are absolutely ridiculous? A 'Dream' on my doorstep? You're an idiot. Albeit a very funny idiot, but an idiot nonetheless. I will say, I can cook a few very select things. Specifically, pancakes. So if you enjoy those, then I'd be more than happy to attempt to make them without burning the house down. Maybe we should just have your mother cook for us. That is, if I do ever make it to America.*

*Speaking of which, I've been looking at universities. There's plenty of options here in the U.K., but I won't lie, I may have researched a few in the states as well. I don't know, something about this whole thing and meeting you has me curious, and there's some really interesting programs out there. I don't know, I haven't made any decisions. And applications aren't due until February anyways, so I have a while. Did you decide on if you're going to be going to University? Or*

college, as you call it. You and your strange American words...

*This park you speak of, you've mentioned it quite a few times before. It's crazy to try to envision it, you sitting up in a tree. Yes, you might know me far too well, because my immediate thought genuinely was making sure you weren't going to fall. How high up were you sitting? Thank you for the leaf, it actually stayed well preserved between the pages of your letter, and I've put it inside of my favorite novel to keep it pressed and preserved.*

*Speaking of writing from strange places, would you believe that I'm sitting in my windowsill right now? It's rainy today, and there was some holiday thing or whatever, so we got let out of school early. But yes, I am sitting in my windowsill right now, and the glass is all fogged up while raindrops fall against the outside of it. I actually just drew your famous smiley face from your letters in the foggy bit of the window. I think it might look better in your handwriting than my poor attempt to use my right hand. Have I told you I'm left handed?*

*Fine, I will indulge in your stupid American Football and will watch one game. I did a quick search, and there is a game this weekend. I had to pay an outrageous amount of money for an account on a website so I can stream the game, but I will be watching it. ~~Just for you.~~*

*I'm sorry Andrew has been an arse, I did notice you don't talk about him as much as you do Emma. Do you two still get along when it comes to your American football at least? I only have Gracie, and she's quite younger than me. I can't imagine having an older sibling. I already feel unqualified to be some sort of role model to her. (Yes, I'm sure she'd love to hang out with you, should you care to visit one day). ~~I'd love to see you.~~ You should come visit.*

*No, no, no. I've not ever dated anyone, and there's no one here that interests me, really. I feel like everyone here is only looking for a partner that will ultimately be financially beneficial to be together with. Romance is dead when it comes to the snobby rich kids. I suppose that answers the picnic question as well, can't go on a picnic date if I've never been on a proper date. What about you, though? You played football, so surely you're classified as a 'jock' - if movies have taught me anything about American high school. Don't you have some cheerleader girlfriend or something?*

*~~I feel like I shouldn't have asked that for some reason, fuck.~~*

*I did code those sites myself! I wonder what you think of them if you got a chance to check them out. I've been going through those extra credit assignments like crazy, actually. I've completed all of them, and now my professor is working on putting together side projects for me. I might study computer science and programming at uni. My professor, she actually said I'm one of the fastest learners she's met when it comes to this stuff, so those scholarships are looking more promising. Maybe I will actually apply for some at universities in America. Who knows, I could end up somewhere close to Florida. We could visit each other, only if you want to though, of*

course. I don't mean to sound so cautious about everything I say, I really don't. Personal anxieties I suppose.

Dreamie... you can't call me cute, or pretty. You're going to make me think you're flirting with me or something. Oh God, now that I've written that out it sounds so incredibly ridiculous. I'm sorry, my form of a joke maybe. A tad upset I didn't get a photograph of you back though, it's a shame that I don't get to see what your life looks like. Or you. It's okay, you don't have to show me your face. But I am curious about this park and the tree you were perched in. Maybe a photograph of that?

I kind of understand that 'empty' feeling. I think I've felt more lost than anything this school year. With this being my final year of secondary school before I'm expected to step into the world of adulthood, I can't help but stress over if I'm even going to be able to survive in the real world. Sure, a trust fund will help with living expenses and what not, but I think it's more the vulnerability of not having the security of my parents and typical lifestyle surrounding me. Like, will I have to stay in a dorm or some shitty apartment when I go off to uni? Or have I just been watching too many movies?

Tell Sapnap I fully intend on kicking his ass in chess. I recently placed second overall in a tournament Wilbur and I participated in. Have I told you Wil is in a band? They have an EP out on soundcloud if you want to check them out. They're called 'LoveJoy'.

I swear to God if I ever meet you and you actually pick me up and put me over your shoulder, I will kick you in the balls. Don't even try me, basic white boy. And since we're on the topic of you being up your own ass (jokes, again), no the 'D' is not for Dream. As much as you'd love to believe I chose it specially for you, it's actually the first letter of my family's surname. I'd tell you the entirety of my surname, but then you may be tempted to find me on social media. And we can't be breaking the rules now, can we? ~~As much as I want to, I really do.~~

Your life seems far from dull, especially with our letters becoming longer. Which I also love, by the way. I feel like nothing exciting has been happening for me lately. There's this girl in a few of my classes, Amelia. Not to be crass, but she's kind of a bitch. She's always quick to make snarky commentary on my class work, she tends to bully the underclassmen, and honestly I just can't stand her. She's always quick to extend a leg in attempts to trip me in the hallways, and then deviously laughs about it with her minions. God, if going to America means getting away from her and being closer to you, then sign me the hell up. I'm so over her bullshit.

Your ever present consideration for my eyesight is ~~adorable~~ admirable. The leaf you sent is quite vibrant in its tones of yellow, so I assume it was one in the process of changing colours for autumn. You do have green eyes, don't you? You're correct, they would look yellow to me. But if you say they're your favourite feature on yourself, then I'm sure I'd love them regardless of what colour they appear to be to me. My eyes are brown, by the way. I know the photograph was small,

*and I'm now realizing I've already told you this. But yeah, just boring old brown.*

*I never want to end my letters, I just want to keep talking to you. I feel like the more I write, the more I get to feel like we're actually texting like normal people. I've debated writing my number down countless times, or my email, or my discord user, or twitter handle, or literally anything so I can talk to you more.*

~~*I just want to hear your voice.*~~

~~*I know I shouldn't say that, fuck.*~~

~~*This is ridiculous.*~~

*I can't imagine what this was like for people all those years ago. Waiting, and waiting, and waiting for days or weeks on end to get a response from someone. Back when there was no expedited shipping and letters were carried between towns on horseback or by carrier pigeons. Imagine having to wait for a letter based on how quickly a bird can fly and whether or not it ended up at the correct destination. What if I sent a letter to you back then and it ended up somewhere in Canada. What would we do then? Would you write me back after a month asking if I'd ever received your correspondence?*

*I'd write you. Again and again until I got a response. I don't know why really, maybe you've just become too important to me.*

*Which is why, per your half assed request, I am sending you another polaroid. Gracie stole my camera yesterday when I'd fallen asleep in this same windowsill whilst reading the book I'm keeping your leaf in. So, enjoy seeing me 'cozied up' with my blanket. If you look close enough, you can see Cat sleeping by my feet. The film kind of makes him look like part of the blanket though.*

*Also fuck you, my pet's names are wonderful.*

*I think I might need to end my letter here, I feel like I've been rambling too much and I've made a fool of myself a few too many times. Tell Emma I say hello (don't worry I won't ever tell her about you calling her annoying in two of your previous letters), and tell Andrew that I asked him to back off. I hope you're well, Dream. I really do. I hope you find a reason to smile every day, I hope your classes go well and that you're receiving good marks on your performance reports, and I*



*hope you sleep well at night and have pleasant dreams. (haha, see, I can make 'dream' jokes too, Dreamie.)*

*- sincerely yours, George*

*p.s. - keep a hoodie in your backpack, just in case you decide to climb that tree again. Also, some breeds of dinosaurs laid eggs, idiot.*

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A small drop of condensation had formed from one of the eyes on the smiley face. George watched it drip down the half assed drawing he'd made, trying not to think about it somehow representing the act of crying. That was until he felt a tear of his own fall against his top lip.

He pulled his hand up to his face, wiping away the tears he hadn't realized had begun to fall. He didn't even understand why he was crying, really. Sure, Amelia had been her typical bitchy self at school that day, poking at him incessantly when she'd noticed him reading over his previous letter from Dream. She was always one to tease him for literally anything and everything.

It wasn't that he was embarrassed about what they wrote to each other. But as time progressed, and their letters became longer and more... vulnerable... he became more wary of people seeing them. He was glad, at least, that he wasn't required to actually turn in each letter. His professor had stated that they were simply to write a brief synopsis of what each letter said, and what it made them think about. And then they were to discuss what they'd responded with, summarized of course.

Being embarrassed about feeling something more than he had ever been willing to admit from just seeing disheveled handwriting on a piece of paper while smiley faces and other random doodles filled the margins was something he was growing past. He'd discussed it more with Wilbur, how the letters back and forth with Dream had made him feel.

Wilbur had known for a while as well that George wasn't into girls, really. The last time they'd spent time together, he'd told George he had his suspicions for a while, but that he didn't want to pressure George in any way to admit to something. He was thankful for that.

He'd meant what he'd said in his letter, about going to America for university. Every new letter felt like a pull on him, beckoning him to make the journey across the ocean. Even if he'd end up somewhere a couple hundred or thousand miles away from Dream, at least he'd be on the same

continent as him. Even if Dream didn't feel the same fluttering in his stomach and around his heart when he'd read George's letters, he wanted to be closer to him. Even if it would break his heart.

He knew he was too in his head about that too. Especially after what Dream had said.

*'You're seriously really pretty though.'*

Sure, it had been scribbled out, but not how Dream had typically scribbled out his previous mishaps. Everything else had been somewhat yet barely legible under the crossed out lines layered over his words. But that one sentence. It had been separated from the rest with only a single line drawn through it, as if it was one he'd *meant* for George to see.

Did he know that those words would be forever ingrained in George's mind when he read them? Did he know what kind of pull he had? George thought it was somewhat ridiculous that Dream continued to call himself ordinary or basic. Even without seeing him, George had decided that Dream was one of the most incredible and enticing people he'd ever met in his entire life.

Maybe it was fate, being paired up with someone so easy to talk to. Someone so absolutely themselves without regret. Dream was so sure of himself, he didn't seem to care about what other people thought of him, or whatever future he was *supposed* to have. He was just... Dream.

As the rain continued to fall, George reached past Cat to pull the polaroid Gracie had taken off of the top of his book. Normally, he didn't like pictures of himself. But the fact that Dream would be getting them, looking into a piece of his life that was meant only for him to see. It felt special. It made him feel wanted, in a way.

*Cute. Cute. Pretty.*

The compliments seemed so easily written. They were things he'd heard from other people before, girls he'd supposed were trying to flirt with him at one point. They were words he'd always brushed off and never paid any mind to. In the world he came from, things like that were pretentiously faux when they fell from people's mouths, so he'd never felt any sort of anything when he'd heard them.

But seeing them written by Dream's hand? Especially when they were being written because of an image he'd sent of himself? That made his heart beat faster than he was able to manage. Dream had said those things about him, because of an image of him.

He thought too much sometimes about what Dream said. He'd asked if George would come to America and cook for him, to meet his family and spend time with him. He'd talked about coming to London to spend time with Gracie and to cuddle with George's pets. He wondered if that was meant to be something more subliminal.

What would Dream look like in his home? Surely he'd tower over Gracie and her ever so self proclaimed glorious height of five foot one inch. He'd be taller than George as well. He played football, at least up until this school year, so George could only assume he would be much more broad in comparison to his own small frame. Did he wear cologne? How long was his hair? Did he wear braces like George had seen in films about kids in America, or did he already have straight teeth?

George felt like his mind was racing at a million miles an hour. Wasn't the rain supposed to be calming?

He took in a deep breath, letting his head fall back against the wall of the inlet surrounding his window. He let his head loll to the side to lean against the cold glass. The smiley face had mostly turned into nothing but drips falling down towards the sill, so he moved his hand to wipe it away before drawing a new one above where it was.

But there was plenty of untouched space on the glass. He let his thoughts take over, let his mind run wild in the daydream that maybe, just maybe, he wasn't the only one feeling something more than he should be. That's when the name 'Dream' was written out, ending with a small heart.

He was hopelessly caught up in the feeling of it all by now. There was no coming back from what he was feeling. Then again, if feeling something like this for a boy across the ocean made him feel even a little bit better about the future, then he'd never wish for any other narrative.

Wilbur was right. He should let himself be happy.

## Chapter End Notes

note from kat:

hi :) i've been obsessed with writing this story with tad, thank you guys for all of the love and support so far on it, because oh my god... you're all in for a treat! We have 21 chapters written and based on outlining and plot, this is gonna be closer to 35-40 chapters long. stay tuned and stay with us. don't worry, uploads are still gonna be coming every 3-4 days. love u guys!

dont forget to user sub and leave a comment/kudos <3

socials:

[kat's twitter](#)

[tad's twitter](#)

## pet names

### Chapter Summary

With a small huff, the blonde accepted defeat, poking at Dream's cheek once. "M'kay, thanks, sweet dreams! Don't think about George too much!"

### Chapter Notes

these letters are getting a little jucier! fyi, we are changing the rating on this fic to T, because some new tags have been added. Don't worry, it's still purely going to be a fluff fic, but make sure to review the tags. thanks guys! <3

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

*Dear Georgie,*

~~*What if I hold your hand?*~~

*Shit, okay wait, that's a bit of an abrupt start, sorry my thoughts got the best of me. I mean- I could hold your hand whilst we see the alligator, seeing them through glass is no fun. I promise you most of them are babies, they wouldn't let kids fuck with the big guns. Unfortunately.*

*Emma will definitely be proud of us doing this correctly, I'll show her later when I'm done writing. I don't want to stop right now cause I'll get distracted, and I wanna finish this now while the letter is fresh in my mind.*

*Mmmmmm pancakes are pretty fuckin good, not gonna lie to you Georgie. You may have stolen my heart with that simple treat. You'll make it to America, don't sweat it. Or I can always come to England, bother you whilst you're studying ya know? Live on your fancy flat sofa and eat all your food. Seems like a pretty good idea actually. Let's switch the idea, I'm coming to England, solely to help you flunk important exams.*

*Aren't I just lovely?*

*Well, I haven't really thought that far, I thought I'd just apply to a local one, maybe do a simple computer course to get a certificate or something. Maybe I'll take a gap year ~~and worry my parents a little more.~~ But I'm overall not too sure. I'm sure you'll easily get offers from universities and colleges, England or America. Maybe don't, like, abandon a plan just to come here, I can always come to you. America ain't that special, you won't be missing much. ~~Aside from me.~~*

*HA, I knew you'd worry! It wasn't too high up, don't worry, just a few branches high. I included a photo in the letter this time :). Emma took it for me when we were there. Oh, did I mention I got a Polaroid camera just for this? It's kinda more hers cause I don't like taking photos of myself, but we got a shot of me in the tree. I hope you like it! I'm glad the leaf survived the trip, I was worried. Maybe I should find sturdier things. I thought about flowers, but they're kinda the same...*

*So do you have a favorite flower? I'm kinda lame, I go with the classic of roses. They're just so pretty and come in all sorts of colors. Did you know there's yellow roses? They're really pretty. I suppose yellow is a common color for you anyways. I'm realizing I talk about the color yellow a lot. I don't even like it that much. My favorite color is green! I don't know if I mentioned it.*

*Windowsill writing huh? Sounds cozy, though the sun would hurt if I sat there for too long. Leaving my mark on your windows without me even needing to, huh? ~~That's cute...~~*

*I had no idea you were left handed though. You're colorblind and left handed, do you have glasses too? Not sure if that sounds mean or not- sorry if it does.*

*Do let me know how it goes watching it :), sucks you had to pay for it. Football should be universal and free for everyone in my opinion. I'll pay you back if you'd like, if it sucks, maybe. BUT IT WONT.*

*Yeah, I don't know. Me and Andrew got along when we were younger, but ever since I got to high school and I wanted to drop out... and he got into a good college, well, he thinks I'm not doing enough with my life. He didn't like that I dropped out of football either cause apparently, in his opinion, I could've got a sports scholarship and an easy ride into college. He's just disappointed in me I guess. ~~Which is fine.~~ He can think what he wants, but I'm happy right now. PLUS if I was in football I wouldn't have as much time to write letters I think. I was supposed to be, like, a co-captain or something, (ew.) So yeah right now it's me and Ems. We're practically best friends as lame as that is. (Older siblings suck, you're lucky, don't worry.)*

*Speaking of siblings though, we got a new addition to our family. I'll include a Polaroid of it as*

well, but Emma and I were at the pet shop the other day for Patches' food. And we ended up leaving with a goldfish... not sure what happened, but one second we were buying cat food and the next minute we were going back home with a goldfish. I feel like Emma definitely somehow gaslighted me into getting it, but we have a fish now! Any name suggestions? Me and Emma are calling it 'Fish' right now. DON'T you dare say 'Fish' as well, be a little creative, idiot.

Romance is dead huh? That's rough. Romance is bleh here too to be honest. Just horny teens getting together and making out in the hallways. I had a girlfriend in freshman year, but you know, after the whole drop out fiasco and stuff... I broke up with her. Really pulling out the movie lingo, huh? Technically, I am a jock, yeah. She was a cheerleader too... so I can't say you're wrong. Damn these fucking stereotypes. But I haven't dated since, didn't really feel it. Hard to believe you're single though, promise to tell me if you fall for someone? I can give you some jock advice.

Stop worrying so much idiot, I literally straight up asked if you have a girlfriend as well.

And I, in fact, did check out the sites you coded. Sorry I didn't mention it in the last letter, but I checked them out later when I got home. And George, they're so nice. Simple and sweet. It's perfect for a beginner in my opinion. Proud of you Georgie.

Man, if you worry as much as you do in these letters, I'm going to have to snap you out of it. Of course I'd want to visit you dummy. I just don't want you derailing any other plans cause I'm in Florida, so think about it well.

And hey, of course I can call you cute and pretty! You sent me a photo of your cute face, so it's only valid. I didn't remember reading any rules against compliments. And compliments don't have to be flirting, idiot. Or are you saying those times you called me hot you were flirting with me? Hmmmm Georgie? ~~Not that I mind.~~

Pfff, I'm sure adult life will be good to you. Stressing is valid though, at least it gets you thinking about what to do. Well, depends on if you want to be away from your family, and if you got the money for an apartment. With dorms you'll probably have roommates, which is a bit fun, or awful, depending on whether you like people or not. My brother hated it so he got an apartment.

Second huh? Holy shit, Sapnap may have some competition then! Apparently he wins stuff back at his own school, so this'll be a juicy competition. I'll root for you, don't worry, but don't tell him. I'll check Wilbur's band out though!!! Since you are watching football for my sake.

That is if you could reach my balls, shortass. I'll hold you with strategy, thanks for the heads up loser. But come on, it'll be fun being carried around, don't you think so? No need to use your feet

*at all. Seems like a good idea to me to be honest.*

*I'll just pretend that the stamp stands for Dream then, since I don't even know your last name, which is lameeee. But fair, cause I probably would try to search it up.*

*I think I do want to go to England on second thought. ~~Maybe I can show Amelia a thing or two.~~ She sounds like a class-A bitch though. I'm sorry about that, you definitely don't deserve that. She tries to trip you? Is she from kindergarten or something??? That's so lame, jeez. I'll welcome you to America any day if it's away from her, shall I book you tickets for this weekend? I'm kidding, but seriously, maybe trip her back if she wants to act like a five year old.*

*Maybe put gum in her hair. It's simple, but classic, and it'll definitely fuck her over. Do y'all got graduation photos soon? Maybe she'll have to go bald or something, HA!*

*I JUST find it hard to forget you can't see colors, ya know? It's like a key thing in my mind constantly, I don't know. That's a little weird isn't it? Sorry but I'm glad you liked the yellow leaf, it's a little orangey too, I don't know if you can see orange well. But yes, my eyes are green. Sometimes I look at something and I'm like, "George wouldn't be able to see this color". It's not like a sad thing, I just think it.*

*Brown isn't boring. Brown is the same color as chocolate, and candy is delicious, so your eyes are just as amazing in my opinion.*

*Hey, at the end of this project we can send a final letter and write all our usernames for social media on it. We can stalk each other for days, just a few more months to go.*

*I was thinking about your voice the other day actually, not weirdly. You'll have a British accent and I bet that'll be nice. I like accents. Bet it'll be as cute nice as the photos you've sent me. I'll probably tease you for how you say words, heads up. Speaking of nice photos though, I see you gave me another after I NICELY asked for one. I didn't half ass it, asshole. You look... really... really cute in it. You can't stop me from saying it. I'll stop there though before I get fuckin carried away.*

*~~I want to say so much more what the fuck.~~*

*~~You and Cat look adorable.~~*



*Cat looks adorable btw.*

*I guess in the old times it was all they knew, you know? It was normal for weeks and months to pass between communications. I bet it sucked, but they didn't have alternatives. It sucks more for us cause we know we could exchange numbers... but we can't, cause that'll be breaking rules for sure. In that scenario, I definitely would send non-stop letters until eventually getting a response. Surely all of them can't get lost, right? Unless the birds are fucking dumb. But at that point, if all them got lost, I think it'd be the universe saying "fuck you".*

*You know, whenever I like, come to the end of the letters, ~~my heart kinda speeds up.~~ It makes me sad, cause I have to wait another few days to hear from you again, and it's like I'm only waiting for it? It's lame I guess. I don't know, Sapnap made fun of me for checking for mail under my name 3 times during the middle of our minecraft game. He ended up pushing me into lava cause he was annoyed. A teasing annoyed. I think he's just jealous I have a new best friend.*

*Sapnap sucks.*

*I'll definitely tell Emma you said hi, she'll say hi back and say she's the better sibling, I think otherwise of course, and you better think I'm better as well. I will definitely flip Andrew off for you. Tell Gracie I said hi too! And Cat and Dog, and you can give yourself a head pat from me cause I will definitely be doing that when we meet. You'll be at a perfect height level for it.*

*Hope you have the sweetest dreams, and I hope Amelia trips in front of her crush.*

*- yours truly dream :)*

*P.S. - ignore the smudges on the paper sorry, had an incident with Emma*

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Setting his pen down, his eyes landed on the polaroid camera Emma had bought him a few days back. After finding out George had sent a photo of himself and he hadn't, she had insisted he should return a photo. If not of himself, of anything. Something about seeming rude.

They already had two photos. One of the new fish, and one of him up in the tree. It was dark, only the sky being bright enough so he could see his blonde hair a bit, but otherwise it was just his back and the tree in the photo. Emma had done a good job with it. Hopefully George wouldn't be too upset with not seeing his face.

The camera was beginning to taunt Dream, set down on his desk beside his computer setup. Just above it he had hung up the newest photo of George. The cozy little shot of him near his windowsill. There was barely any of his face visible but he knew the other probably looked adorable.

Did he send a photo of himself? But then he'd have to call Emma, and she wouldn't let him live it down— unless... He could maneuver it around himself, that was an option.

But as he glanced at himself in the little mirror he had by his setup, he wrinkled his nose in distaste. He wasn't exactly picture material, not in his mind at least. His hair was fluffy and half wet still, wearing nothing but pajama pants.

He should wait, maybe it could be a good birthday present. He still had a good week or two until then as well.

Pushing the thought of photos away, he gazed over the letter. The darker scribbles taunted him a little as well. It was the words he didn't want George to read. He didn't want it to look like... like something. He wasn't even sure what it was to be honest. At the top of the page he had drawn a rose beside George's name. He had doodled it on without much thought.

Would that seem romantic? Would George find it real? He bit at his lip, nose wrinkled as he considered scribbling over it, but he held back. George would appreciate it maybe, even though the petals resembled scribbles and circles.

A knock at his door brought him out of his mind, glancing back to see a head of blonde hair poke out. Emma had peeked her head in, grinning widely as her hair sprawled all over the place.

"Did you run into something?" He questioned, eyebrows raised.

The younger girl didn't answer, instead walking into the room with a fish bowl in her arms. "Can Fish stay in your room tonight? Patches is in my room and she keeps trying to hurt it!"

“How do you know Patches is gonna stay there?” he asked, smiling a little too amusedly as she placed the fish bowl on his desk.

It was starting to get crowded, maybe he should invest in a little more storage.

“Please Clay!” Emma continued to whine softly with a drawl, pouting her lips and all.

With a roll of his eyes, he nodded, “Yeah, yeah, okay. Fish can stay here tonight. Fish could actually have a name in a few days.” he stated absentmindedly, eyes going back to the letter where he had written it.

“Oh? Are you asking your boyfriend?” She asked giddily, leaning over his chair to try and take a peek at the letter.

The movement to hide the letter with his hands was almost instant. Hands slamming down on the letter, eyes wide.

The action surprised both of them. Emma lurching back, eyebrows raised. “Did you confess your love or something?”

“Shut up!” he hissed softly, glancing at the open door worriedly.

“Andrew’s not home, Clay. Relax.” she scolded softly, leaning back a little. “Did you though?”

“No, don’t be stupid, Ems.” He huffed, cheeks flushed a soft pink at the claim of words.

“Uh huh...” she murmured, amusement clear in her voice as she glanced over at the wall. “Is that George?” she asked curiously, reaching out to poke at the polaroid. “Is he going to keep sending them? I should get you a cork board for it! So you don’t ruin the paint on the wall.”

Dream shrugged, hands moving away from the letter, frowning as he noticed he had smudged some of the letters. “Great.” He muttered.

He looked up to find Emma looking at him, smiling softly.

“What?”

“You know, you look happiest when you're writing, loser. Are you sure you don't want to ship him over here already?”

“It's against the rules, Ems.”

“Since when do you like *rules* ?”

He wrinkled his nose. “Go away, I'll babysit the fish.”

With a small huff, the blonde accepted defeat, poking at Dream's cheek once. “M'kay, thanks, sweet dreams! Don't think about George too much!” she sang out before running out of his room and down the hall.

He was left alone again, no one but a fish to keep him company. A fish that would soon be named by George, and he'd have something even more permanent from him. A whole pet.

His cheeks only got darker at the thought of George, covering his face with his hands with a low groan. “Fuck...” he whined softly, “what the *hell* am I doing?”

George made his head spin even faster than usual. He was going to flunk school because all he could think about was the colorblind dork across the ocean.

He was so doomed.

note from tad:

hello hello, I hope everyone enjoyed today's chapter :))) this fic is quickly becoming one of my most passionately written fics and I'm glad so many people are enjoying it as well. This fic is definitely going to be a long ride so I hope you stick around just like how Kat said the last chapter. Lot's of stuff to come still :))) <333 thank you for reading

note from kat:

hi this was tad's chapter but I just wanted to say thank u guys for all the love and support! today is my six month anniversary for posting dnf fics here on ao3 and yall mean the world to me! thank you <3

don't forget to user sub to us both and leave a comment + kudos!

socials:

[kat's twitter](#)

[tad's twitter](#)

# bargaining chips

## Chapter Summary

There was a longing in his chest, tugging at his heart and threatening to pull it directly from it's protective barrier in his ribcage. If Dream held the strings, he decided he'd let him pull them until his heart was laid peacefully in the American's hands.

## Chapter Notes

new chapter, new letter, new feelings <3 thank you guys for the love so far! make sure to read the end notes!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

*Dearest Dream,*

~~*Dream, I've never...*~~

~~*Dreamie, you can't just say things like that*~~

~~*Fuck this is stupid*~~

*After googling more pictures and watching a documentary or two, I have officially decided that alligators are probably some of the most absolutely terrifying creatures to ever exist, and I will not be going anywhere near one. I don't care if they're 'cool', or 'babies', or whatever, I think I may have developed an absolute gut wrenching fear of alligators. Cool fact though, they are one of the closest living creatures we still have on the planet in relation to dinosaurs. Them, and chickens. You decide which is more badass.*

*You want to come here, to England, and distract me? That is your plan? I'm curious in what ways you think you could actually distract me. Okay, no judgement here, right? I've never actually had my hand held, so I apologize in advance if you actually carry through with that, because I will be*

awkward and have no idea what to do. That might be a lie, I think there was a girl in my class back in primary school that held my hand, but I was quite young. Wil's held my hand when I was upset, but that more just turned into a friendly hug where he let me cry.

Oh God I shouldn't talk about that, being sad and what not. I don't know, with the constant presence of the rain and cold, and with the sky being a pitiful shade of grey, it's easier to become sad. I think I get sad about absolutely nothing sometimes. I think at other times I get sad that I can't talk to you more. Don't worry about me though, I'm fine, really.

Apologies for my scribbles at the beginning of this letter, I think I scrapped about six drafts before deciding to just go with this one. Sometimes I get lost in what to say, or what I want to talk about first, you know? I feel like there's a million things I want to tell you, and if I let myself keep writing more and more each letter, I fear they'll become novels and I'll have to send them in actual packages instead of envelopes. How many stamps would that take to send to you? Actually, no, there's probably special postage for that. Nevermind. ~~Whatever.~~

I do like flowers! You like roses? I'll keep that in mind. (I like the one you drew, it's lovely). I think my favorites would have to be dandelions or daisies. My favourite colour is blue, granted, it's one of the only colours I can see, but I am rather fond of it. I've been told that green is a beautiful color. Maybe that's why everything in nature is covered in it. Constantly growing and thriving and full of life. It's fitting for you. I think about you a lot. I think about seeing the color green a lot now.

Yes, the windowsill is actually quite comfortable. It's wide enough to sit in comfortably, and I have a cushion in there so it doesn't get painful to sit for hours. It's relaxing, really. There is room for two, so if you do ever care to visit, you'll be able to see for yourself. I still think you'd like it here, I don't know if I'd survive in the heat of Florida. ~~I'd try, for you. Fuck.~~ And no, I don't wear glasses, idiot.

The American football game was, surprisingly, not disappointing. I had no clue what was going on, or what the hell a 'first down' is, but I think I might understand the basic concept of how the scoring works. Touchdowns are good, and your team won! I think it would be more entertaining to actually watch a game with you. Maybe you could explain it better to me. And speaking of American football, Andrew has no right to be disappointed in you or whatever. You shouldn't be going to university for something you're not passionate about doing for yourself. If you do decide to go, maybe a local university would be good. If you decide to take that gap year, maybe you could travel? You said you wanted to. You could come visit me, wherever I end up. Only if you want to. ~~Sorry, me being overly cautious again.~~

Dream, if you say that older siblings suck, then your words are going to get to Gracie's head. She'd probably agree with you, saying something about how I'm the world's worst big brother. Speaking of big brothers, you're a very kind one for letting Emma get a goldfish. Don't knock my

pet naming, 'Fish' would be a very fitting name for a little goldfish. But since you asked, I think you should name it 'Jay'. Remember that favorite novel of mine that I mentioned? It's called "The Great Gatsby". It's been one of my favorite novels for a long time, and then last year we were assigned to read it and write an essay on it. With luck being on my side, I wrote the entire essay the first night and had a week off of homework for that class. I think I've read it more than ten times through now. And yes, your leaf is still in there. Anyways, the main character is named Jay Gatsby, so just Jay would be my name suggestion.

Listen, you cannot boost my ego like this. I haven't even begun applying for scholarships, so you cannot tell me I'll be receiving any. I don't even know what to apply for, or where to apply. I don't think I want to stay here, though. If I stay in Europe, I'd probably go to school somewhere in Italy or Switzerland. There's just something about America that's been really enticing though. ~~Maybe it's you.~~ I think it might be something about how it feels like an entirely different world over there. Everything just seems more exciting! So maybe I will apply for schools there. Do you have any suggestions on where I should apply?

Don't worry about me derailing any plans, there's nothing to derail. I have no plans. I certainly couldn't derail them for a hot boy across the ocean now, could I? (your words, not mine). You've certainly decided that we will be visiting each other at some point, I think I'd very much like for this to happen. Every time I get a new letter from you I wish I could hear you actually just talking to me. American accents are funny, so I'd like to hear these words actually come from your mouth. My accent is nothing special, your typical Brit, rather proper though seeing how I'm from London. There's some stranger ones up north and the closer you get to Ireland. I think you might like mine, actually.

You cannot just say you'd book me a flight so casually, I'd be too tempted to take you up on that offer. ~~I just want to meet you. I want to see you, and hear you, and talk to you. I hate this.~~

Of course I'm single, idiot. I'm awkward, I don't know how to talk to people, and frankly I don't think anyone could ever fall for me. Personal insecurities and all of that bullshit. So I promise you this, I don't think I'll have to tell you about falling for anyone here. Wil's tried setting me up with people before, and I've just always made shit excuses as to why I can't go.

~~I'm not asking you to stop saying it. Never stop saying it. Please.~~

No, of course it's not flirting when you compliment me by calling me 'pretty' and 'cute' multiple times in each letter. That couldn't even be considered flirting now, could it? ~~It's okay if it is. I don't mind.~~ If you were actually flirting with me, then you'd have to throw a good pickup line at me. I'm sure you've used plenty on that cheerleader ex girlfriend of yours. Go on then, give me your worst one. I'll be waiting. I'm sorry to hear about that break up though, I hope you're doing alright. Anyone new catch your fancy? If we're still going off the basis that you are a hot basic white boy, I'm sure there's plenty of cheerleaders still flocking to you.



*Speaking of you... the polaroid. I'm looking at it right now, and I'm kind of in shock. I didn't think you'd actually ever send a photograph of yourself. (or Fish-Jay). Yes, it's mostly just a silhouette, but I think I can make out the colour of your hair. Or, at least, what colour I'd see it as. Blonde, yeah? It's a good length, it suits you. Maybe I am short, your legs look quite long in that photograph even though I can barely see them, fuck my life. You cannot threaten to carry me around, I'm already lazy enough as it is and wouldn't say no to that. Would this be a piggy back ride? Or princess style? That is not me asking you to be my knight in shining armour oh my God. Maybe.*

*You're the one always telling me not to stress and worry, but here you are rambling about how I shouldn't derail whatever life plans I have made, just for your sake. And then you indulge the idea of us breaking the rules and me sharing my surname so you can find me online. Backtracking to having to do this for the next five months is ~~heartbreaking~~ earth shattering. It means I have to keep reading instead of hearing your stupid American accent for almost half a year. At the end of this all we can share our handles and what not, you're right. The letters are growing on me though. Maybe we can keep sending them too? Only if you want.*

*I'm glad you liked my websites! Any suggestions for future ones I decide to make? Maybe I'll make one with my twitter handle secretly placed so I don't technically break the rules. No, I can't do that. I'm glad you like pancakes! What toppings do you prefer? I think nutella and strawberries might be my favorite combination on them.*

*Pause for a moment, Minecraft? I love minecraft! Fuck... Now I want to play. We could start an entire SMP. You, me, Sapnap... I could convince Wil to join too, if I try hard enough.*

*Amelia has only gotten worse, her best friend Kali took it upon herself to break into my locker and fill it with toilet roll. Wil said they're acting like young school girls with a crush with their petty and, frankly, pathetic bullying. I swear to God if that is actually the case, I might just drop out. I would follow your advice, but I think ignoring her might just work best. She and Kali will make arses of themselves publicly... eventually. Hopefully. ~~I feel like a dick saying that.~~*

*You can't just go telling me my brown eyes are something special when they're really not. I refuse to believe you. We do have class pictures, but not until the end of the year. So maybe in my final letter for this project, I'll send you a copy. Until then, you get polaroids. I hope you enjoy this one, it was taken of me on my grandparent's farm with my favourite cow. Her name is Henrietta.*

*I'm trying to continue this letter for as long as I can, because I think I feel the happiest when I know I'm talking to you. Even if it will take 2-4 days to get to you. You know what, I don't even care if it sounds cheesy or stupid anymore. You make me happy. Genuinely, I don't think I've felt this happy in my entire life. You are like an actual ray of sunshine in my gloomy fucking London*

*life, which I suppose is funny, seeing how your state is always graced by the sun.*

~~*Why do you have to be so far away? I want to get on a plane right now and come see you. I don't want to wait until I inevitably end up in America for uni. I don't want to wait five more months just to be able to hear your voice. This is overwhelmingly hopeless for me to be saying. I want too many things.*~~

*I don't think the rain will ever stop here, and I think it might only turn from raindrops to snowflakes soon enough. This letter will probably be arriving after my birthday too because of that, even with expedited postage. What is winter like there without snow? I did some research and it looks like it barely gets lower than 7.5 celsius. It gets much colder here, it's difficult to keep warm at times. I usually end up layering sweaters and wrapping up in multiple blankets. Gracie had the nanny get us fuzzy socks for this season, so those will definitely be used.*

*Dream... Dreamie... This letter has been my longest yet. As I discussed before, I can't keep this up or I'll end up sending you an entire novel. It's ridiculous, I know that, but I never want to stop writing to you. How are your classes going? Any fun after school activities? How's Emma? Do let me know how she likes the name 'Jay' for the goldfish. I hope you're well, I'll be thinking about you.*

*- always, George.*

---

He meant what he'd said, he never wanted to stop writing. Dream's letter had come the day before, but it had gotten mixed up with the other adverts they'd gotten, so he didn't actually retrieve it from the nanny until breakfast that morning. He'd brought it along with him to school that day, opting to hide away during a free period in the lavatory to read through it.

It wasn't exactly the main lavatory, per se. A portion of the school had been rebuilt a few years back, and one of the old buildings that used to be a lavatory out beyond the rugby fields hadn't ever been torn down. It was peaceful out there, overgrown vines making their way through the windows and wrapping up the remnants of the stalls.

George had perched himself in a wide windowsill, looking down at the cracked and broken part of the glass that was allowing small spurts of rainwater to splash in against the cement of the somewhat mossy seat. It was a much different feeling than the comfort of his window at home. This one was constantly fogged over with years of wear and tear. And yet, condensation still collected against the glass, beckoning him to draw another smiley face. It was the one thing that was just simply 'Dream' to him.

There was a longing in his chest, tugging at his heart and threatening to pull it directly from it's protective barrier in his ribcage. If Dream held the strings, he decided he'd let him pull them until his heart was laid peacefully in the American's hands. He didn't wish or want for anything less or more. He wanted Dream.

Maybe he was too lost in his own thoughts to hear the entry of another person into the abandoned lavatory, but he was pulled away from his own daydreams as the newest letter was ripped forcefully from his grasp. He felt a desperate rush of panic sear through his veins as he looked up to see Amelia holding the letter in her hands, eyes wildly scanning over the words that were supposed to be only for him.

"Georgie, huh? Sounds like someone's got a crush on you." she stated flatly, stepping backwards as he pushed himself out of the windowsill.

"Give that back." he demanded, moving towards her to reach for the letter. She was quick with her movements, pulling away from him to hold the letter up in the air.

"What? Scared of something you want kept secret in here? Let's see..." she teased, looking back to the words scrawled by Dream's hand. "Oh! This is interesting. He thinks you're 'really, really cute'. Awe, looks like Georgie has a little *boyfriend*."

Her words were meant to hurt, they were meant to stab him in the chest with a dull blade while she twisted the hilt. He detested her entire existence because of it, gritting his teeth as he reached for the letter again before falling short as she moved away.

"That's a private letter, you're not meant to read it. Why are you even here?"

"Came out for a smoke, but I think I've found something much more interesting..."

Taunting him with the underlying tone of revealing something he'd only ever admitted to Wilbur was terrifying. He didn't really understand it or realize it about himself until he'd met Dream. He wasn't ready. He wasn't ready for information about his sexuality or his conversations with Dream to be revealed to anyone and everyone. Amelia had a big mouth, she would obnoxiously spread rumors whenever she could. It was her own form of power that she seemed to enjoy holding over their entire school. Her best friend Kali was no better, and George felt his stomach turn as the second girl stepped through the doorway.

“What do we have here?” Kali asked, plucking the letter from Amelia’s hands as an arm was pushed in front of George to keep him from taking it back.

“Georgie here has a boyfriend in America, isn’t that cute?” Amelia teased back, shoving George backwards with the side of her arm.

He let out a defeated sigh, reaching up to pull his hands through his hair out of frustration. “What do you want from me? Congratulations, you’ve created your own assumptions about me and my pen-pal. Do you want a prize? Just give me the fucking letter.”

There was a beat of silence between them, both girls glaring at him with a venomous gaze before they looked to each other. There was an unspoken agreement made between them, one signed and sealed by the devious glint in their eyes. Kali handed the letter back to Amelia, and the latter held it up with one hand.

“Okay, George. I’ll give you back your letter, since you’re *so* desperate to hear from him. But I do have an offer for you.”

“Go on...” he replied hesitantly, eyeing the page between her fingers.

“I have some assignments I need completed. I don’t feel like doing them myself, so you’re going to do them for me, or I’ll tell the entire class that you prefer your partners on the more masculine side. And to prove it, I’ll copy the letter and pass it around for everyone to see.”

“Fine.” he was short with his answer. It wasn’t something he was willing to risk. Not yet. Not until he’d at least found out if Dream felt the same way about him. “Fine, I’ll do it. Get me your coursework after the day is over, and I’ll do it. Just give me my letter.”

She smiled deviously, pulling her second hand up to the page. “Deal.”

And with that, she tore the letter in half. Letting both halves of the page fall to the ground. George felt his heart tear in half just as the page did, mind feeling numb as he watched the two girls canter out of the small room with a horrid laughter shared between themselves.

He practically fell to the ground, rushing to gather both pieces of paper to save them from the damaging grime that hadn't been cleaned from the floors in years. It was only one tear, and it was clean. He took in deep breaths and convinced himself it would be alright, that everything would be okay when he got home, and that he'd be able to tape it back together.

"I'm so sorry, Dream," he whispered to no one but himself as he ran his thumb over the small rose Dream had drawn by his name at the top of the letter.

He didn't know why he was apologizing, really. He hadn't done anything wrong. In fact, his own secrets had been threatened to be revealed without his consent. He felt betrayed, like he'd betrayed himself, like he'd betrayed Dream. Those words weren't meant for anyone else, and he'd let them slip from his grasp.

Hopelessness became him as he fought back tears. Everything would be easier if he was anywhere else. Part of him hated himself for even bringing the letter to school, and he was mostly just grateful he'd already tucked the polaroids of Jay the fish and Dream in a tree away before reading through the letter.

Maybe he was selfish for wanting more than what life had given him at this point. It was wishful thinking to imagine himself at Dream's school, having the blonde by his side so he wouldn't have ended up in this situation in the first place.

Was wanting something so unattainable so bad? Was he really that desperate for someone to be a consistent comfort in his life? Wilbur had said he was deserving of it, of feeling happy and cared for.

George pulled himself up from the ground, moving back to his bag to see that his own letter to Dream had remained untouched. He was glad for that, at least. Amelia hadn't seen his own confessions scrawled across the page.

He traced the shape of the rose by his name one last time, promising himself to stop by his neighbours bushes on his way home to take a polaroid of them to send to Dream. At least he had that. At least he had *something* to hold on to.

note from kat:

hihi! thank you guys for reading, i know we say it at the end of every chapter, but it genuinely means the world to us both. This story has quickly become a passion project, and although you guys only have 7 chapters, there are 25 chapters almost completely written. As far as planning plot goes, that 7/? might have a final number soon, probably going to be somewhere around 35 chapters. Hope you guys are ready for a fun adventure with this story!

don't forget to user sub! comments and kudos make our day so pls drop one if you would like! we love hearing from you guys!

socials:

[kat's twitter](#)

[tad's twitter](#)

## dandelions + daisies

### Chapter Summary

The first ever one George had sent him had found a new home though. A home in his wallet.

### Chapter Notes

little bit of a delayed update - remember to take time to take care of your mental health <3 love you guys!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

*Dear Georgie,*

*Well-*

~~*Step one on how to distract George is holding his hand.*~~

*Step one in distracting George is throwing him over my shoulder, cause evidently you hate the thought of it, so it's the best distraction.*

*Step two is, uhhhh... threatening George with a fuckin alligator if he doesn't stop studying.*

*Step three is just throwing George over my shoulder again and walking out of the room.*

*Step four is, I'm Dream. You'll listen to me :)*

*I bet if I asked you to go out cause I'm bored, you'd listen to me cause you wouldn't want me to be bored. So, easy distraction, cause you're a simp? Simp energy???*

*You've never had your hand held? Well shit, maybe I'll have to hold it then... you know, for the experience? I can't let you not be able to hold a hand! That's just wrong. I think I'll have to hold your hand now... for an experience course. I just repeated myself. This isn't panic.*

*I don't panic.*

~~*I need to shut up.*~~

~~*Fuck.*~~

*Little girls from kindergarten don't count on hand holding I think. Kids held everything. It's what they do. They gotta touch all kinds of shit. I remember when Emma was born she'd put her hands everywhere, I hated it. She attempted to eat my homework one time.*

~~*I, however, could hold your hand... that will count.*~~

*Hey, feel free to talk about the sad thoughts. Safe place vibes, you know? I don't mind, you can always write it down and just indicate you don't want it read and I can skip over it! It's better to let it out than bottle it up, you know?*

*I don't know if that is comforting, but trust me, if you need to spew shit, just say it. I won't mind.*

*The weather often can make people sad. Another reason you should come to Florida! It's always sunny here. Well, there are storms, but like- they aren't that scary. Though they do scare me and Patches. We usually spend those nights under the blankets. Sometimes I feel like Patches is comforting me more, but I'm going to pretend I'm a good owner and I protect Patches, not vice versa.*

*I do know what you mean though, sometimes I get carried away, I gotta get rid of some thoughts even though I spew 99 percent of my bs thoughts. (Hope it's not too bothersome) it's hard to settle on what to say sometimes. Packages would be hella cool to be honest, we could send bits and pieces of our lives aside from what fits in a little envelope.*

*Dandelions and daisies. I'll sketch some on the paper and you can tell me how awful they look!*



*Green fits me? I'm not sure If I'm exactly "thriving", but I am full of life. I got too much energy to burn. You make me wanna thrive though, that sounds weird but I'm not gonna over explain, too lazy for it right now. It means what it means.*

*Oh? Already offering me a seat at your window sill hmmmmm? I'm not sure if my long legs will fit on it, seems proper fit for the small people, heh. Would you let me sprawl my legs across your lap? Or I'd let you probably...*

*The heat isn't that bad! I'd love to see England with all of its rain and snow. Change of scenery is always a nice touch. Though I'm sure my presence will make England hotter. HA.*

*Why are you calling me an idiot for asking if you wear glasses??? You're so mean to me Georgie :( I'll report you to the teacher. Then you'll be sorry, loser.*

*I wonder if any of the others reported each other, or what if they hate their partners? That must suck. I wonder how their projects will end up like... I guess we got lucky being ~~the perfect match,~~ ~~huh~~ a good match.*

*Hmmm, I think you're right on that. I make games much more interesting. Me and Sapnap watched it together in discord and he was cracking up on my commentary, so I think you'd enjoy it too. But yeah my team won, cause it's the best team and only team you should root for from now on! Cause I SAID SO.*

*And duh I'll come visit you if I travel. That's the most obvious destination, and you could be my personal tour guide. I'm not paying you though, so don't get your hopes up. This will be free labor. So you'll lead around a six foot tall American. I'll try not to pick up too many girls and make you all jealous.*

*Researching prices as we speak. Hopefully my job will cover it. I doubt my moms gonna give me money to randomly travel all the way to England for some British boy.*

*Though my offer for first class tickets to Florida is still available, I got enough money... I think.*

*Ah fuck, I forgot you're technically an older sibling too. Whoops? Don't worry, I'll exclude you cause you give off younger child vibes. I bet Gracie's more responsible than you. Don't even deny it. Or maybe both of you are to be honest, rich kids are usually responsible and all neat and tidy.*

*'Fish' is lame, George. I'm not naming the fish 'Fish'. But Jay, huh? From The Great Gatsby. I remember reading that last year, it was a cool book. Kinda confusing, like why did they randomly drive each other's cars and go out drunk to go drink more in a private apartment? Wasn't the manor big enough for them? It's like they were planning on murdering the damn woman. (I didn't know I carried that much anger for The Great Gatsby, I'm not sure where that came from.)*

*Emma adores it though. She loved the movie with Leonardo Dicaprio, so she thinks it's an absolute DELIGHT that you named it 'Jay'.*

*Mmmmm I think I can do as I please, Georgie. If I wanna boost your ego, I think I should be allowed. It's good for you and how much you worry.*

~~*Wherever you go I'll want to follow you.*~~

*I'm sure whichever place you go it'll be good. You're smart, so it'll be a synch. So no, I won't stop boosting your ego dumbass. You could always pop in for the summer and see what you like? Before choosing a university out here too. Take a gap year like me or something. Or is that not a plan for a rich kid? Lame if it isn't. Gap years are fun and helpful.*

*Plus I'll be lonely if you go and study and I'm stuck at home. Suggestions wise, I don't know, depends what you wanna study. Florida has a few good colleges, but the top ones are like Harvard and Yale and stuff. You should look into those! More your style and grade level I think.*

*Of course I want to fucking visit you. ~~It's you, the boy that's fucking haunting my head.~~*

*Really tryna push the "hot boy" thing onto me? You could simply disagree and call me ugly, but you stick to me being hot... interesting. American accents are lame, shut up. We sound nothing but ordinary. Like, Canadians and Americans have the same "accent" I suppose. We ain't special. (You, on the other hand, are.)*

*But I want to say it cause I would. ~~I'd book you a flight in a heartbeat.~~ Give me the word, and I'll buy the ticket for you. Granted, I'd be a little broke, but still. Pay me back by keeping me company.*

*Ew blind dates are no fun. I've been on a few with football buddies and the girls are just over the top sometimes. Tell Wilbur he should find the best people for you. Someone tall so they can push you around maybe.*

*(Kidding, that would be mean, but funny. Not sorry.)*

*Flirting confuses me. Cause girls will consider it flirting if you call them pretty or compliment their outfit. But if another girl does it to them and they both, like, are not into girls... it's considered just being nice? So flirting honestly makes no sense to me. My ex loved getting showered with compliments by anyone, but thought it was extra special from me. It's why she found it annoying when I didn't say anything but her friends complimented her. Looking back, she was kinda annoying. (Whoops.)*

*Hmmm, I saw later in the letter you said you liked minecraft so——*

*You must be a health potion, because when I'm with you, my hearts are always full.*

*There's a good one in my opinion, hope it got you smiling. ~~You should always be smiling.~~*

*ALSO, I'd love to start a minecraft world with you! I'll text Sapnap about it right now and let you know in the next letter. I think he's sleeping right now, I swear he sleeps for ages. Or I guess... it's cause I don't sleep, it seems like forever. Bleh*

*Yeah, I'm a blondie. A hot blond, you may want to say. Thanks though, it's getting kinda long so it's a bit of a mess. Swearing about my long legs, huh? You into legs, Georgie? ;)*

*I'd carry you princess style, or throw you over my shoulder. Piggy back is lame and typical. I could pick you up princess style and throw you probably. That would be funny.*

*I accept. I'll be the knight and you can be the princess or prince or whatever. ~~Or mine.~~*

*Listen. My brain runs off of fruit smoothies, lack of sleep, and video games. Nothing I say makes sense most of the time. But, I'm just saying... If you do have plans and they are good plans, maybe don't abandon them? But up to you of course. I just thought I'd give advice rather than begging you to move to a different country so you can keep my dumbass company. ~~Even though I want that.~~*

*I mean there are no rules against not sending them after the project. So I think we could continue forever if we'd like. What if we're still writing these in our 60's? That would be insane, I think. Do you think they'd have perfected teleportation machines by then? You just fucking manifest in your buddy's room whenever you want. I think those would make for amazing pranks.*

*Man this Amelia chick is gonna get ~~her ass kicked~~ cussed out by me. And she's got little minions too? Why're you in a Mean Girls movie? Especially without me?! George, I'm telling you to stick some gum in their hair. It's such a good plan. But I get that you don't wanna cause drama... but I mean gum is subtleee, just saying dude.*

*Brown eyes are special, shut up. You're so picky with yourself. You're cute. Do I need to write a whole paragraph about it, or will you just accept you're good looking?*

*Favorite cow.*

*~~What the fuck.~~*

*~~How are you so cute?~~*

*~~OH MY GOD~~*

*~~I see the fucking light.~~*

*~~Fuck my life~~*

*Henrietta and you look like you're having a nice time together. Though HENrietta would be a perfect name for a hen. I'm surprised you didn't name her 'Cow' though.*

*I think our letters will keep getting longer and longer at this point. I got a second page going on right now. I was going to write on the backside but I changed my mind. My pen bleeds through sometimes, so I can't do so. What color does my ink look like by the way? Can you tell what color it is?*

*Happy. You make me happy too. It's a bit ridiculous. When I was writing this earlier, Emma said I'm going to get my face stuck in a smile forever at this state. Which is stupid, she's so annoying pointing it out.*

*Is Gracie this annoying? Emma just needs to know everything I'm thinking constantly.*

*You scribbled a lot at the end of the letter, Georgie. I'm not the best with sappy words, but if it means anything, I miss you a lot too... even without meeting you.*

~~*Fuck, I miss you.*~~

*You and Gracie have a nanny? That's... Now that's some rich kid shit. Sorry I gotta bring it up again. Is your nanny nice? Does she cook for you and stuff too? I gotta do everything myself at home. Not that I mind. It's just an interesting difference.*

*Oh, by the way, you have such a small hand? The rose is so pretty, but I couldn't help but stare at your hand a little. I think mine would cover your whole hand... BUT it's a very pretty rose. Keep some for me when I come visit*

*Unfortunately you were right about it. The letter did arrive a little later after your birthday, BUT, it's okay. Took me more time to perfect the present I wanted to give you, I suppose. I hope you like it, even though it's nothing special. When we meet I'll buy you anything you ask for. Aside from drugs. I'm not buying you illegal things.*

*Also happy birthday loser, I woulda smashed the cake in your face if I could. Kindly of course.*

*I suppose this long letter is also a good present. I sketched a few flowers on the margins too. Your favorites, of course, and then I stole a pressed flower from Emma. It's a rose cause she didn't have any daisies, but I hope you like it anyways. ~~I really hope you do. God I probably sound desperate.~~*

*You sounded a little sad in this letter... I'm not going to lie. I'm not sure if it was the weather talk, or just that I can somehow feel how you feel through the letter. But quit making me worry. (Don't actually stop, though.) I'd give you a hug if I could. I hope your birthday was well spent. I hope you enjoyed yummy food with your family and I hope Gracie got you something good for your birthday. (Emma got me a frog one year, but it hopped away.)*

*Make sure you're staying as warm as possible in your cold weather, Gracie too! Hope you're well as well, and stay hydrated and what not. I feel like you're the type to forget your water bottle.*

*Today at school I funnily got asked out. Her name's Skye. I didn't say yes cause I didn't want to*

*force it. She was pretty. She's got brown hair and brown eyes like you. Short too. It was funny. She reminded me so much of you.*

~~*I almost wanted to say yes.*~~

*My classes are lame as ever. I'm pushing through because graduation is near and it would be humiliating to drop out now. Even if I did drop out, I'd keep writing to you don't worry. I'm not stopping this ever. There's no cool activities. I usually go home and game. I played a bit of football the other week though with my dad. It was nice, I missed it... until Andrew joined in. So I hit him with the football. Total accident :)*

*Always thinking of you.*

*- your dream :)*

*P.s. - I hope you like your birthday present, it's a polaroid of yours truly, don't get too flustered*

---

It was unfortunate that George had been right about how long the letter would take to arrive this time. It was later than usual, but not too bad.

He hoped George could still appreciate the present and long letter. He knew George enjoyed reading them, so why not make them extra long?

But it never did feel like enough. Whenever he ended off the letter with his name and the smiley face that made George so happy, it didn't feel like enough.

There were always more words he wanted to spew out. Most were words he wouldn't even dare to say out loud to himself, let alone write down on a piece of paper. That was something George would have forever in pen.

Maybe he should start writing in pencil?

He hummed, leaning back in his chair as he held up the newest polaroid George had sent him. Pale fingers wrapped around a pretty rose. He couldn't help but smile at the mere sight of it. It was his two favorite things. Roses and George.

Maybe it was too early to say that.

But it was the truth. George had climbed his way impossibly high in the list of those who were most important to him. It was going as far as his family noticing how much more perky he seemed, more talkative as well.

He supposed if this was a year ago he would still be eating dinner cooped up in his room on call with Sappnap.

Why did George make him want to *try*?

He wondered if George felt the same. The most recent letter he had sent had been a bit more emotion filled. It always looked like George was near spewing a story but always stopped himself before he could.

It worried Dream. Did he seem like he wouldn't be interested? And that Amelia bitch didn't sit well with him either. What grown girl bullied someone? George didn't deserve treatment like that. Someone who was so sweet and kind in his letters. Sure, it was mixed with teasing words and insults, but that's what friendship was about.

The photo was stuck onto the wall, just under the previous one. The first ever one George had sent him had found a new home though. A home in his wallet.

It had been a small urge. It was a morning where he hardly wanted to get out of bed for school, and Sappnap had been blowing up his phone since the night before because he hadn't answered his calls. His mom knocked on his door repeatedly for him to get up.

He'd rolled onto his side and caught the glint of the photo on his bedside table. He'd left it there returning from the park before, and it had stayed there.

One look at George's sweet smile had made his heart flip. A burst of light energy thrumming through him. If George had been in America right then, he would've urged him out of bed maybe. Or kept him company. He wondered if George would've brought him the homework for the day, or informed the teachers he wouldn't be attending classes. Would George be the type to come over during lunch to see how he was? Or maybe after school.

The thoughts had spun around in his head until he was clambering out of bed with heavy limbs.

George wouldn't want him to mope in bed again.

So the photo had now been tucked safely into his wallet. Out of sight, but never out of his mind.

It was a little cheesy and borderline crazy to have a boy's photo in his wallet, but it wasn't like he took his wallet out at work. And George didn't need to know. But did that make it weirder?

He reached for the sad worn out wallet, opening to take a peek at the photo still carefully tucked into worn leather.

The sun had begun setting as he had written, the glow in his room beginning to darken. Thank God he had taken the photo earlier.

Beside the two written pages was his polaroid. It wasn't his face. But it was better than the silhouette of darkness he had sent the first time.

This time his hair could be seen perfectly. Blond fluffy tufts were curled slightly near his temples. His long legs bent slightly and his hands on perfect show from holding the polaroid camera in the mirror. The only thing not visible being his face, his jawline did manage to peek out a little from his hidden smile, though. George surely wouldn't hate this tease. It was a decent photo in his opinion.

Maybe he should've cleaned his mirror. Next time. Next time he'd clean it. His nails were covered in chipped black polish, maybe he should repaint them next time for the photo. He doubted George would care but it irked him for whatever reason.



It was a photo that was nothing special, but he hoped it resonated with George like his had with Dream.

The photo along with the shot of the cupcake candle were carefully tucked into the letter. The pressed rose following, which he found appropriate. The blooming rose George wouldn't be able to keep, but *this* was a forever rose. One he could tuck into his binder or notebook or something else maybe. George wouldn't want to keep his photo somewhere.

Only *he* was that weird.

The rose was the next best thing, but he was most likely over thinking. George probably didn't want to show off to his snobby friends about an American boy he was talking to.

Dream was happy enough to know Wilbur knew of him as he had told Sapnap about George. Though according to the Texan he gushed too much about him sometimes.

He didn't even realize when he was talking about George. Apparently he would slip into a conversation much too easily.

That wasn't worrying.

Not at all.

With his newest letter sealed away and tucked into his binder with a plan to drop it off early tomorrow before school, he got up from his chair.

Aching limbs were stretched out as he had been curled up for far too long.

Outside, the sky had taken a bit of a turn. The sunset was no longer visible as darkness took over. Angry rain clouds approaching the sky.

Dream frowned slightly, approaching his window, shutting it before the rain could creep into his room. It was *odd* that the weather had taken such a turn so quickly. He pursed his lips, glancing over at the photos on his wall.

Hopefully George was warm in bed. The rain had been constant for him lately and it looked like it was catching up to Dream as well.

## Chapter End Notes

note from tad:

Hello again :))) I hope everyone enjoyed today's chapter !!!! I hope you're all enjoying the slight angst we threw in here with the last chapter as well. I think we mentioned 35 chapters but with how in love we are with this fic we're looking at 37+ now cause we don't wanna leave any of the good stuff out. Again thank u for reading and all the comments !!!! They bring smiles onto our faces :)))

and yes, canonically speaking, Jay the goldfish's pronouns are it/its/they/them.

comments and kudos make our day! don't forget to user sub to us so you get story updates in your email!

socials:

[kat's twitter](#)

[tad's twitter](#)

# clouded judgement

## Chapter Summary

George felt more confused than anything. Had he read *too* much into everything that had been exchanged between them?

## Chapter Notes

moods tend to match the weather, don't ya think? <3

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

*Dream,*

*I'm being informal this time because I don't have the energy to be anything but. I don't want to be that person that just complains or brings everything into a damper mood. But fuck, Dream, I'm so fucking tired.*

*I'm exhausted. And I wish I could tell you the full extent of it all, but...*

*Amelia, a week or so back, something happened. And now, I'm doing some of her coursework on top of my own, and the extra credit projects as well. My life has been non-stop work on top of going to school every day, and tending to the farm on the weekends to prepare for winter. It just feels like everything is trying to drown me and like I can't breathe. Like there's no room to breathe. I can't stop doing the extra work for Amelia, I wish I could tell you fully why, but she's threatened me with something that I can't risk. Not yet.*

*Everything just feels so overwhelming and exhausting. I can't sleep well, I can't get comfortable with the cold, even with layers of sweaters and blankets. I couldn't stop crying last night. I felt pathetic, and somewhat even more so because even though Wil came over and Gracie made me tea, all I wanted to do was talk to you. All I ever want to do is talk to you.*

*I just feel so alone. I know I'm not, but I feel like I am. I miss you. I'm not crossing it out this*

*time. I miss you. I've missed you, and fuck the weather for delaying our letters.*

*I don't want to drag this portion of my letter on any longer, and you don't have to respond to that part of the letter if you don't want to, but I don't feel like scribbling it out. I'm sorry again for rambling on for far too long about that all, but I've been so stuck in my head and I just. It hurts. Everything fucking hurts.*

*I think the only thing that's been making me feel any better in the slightest, besides re-reading through your letters, has been music. Wil's been working on some new stuff, so I've been spending more time with him to listen while he works on songs, and I do what I can to work my way through all of the homework. It's been somewhat calming. Do you like music? ~~That's a stupid question, everyone likes music.~~ What kind of music do you listen to? Send me some songs to listen to?*

*The rain has only continued, so my windowsill has become my safe place to remain when I'm not at school. Don't worry, you'll fit just fine. If you sit across from me, legs might become a bit of a tangled problem, but we could figure it out. What made you think I have a thing for legs? ~~Not that I don't.~~ You're ridiculous sometimes, Dream.*

*You really are.*

*~~I think I might be ridiculous as well. I think I may have let myself think something that I shouldn't have about you.~~*

*You're scared of thunderstorms? And here I thought you were supposed to be a knight in shining armour. If I come to America, am I meant to protect both you and Patches from the big bad sky? Does that make me the knight and you the prince then? How would that impact this entire carrying scenario? As you've said, multiple times might I add, I'm much smaller than you. I'll admit it. You win. Happy?*

*These distractions I fear will not get you very far. I'm actually quite stubborn. Who said I'll get flustered by you holding my hand. Like you said, just for the experience, yeah? ~~I want to hold your hand so bad.~~ You're going to call ME a simp? If anything shows simp energy, it's you calling me pretty, and cute, and trying to cross it out while screaming into the void. You've complimented my eyes again as well, called me 'good looking' and all that. You're a liar, it's fine to admit defeat there. I think I win this disagreement, seeing how you won the one above.*

*Tell Emma I am very glad she likes the name 'Jay' for the fish. How is it doing? Still swimming around? Did you know that goldfish have an average memory span of five seconds? That's why they're content living in little glass bowls. Not a thought behind those eyes. Yes, I actually quite*

enjoyed that movie as well. ~~Gatsby~~ Daisy was lovely. But I agree, they were a bit wild back then. Don't drink and drive, someone will end up injured every time.

Daisy, perfect transition. I loved your doodles, they're actually quite good. Have you considered becoming an artist? The rose drawing in your last letter was really pretty as well. I think even more lovely was the actual pressed rose from this letter. It's much smaller than the one I sent a polaroid of, but I love it nonetheless. ~~It makes me think of you.~~ I have it pinned in the windowsill so I can look at it when I sit there. It actually still smells of roses, I guess that scent lingers, which is nice. Don't laugh, but I had to ask Gracie what colour it is. She said it's red, I'm choosing to believe her. I know you've spoken of yellow roses before, but what is your favorite color of rose? (seeing how they don't come in green.)

I appreciate it as a birthday gift, along with the polaroid. You've complimented me enough, so now it's my turn. Dream. ~~Fuck.~~ Even though I can't see your whole face in this image, I can see you. More of you, at least. From what I can see, you are probably one of the most handsome people I've ever seen in my life. I'd continue with the joke of 'hot', but I don't think I can diminish you to such a typical and societally accepted term. You're worth more than that. You really are beautiful, Dream. Even if I can't see your entire face.

But I guess your joke about making England hotter by being here did make me laugh, I'll admit that much. As did that terrible Minecraft pickup line. It made me smile. ~~You always make me smile.~~ The cupcake picture with the candle made me smile as well, did you bake that yourself? Thought you were shit in the kitchen. It was sweet, thank you. My birthday was fine, we spent it on the farm with just the family, and Gracie made a cake that was actually quite delicious. (Don't tell her I said that, the nanny helped a lot.)

Yes, we have a nanny. Her name is Beth, and I've called her 'Nanny Beth' ever since I can remember. Part of the whole "snobby rich kid" thing comes with my parents working a lot, and traveling a lot. Which means they've been gone a lot of my life. Nanny Beth practically raised me and Gracie, and we adore her for it. I actually have a good relationship with my parents, which is nice, considering most of my classmates just use theirs as funnels for more money into their trust funds.

Which, by the way, would cover more than enough for a flight. So please don't go broke because of me. When the time comes for us to finally meet, I'll buy my way over to America. Or fly you out here, whatever you'd prefer. ~~We have a few spare rooms, or you could stay in mine.~~ We have a few spare rooms. But if I do go to America for uni, of course you'll have to visit me. I think I'd end up getting an apartment of my own, I'm not fond of sharing a space with random people I've never met.

I don't know how to be a tour guide, especially in a place I'm new to myself. So I don't know how I'd possibly show you around, we'd end up lost somewhere evidently. ~~God, I feel lost. I don't want~~

~~to talk about this.~~ But yeah, I'm sure you'd pick up any girl you smiled at. It's what you're famous for, right? That smile that I only ever get to see drawn and never captured in a picture? Or are you just waiting to show me in person?

No, I think I'll keep making up bullshit excuses to get out of dates, should they present themselves. I'm already too overwhelmed with all of the shit from the beginning of my letter, that I can't even comprehend dating someone. Plus, it would just detract from me writing you letters. Wil hasn't been trying to set me up anymore, which is nice. ~~Granted he knows... never mind actually.~~ He's a good friend. Did you like his band's music?

My hands are not that small, you're just obscenely tall and that comes with the territory of having bigger hands. Don't flatter yourself, idiot. ~~Or do.~~ I'm glad you liked the polaroid though. The ink looks about as brown as my eyes, so I genuinely don't have any clue what colour it is. I couldn't ask Gracie about that one, because then she'd have to read whatever you'd written to me. And I kind of like keeping these private. Just for us.

So maybe that will deter you from reporting me to your professor. Granted, I'm not sure what good reporting me would do, I have your address, I could still write to you. But I guess if you went through the effort to report me, you'd have gotten to a point of just ripping my letters up when they'd arrive. Let's not think about that. Please.

I agree, I think we got lucky. My classmates have very short and concise letters between themselves and their pen-pals. They are very devoid of any form of emotion, and some of them have resorted to just sending postcards. I'd say we are a perfect good match.

You have a job? What do you do? What did Sapnap say about us all starting an SMP together on Minecraft? When this is over, of course. I think in-game chat would still technically be against the rules, and even if we made our own rule not to talk there, I'd be too tempted. So we can't yet. But eventually. Is he well? I'm sorry to hear that sleep has been rough for you as well. Is there something keeping you up at night? Or is it just typical school stress?

I would consider that gap year if it wasn't for my upbringing. I'd actually love to take a year off and just travel, maybe be a part of a humanitarian project or something. You could come with, of course. You'd want me to come visit for an entire summer? I'd probably end up annoying you by the end of it, and you'd be begging me to leave the house just so you could get some peace and quiet. So no loneliness to be worried about there, I guess. ~~Why does that sound so self depreciative? Fuck, sorry.~~

At this rate, I think we will be sending letters far past our 60's. We can even make the same jokes our grandparents make. "Back in my day..." and the sort. I apologize for sounding sad in my last letter, and in this one as well. I don't really know how to fully describe what I'm feeling. I

*understand what you're saying though, that you can almost feel what I feel. I don't know, it just makes sense. ~~Because I never stop thinking about you.~~ So I'm trying not to let my own life problems interrupt how you're feeling, and I hope you're smiling when you get this. You should always smile.*

*Why did you say no to the date with Skye? It sounds like you liked her, if my ability to read under scribbles is working in any way. I'm not saying go back and say yes, I'm just curious. But you don't have to tell me, I know you said dating wasn't interesting you since your break up.*

*~~I kind of don't want you to say yes to her. She reminds you of me? Is that why you almost said yes? No, no I need to stop there.~~*

*Regardless, you deserve to be happy, Dream. You deserve everything good that life has to offer.*

*I'm including a polaroid of my birthday rose from you this time, so you can see it pinned in my windowsill. As you can see in the photograph, my copy of *The Great Gatsby* is held underneath with your leaf sticking out of the top. I don't know, proof that I'm keeping everything. I'll keep everything you send me.*

*And I looked at pricing for postage for packages. Turns out it is quite expensive to send bigger parcels between our countries, so please do not feel obligated in any way to go through with the plan of sending items.*

*Is it possible to send that hug you said you'd give me? I could use that right now.*

*~~God I want to know what it feels like to hug you.~~*

*Wilbur gives good hugs, but I think it might feel different with you. You two are actually about the same height, I believe. He's decided not to go to university, something about his band going on a tour so they can make it big one day. I can't imagine having that kind of free minded direction. I did look into Harvard and Yale, as well as a few others. Ivy League, huh? You think that highly of my education? I think I'd be lucky to get into somewhere like NYU. I did find out though that there are local programs in almost every big city in the world, so should you care to actually follow me to University without actually attending, I think there would be plenty of opportunities for you.*

*I don't want to say goodbye, because that is my least favorite part of every letter we write. I know*

*I've said it before, but I never want to stop talking to you. I get scared that every time I finish a letter, it will be the last one I write. Not that I think anything bad will actually happen, but my mind has been a wormhole of insane thoughts lately.*

*Maybe I'm just sleep deprived.*

*~~Dreamie.~~*

*Dream, I hope you're well, and that those classes aren't too hard on you. I'd also like to say that Andrew deserved getting hit by that American football of yours. I miss you. Tell Emma that I say hello, and that if she wants polaroids of anything from here in London, I'd be more than happy to oblige.*

*Teleportation? I don't think I want to wait another 42 years for that. It'd be nice right about now.*

*Stop worrying about me, I'll handle this Amelia situation one way or another.*

*- George*

---

Tear drops stained part of the pages that he had written on, one or two of them making the ink from his pen bleed a little bit into the paper, smudging the corners of a few letters. He hoped they wouldn't be obvious.

Lying would have been harder than faking any form of happiness in his letter. Although he hated himself for rambling about how utterly alone he felt, it was somewhat relieving to spill it all onto a page that he knew wouldn't be hidden between the leather covers of the notebook tucked between his bed and the wall.

There were plenty of other things he could have said, other words he'd end up scribbling out for only himself later that night. Words of regret for being hopeful that Dream felt any ounce of anything for him other than friendship. Words that would simply scream 'Why did you call me a buddy, friend, dude. Why do you talk about girls so much, but then call me cute and act like you didn't?'.



He felt like a wreck. Sleep was something he knew he needed, but every time he glanced at his bed, he felt haunted by the pile of textbooks sitting on his night stand. *Haunted*. Dream had tried to scribble it out, and his ink had been darker over those words than any other ones he'd half crossed out.

That was something about the letters that he kind of loved. It wasn't like texting where you could contemplate a response and then delete it if it didn't sound right, or came across as too brash. But in a letter? Words were forever pressed into the page, and no matter how scribbled out they were, they were still there. They'd been written out, confessed, unable to be taken back. Even if the entire letter itself were to be crumpled up and thrown out with the rubbish, those words couldn't be taken back.

George felt more confused than anything. Had he read *too* much into everything that had been exchanged between them? Had he decided on Dream's feelings when he realized his own without even thinking about the possibility that maybe he just had a flirtatious personality?

Even still, his eyes kept drifting back to the polaroid Dream had sent. He looked fucking incredible, sat in front of a mirror with the camera itself covering his face. His hands could be seen in full, chipped black nail polish covering his touch that laid over four thousand miles away. He looked sweet, kind. Someone George could see himself falling for all over again if they'd met in person at first instead of via some class assignment.

The more he thought about Dream, the more he had to pull himself away from his desk so more tears wouldn't threaten to stain the page. He decided on at least attempting to sleep, hoping it would shake the confusing thoughts from his head. Having already changed, he simply folded his letter with the polaroid and tucked them into his envelope, letting it rest atop the green one Dream had sent.

When they'd first started talking, he'd told Gracie it was strange that he'd received letters in yellow envelopes. And then, of course, she'd told him he was dumb and that they were green. He decided that it was his favorite shade of the colour.

George tucked himself into bed, pulling his covers over himself as he pulled a pillow to his chest. With his arms wrapped around it, he squeezed the pillow tighter, burying his face into the plush coverings as he bit back any more tears. He wanted to be done crying, he wanted to be done over thinking.

He wanted Dream.

He wanted that hug. He wanted it more than anything else in the world, and he hated that he'd have to wait for it to happen for an indefinite amount of time.

He'd almost considered just letting Amelia and Kali tell the whole school that he wasn't straight. He'd already admitted it to himself, and Wilbur. What would it matter if everyone else knew? Surely there were quite a few students that would mock him, and he'd be harassed like a few others in his class with unkind words meant to scar deep. With the emotional drain of everything though, he just wasn't ready.

If exhaustion meant still being able to fake a smile as he sat through his lectures, then he'd indulge. He thought he maybe just needed to scream a little bit to someone other than Wilbur for once. Wilbur had been really comforting, as he said in his letter. He rarely let George be alone these days, saying something along the lines of being worried about him.

George was getting kind of sick of telling people not to worry about him. He knew exactly what would make him feel better every time he was sad. He knew that if he pulled out that shoebox, and pulled out any letter, he'd find some reason to smile. Even if one of them had been ripped in half and taped back together.

Dream made him feel like it was all worth it. Like all of the gloomy skies and snarky comments were nothing more than just the lingering clouds before the sun would ultimately peer through them.

He wasn't crying any more. His eyes were simply too tired to stay open any longer. So as he clutched his pillow close to his chest, and let exhaustion overtake his body, he let himself slip into a much needed state of sleep. Fully imagining that it was Dream holding him close.

## Chapter End Notes

note from kat:

hihi, writing some of these chapters has been a really emotional journey, hope yall can feel the love we've put into them. Thanks for continuing to read and share this story with everyone, we appreciate you guys more than you know!

comments and kudos make our day, don't forget to user sub to us both so you get fic updates via email!

socials:

[kat's twitter](#)

[tad's twitter](#)

# lost in thought

## Chapter Summary

Was it okay to need someone this much? Someone he had never met but wanted to put his whole life on hold for? George was that person.

## Chapter Notes

what's that? there's no more question marks in how many chapters there are gonna be?  
omg that's crazy...

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

*Dear George,*

*I wish I could do more. I wish I could say more. I wish I could do more for you than scribble on these pages with my awful handwriting.*

*You deserve much more. More than I can give you. Right now. Or ever.*

*It's frustrating right now. It's so fucking frustrating that I can't do anything but write to you.*

*I want to be able to listen to everything you need to say, cause I know you're holding back in the letters and I can't do anything about it. I want to be able to talk to you. I wish I could so bad. Especially when I know you're not feeling yourself. That you're feeling awful and you're tired.*

*I would give you the biggest hug if I could. I hope the letters give you some sort of comfort.*

*You deserve it.*

*I won't lie, Amelia makes my blood boil. If I was there I'd deal with her for you. I'd teach her a lesson for fucking with you.*

*I can't believe you have to do her schoolwork. I'm not surprised though, she must have no brain in her head, that fucking cunt. I don't know what she did to you, but I know you don't DESERVE it. No one deserves this treatment but especially not YOU.*

*Fuck. I'm- I'm frustrating myself right now. I keep stopping myself in between writing. I've been pulling at my hair and my pen is all chewed on the bottom half. I never thought I'd be so angry writing a letter.*

*I suppose you always make me feel new things.*

*I wish I could do more for you.*

—

*Okay, I took a little break. I think I scared Patches in my little outrage, but she's back sitting in my lap now. We made up nicely after giving her a treat or two.*

*After some well needed thinking, I've decided I'm definitely not overreacting when I mean you should've done the gum trick. You probably can't do it now considering you said she has something against you. Which is unfortunate.*

*You know you can tell me anything, right? No pressure though. I just... I want you to know I'm here for you. I care about you.*

~~*Please tell me.*~~

*It's days like these I wish I could just call you up and let you cry on the phone with me. I'd cry with you. (I cry when Emma cries. I've always been like that.) But I promise I have decent advice, or well... it's nice to just cry it out sometimes. I don't want you stuck in your head with all your thoughts.*

~~*It kills me knowing you're crying alone...*~~

*If I was there I'd make sure you're not cold. I'd bundle you up in all the blankets and get you hot chocolate and hug you close. I don't care if you don't like hugs or not, or if your cheeks will be wet and you'll say you look gross. Everyone deserves hugs when they feel sad.*

*Sorry this went on so much longer than I intended, but I needed to let you know.*

*I care.*

~~*I care so fucking much about you.*~~

~~*I got carried away I think... fuck.*~~

*I hope you know you're not alone either. You have me, you have Gracie and you've got Wilbur. He seems like an amazing friend, and I'm glad he's there at least. (Granted I would be better. I know.)*

*I hope you know if it gets worse you have me here. I'll always be by your side. I'll wait for you as long as you need me.*

~~*Fuck, you re-read my letters just like I do.*~~

*Music is always wonderful in these types of head spaces. You can always find a song perfect for whatever you're feeling. Wilbur's music is fucking fantastic, by the way. I took a listen in and he definitely has bangers. I like his voice! Do tell him that please.*

*My music taste is quite different at times. I can give you a few songs. I'm not sure if you'll like it. I'll include a little card of songs. I don't want to use up the space I use to talk to you with them all... I feel like I'll end up at 3 pages if I do.*

*Isn't it weird when the weather matches your mood? I guess the rain where you are isn't helping. It's actually been quite stormy here too... odd how it matched up, huh? The sky wants to make sure I feel how you're feeling.*

*Ha, I knew you'd like legs. I wouldn't mind being tangled up with you. I'd keep you warm since you're so cold these days. ~~I'll keep you warm forever if you need me to.~~*

*Unfortunately, yes, I am afraid of them. But hey, even the bravest of soldiers and knights probably had fears. Even if I was the prince, princes can be strong enough to carry their knights. But yes, me and Patches would very much enjoy the extra protection from a small but brave prince.*

*Oh, Georgie. I know you'll get flustered. I don't doubt it.*

*~~Maybe I just want to hold your hand.~~*

*~~Gods I'm so fucked~~*

*~~Fuek~~*

*I never said I'm not a simp, idiot. I know I compliment you like crazy cause I enjoy fueling your ego. You deserve it.*

*~~It's so hard holding back sometimes.~~*

*Jay is doing well. Emma brings him into my room sometimes when Patches is in her room. Those two don't get along yet. I don't think they'll click as well as you and me do. So I have Patches at the moment, and Jay is Emma's room. It's doing as fishes do. Bouncing in it's little bowl and eating food. I didn't know that though, that's interesting. Silly little things they are.*

*An artist!? That's a bit of a reach, Georgie. I'm not an artist type at all. I just like doodling, I don't think I'd make a good artist.*

*I'm glad the rose is doing its job though. You said I make you happy, so the rose is for that. Whenever you look at it, I hope you think of me and smile. Or just smile in general. You don't have to think of me. ~~But I hope you do cause I'm selfish, I think.~~ The rose is unfortunately red, it's all Emma had. Yellow ones do exist. I don't think I have a favorite to be honest, I like them all, black roses are wicked to look at though.*

*Gods, I forgot I'd have to take compliments in this letter. I'm glad you liked it though. It's nothing special, but I thought you'd appreciate it. I'll end this with a simple thank you before my ego grows too big for the both of us. (I guess I should include that you made me blush.)*

*The cupcake is definitely store bought, Georgie. Me and Emma are incapable of baking and my mom didn't have time to help us. So we bought a cupcake and halved it in your honor. Maybe next year we could celebrate it together in person. I hope we can. A lot.*

*The minecraft pick-up line was not terrible, and just for that...*

*Have another,*

*Are you glowstone, baby? Because you light up my world!*

*(Enjoy that)*

*Well, I'm glad you have a good relationship with your parents even with a nanny. I don't know why I'd do without my mom. It seems weird to think about her not being there, my dad too. And I guess Andrew raised me a little when Emma had all their attention when she was small and incapable of speaking.*

*If I had to go broke for someone, it would definitely be for you, and I wouldn't even complain about it. My job is nothing special. I work at a grocery store in town. Again, nothing special. Just bagging people's groceries and asking if they want to donate to charities with as little guilt tripping as possible.*

*One time I saw an old lady carry out 5 bags all by herself. It was impressive.*

*But anyways, let me go broke for you if I need to, okay? An apartment sounds perfect. No annoying roomies just you and me when I visit or decide I will stay there forever.*

*Being lost is fun. ~~I already feel lost cause of you.~~ I wouldn't mind being lost with you.*



*Uh I don't know about my smile being that impressive, but I am definitely waiting to show it to you in person. It'll be more special and you can see how happy you make me, Georgie.*

*A smile just for you.*

*Always for you.*

*Well, if you don't want to date that's completely okay. I know how you feel. The world just seems like it's moving too quickly or too slow for me sometimes. I don't think I could keep up with a relationship.*

~~*I don't want to either. It feels like you're all I can keep up with sometimes. You're all I need.*~~

*Wow, what if I told you I write in a bright red pen? Just as obnoxious as my bright green envelopes. Yes, maybe I'm a little kid at heart.*

*Don't say that. Don't talk about ripping the letters please. I don't even know how to explain what I felt reading those words, but it wasn't a good feeling. ~~Kinda like you were threatening to tear my heart out.~~*

*I'd say we're the best match in our classes.*

*Oh yeah! I forgot to tell you that Sapnap is completely down for it. He got hella excited, but I think he's excited to bully another person in the Minecraft world. So be warned. He's, well, yeah. He's struggling through school just like us and upset I'm graduating before him.*

~~*You've been keeping me up.*~~ *Nothing too specific, lots of things keep me up. I've never been the best at sleeping, especially since I play a lot at night. But I try when I can. A few times I skipped school and took my bag to sleep in the garden.*

*My dad was not happy when he found out. But oh well.*

*Oh Shut up, you wouldn't annoy me idiot. I'd want to keep you forever, I'm sure. You're kinda adorable, in case you forgot.*

*Don't apologize for feeling sad though. I appreciate you trusting me enough to be able to speak your feelings in our letters. I'll always be smiling when I get your letters, sad or happy ones. So don't stop telling me how you feel.*

*Please.*

*I don't know if I could forgive myself if you began bottling it up.*

~~*Fuck*~~

~~*Skye isn't you. That's why, idiot.*~~

*I'm glad you like my little gifts. This time's gift is going to be a bracelet Emma made you. It's a thread bracelet with different shades of blues and a green strand. I have a matching one, different shades of green and blue strand in it. I guess it's a little silly to send you a friendship bracelet like a kid. (Totally didn't ask Emma to make them.)*

*But I thought it would be a nice thought, and I definitely think it was the right choice after reading this letter. A piece of me that you can keep with you even at school? I don't know if you'd want to, but yeah... I'll send a polaroid of mine so you can see.*

*I hope you like them.*

~~*You have no fucking idea how much I want to send you a hug. I think it's killing me a little. I wish this wasn't so hard.*~~

*He's going on tour? That's fucking awesome. If he ever comes to America I'll definitely go, or go when I visit you. I bet we deserve some backstage tickets. I'm glad he's doing what he's passionate about.*

*Of course I think your Ivy League level, George. You're so fucking smart, and isn't that what those fancy high schools are for? And don't you worry, I'll follow you. You won't have to be alone even for a minute. Unless planes fuck it up, but that's a different story.*

*I think it's a bit ridiculous you tell me not to worry about you, George. You're the only thing in my mind these days. You mean a lot to me and I don't think my brain would handle dropping the worry. I'd probably be busy worrying about other things.*

*I'd rather worry about you. I'd rather worry about how to make you feel better. I'd rather plot ways to exact revenge on Amelia. I'd rather let my head scream nothing but "George".*

*You're all I want to think about George.*

*That's so fucking cheesy.*

*Is friendship supposed to be like this? It's scary sometimes how close we've become. I'm scared of saying things sometimes. That I'll sound too mean and it'll break everything. It'll shatter what we have. I suppose Sapnap's the only one I've resonated with before you. But you're just so different George.*

*You're incredible.*

*I hate to say it but I teared up writing this. So ignore any tear stains, but don't blame yourself. I'm just... this is just how I am.*

*I just... I know I'm repeating myself here. But I miss you and I don't know why. I miss you so much it's like we've met but you've been out of reach at all times.*

*It makes my throat close up sometimes.*

*I suppose sometimes that is what keeps me up. The realization that you're not close enough to touch or just speak to.*

*I sound like I'm in love or something, don't I? God, sorry this is stupid. I just care about you. I should stop now before I do something worse. Feel free to ignore this.*

*I miss you. I'm sending hugs through the universe. I hope the sun shines on you tomorrow and Cat cuddles you a lot.*

~~*It's so hard ending sometimes, fuck.*~~

*- your dream :)*

---

The drop of a tear is what made Dream let go of his pen. The red ink that stared back at him was interrupted by his own tears staining the white paper. He hadn't even realized he had been tearing up until the last words had blurred in an instant.

He took a deep breath, feeling Patches paw at his chest unsurely.

"Sorry, girl..." he whispered out, hands coming up to rub at his eyes to get rid of the tears that wanted to continue to fall.

George did things to his heart he just didn't understand.

When he had first started reading the letter, his heart had wanted to break in half. Knowing George was in pain and that he couldn't do anything about it.

Dream couldn't do anything about the smudged ink at the end of George's letter. The smudges he knew were caused by George's tears as his own letter now carried the same. He couldn't give him reassuring words or hug him. He felt so useless all the way in a different country.

It made him want to get up and go to him as fast as he could.

But he couldn't.

He didn't even know what he would do there. Would George even want him to be there? What if

this wasn't meant to go further than paper for them?

That scared him the most. It scared him more than failing his parents or losing a letter George had given him.

No. What scared him most was the universe deciding it wasn't going to go further than tear stained papers and yearning for George.

The unknown made him so angry.

Sure, words written on paper were permanent. Of course at times they carried more weight than when they were spoken out loud. But he wanted to express it. He wanted to scream it into the world sometimes. When no one was listening, he could say what was circling his mind.

But what did he yell?

Yell that George made his heart beat faster than normal?

That his pen-pal made him smile brighter than anyone else in the world.

It was so hard figuring it all out. It was agonizing.

He shook his head, blinking back more tears as he grabbed at the newest polaroid George had sent him. It was a different view of his bedroom this time. Well, just a wall, but it still meant something. Swallowing back choked sobs, he moved forwards, attaching sticky tack to the back of the photo. Leaning forward, it was pressed against the wall, it's new forever home.

It was a growing collection, and he hoped George never stopped sending them to him. He couldn't bear to send a Polaroid of himself this time. It didn't seem right when he was nearly in tears and his whole body felt like it was going to give up on him.

"Gods... *George*..." he mumbled out softly, leaning back in his chair. "You're driving me crazy..."

The words were hushed as usual. Only for him to hear. Sometimes it felt like George was his own little secret. It was probably his fault as he stayed cooped up in his room whilst he wrote and read the letters.

His eyes drifted to the photo of the rose George had hand picked. Maybe one day he could give George his own roses. Just for him.

But that was romantic. It was a show of romance. It happened in all the movies and TV shows. He gulped, mulling over his own thoughts.

Dream knew what it meant. He had known he knew for a while now, but it was too dangerous. This wasn't how this was supposed to go. This was supposed to be a friendship and nothing more.

So why did he want to make it more? Why had he rejected Skye? Because she reminded him too much of George. Because all he wanted was George.

It was the agonizing truth and the tears couldn't be stopped anymore.

He couldn't stop them as he covered his face and a small cry broke through. He felt *so* much, but there was so *little* he could do about it. All he could do was write a letter about admitting his feelings and sit there waiting for George to reply. What if he never replied with anything? What if it was a rejection letter?

George had said they'd be writing letters way past their 60's. Did those words still count when Dream was... was head over heels for him? Did the statement stay the same?

It was impossible to drop everything and go kiss him.

Maybe he would've if they were friends in real life.

Though he supposed if he had met George earlier in his life, there was no way he would've let them stay just friends until now.

That would've been too much.

The tears didn't want to stop though, his heart aching at the thought of his feelings and George alone in England. What would happen if Wilbur wasn't there to comfort him? Would George be left alone to suffer?

Would Amelia and her goons continue to bother him? He wished he could knock sense into them right now. He wished he could save George from whatever blackmail they had gotten against him.

Dream had never ached for anyone this much. The feelings were so foreign.

Was it okay to need someone this much? Someone he had never met but wanted to put his whole life on hold for? George was that person. If George asked him to come to England, he didn't think he would be able to stop himself.

He would have to do it, as ridiculous as that would be.

A soft purr had him uncovering his face to look down at Patches struggling to creep up under his shirt.

"Are you trying to hug me, or run away?" he managed out, cradling her in his arms for a moment. It was apparently close enough for her though as she leaned up, a rough tongue coming up to lick at his cheeks... Lick at the tears that had been rolling down his cheeks. His heart lurched in an aching way.

*She knew he was sad.*

Dream let her stay as long as she wanted, enjoying the comfort before letting her scramble out when there was pawing at his arm.

Dream watched for a moment as she made her onto his bed using the stuff piled beside it to get up.

The small creature curled up on his bed, staring right back at him.

Patches had the right idea. He stood up, quickly putting away the letters. He'd have to send it off tomorrow anyways. He could pack it up in the morning.

For now, Dream moved forward, tugging his shirt off as he clambered into his bed, Patches settling on his right side. He managed a watery smile at his loving pet.

It was hard finding the effort to let himself drift off. His mind was still swimming with worry and unknown feelings.

A hand coming up to gently pet Patches. "Would you want George to visit us?" he asked softly. There was no answer aside from big eyes blinking up at him.

"I bet he'd cuddle you a lot. I'd let him sleep in my bed so he could cuddle you. I know you don't like the couch."

Patches did nothing but lean into his touch, a soft purr leaving her.

"Night, baby." He murmured softly.

Maybe he'd have another to call that one day.

## Chapter End Notes

note from tad:

Hello hello !!!!! 1/4th of the fic has officially been posted !!!! Wooooooooo. This fic has seriously been such a cool journey and I'm glad so many people are reading and enjoying our fic. This dnf has quickly become my pride and joy. And we all finally have a final chapter count. 40 chapters in total !!! So we got a quite awhile to go still :))) <333

don't forget to comment and leave kudos! user sub to both of us for fic updates via email!



Socials:

[kat's twitter](#)

[tad's twitter](#)

# IDK you yet

## Chapter Summary

Dream didn't need to respond the way he did. There was no other reason to fill the page with words about caring about him and wanting to hold him close unless he meant it. Half scribbled out sentences that were still entirely readable did nothing but solidify that all they were craving was each other's presence.

## Chapter Notes

here is the link for the song referenced in this chapter: [IDK you yet - Alexander 23](#)

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

*My Dearest Dream,*

*I feel absolutely terrible for making you sad with my previous letter. I never wanted to make you feel that way. The anger towards Amelia is understandable, frankly I've been considering your gum idea, but the sadness... Dream, I never wanted to make you cry. I felt so helpless and alone when I wrote that letter, and you were the only person I wanted to talk to about it all.*

*I'm sorry. I'm sorry for making you worry. I'm sorry for making you consider going broke to come here to see me. As much as I would love you to be here with me, cuddled up in blankets with hot chocolate and Cat, I'm glad you didn't do that to yourself. I don't think I could have lived with myself knowing you'd done that for me. I'd reimburse your ticket the second you arrived if you had.*

*But most of all, I'm sorry for making you cry.*

*We can both just pretend the tears on these letters don't exist. I'm okay with that. Dream, don't ever think you're not doing enough. You even taking the time out of your day to write letters back to me is you doing enough, being enough, saying enough. You are more than enough, Dream, you're wonderful. I don't know if I could have handled crying on the phone to you, it would have been shocking to hear your voice and I would have been snapped out of my sorrows immediately.*

*Even thinking about being on a phone call with you is... I don't even know how to describe it. Thrilling? Exhilarating? ~~Everything I want and more?~~*

*I'm glad you have Patches. Cats are interesting creatures, aren't they? I think they just have a natural sense to human emotion, especially when they're well bonded with their owner. Cat just always seems to know when I'm sad. He's always quick to try to climb on me and lick my face when I cry, when I'm anxious or stressed he crawls onto my chest and curls into a ball, and it always helps me slow my breathing so I can calm down. Does Patches do that for you as well? I hope she does.*

*It's unfortunate that she and Jay don't get along yet. Has she tried to eat them? Do tell her that Jay is not a treat, and that they are in fact a very complex creature.*

*I know, I know I can tell you anything. I just don't want to scare you off. I feel like I might say something that may be too much, and that you'd feel uncomfortable or stop writing. I know you said you'd never do that, but it's an internalized fear I have. And I also know you said never to talk about ripping up the letters, but I have some troubling news to share with you. Amelia and Kali, they walked in on me in an abandoned lavatory when I was writing a response to you. They stole one of the letters you'd written to me, and Amelia ripped it in half. I was able to salvage it with tape, but I think a piece of my heart broke that day.*

*~~It's why I'm doing her coursework.~~ It's hard to explain why I'm doing her coursework, it's something I've only discussed with Wilbur. Frankly, it kind of terrifies me, the underlying reason. She holds it over my head like a guillotine and I don't know when I'll ever find an escape before the blade drops. Unfortunately, you wouldn't be able to save me from it. It's something I have to decide to save myself from. I just can't decide if I'm ready to or not. ~~I wish I was as confident as you are.~~*

*It's funny, really. If my calculations of the calendar and postage are correct, then the sun did actually come out the day after you wrote your letter. Albeit it was only for a few hours, but I ended up getting to spend a little bit of time laying out in my Grandparent's field under the sun. It was warm. It made me think of you, actually. When I think about you, I think about warmth.*

*Like how your hugs would feel. Or how seeing you smile would feel. Everything about you is just... warm. ~~With you, I don't think I'd ever be cold again.~~*

*God, Dream. I want to tell you everything. I want to tell you so many things. There are not enough pieces of paper in the world for me to write on to dictate everything I want to say to you. So I guess, for now, I'll continue to keep it concise. One day, I promise I'll tell you everything. Maybe in person when I can't scribble out things I didn't mean to say, or am not ready for you to read.*

~~Like what these fucking letters make me feel.~~

So, the rain finally made it over there? How on earth are you and Patches surviving the storms? You know how on the weather app on your phone you can set multiple locations to see what the weather is like there? I have two locations set. London and Orlando. I'm not going to lie, reviewing the weather reports for where you live is terrifying. I saw a report a few days ago that said something about hurricane force winds and extreme rainfall and thunderstorms. Please tell me you're being safe. I can't be there to protect you, I can't be there to play the part of the knight in shining armour. ~~Although, I think no matter what, you'll always be mine.~~

With the storms being the way they have been, are you still required to go to your job at the grocery store? God, I hope not. Since you work there, do you get free groceries? That's sweet that you picked up a cupcake just to celebrate my birthday and shared it with Emma. Tell her thank you for making the bracelets for us. I'm wearing mine right now, and I don't think I'll ever be taking it off. It's my little piece of you that I get to carry around everywhere with me. I get to wear you on my wrist, I guess that's as close as we can get to hand holding for now, isn't it? Please enjoy the polaroid of my matching bracelet. That's Wilbur in the picture, by the way. He says hello.

Wil had to help me tie it on, he just left actually. It was funny, watching him walk into my room with a very familiar envelope in his hand. He just sat on my bed and played his guitar while I read through your letter. He also had to come hug me when it made me cry. I only cried because I had made you cry, so please don't stress about that. He's glad you like his music, and he said he'd love to come tour America one day. They're going to stick to local towns around here for now, but he has big dreams.

Speaking of music. These songs, Dream. Oh my God. How do I articulate what hearing these songs meant to me? It feels like they are a part of you, in a way. A little glimpse into your mind. I genuinely cannot describe how incredibly happy hearing them made me. Wil listened to them with me, but I've put them all in a playlist titled "Dream", and I think I'll be listening to it on repeat for the rest of forever. There were lyrics, from the one titled "IDK You Yet" that seemed to resonate almost too perfectly.

"How can you miss someone you've never met?"

~~"Cause I need you now, but I don't know you yet..."~~

I miss you. It feels insane every time I say it, but I miss you. ~~God I wish you were here. I wish you could actually hold me like you've talked about. I wish I could be close to you, and touch you,~~

~~hear you, see you.~~ I miss you so damn much.

Snow has started slowly mixing in with the rain, which only means postal delays, which means missing you more. I fear when the December holidays come in full swing, we may have two week delays again. I'm not ready for that, Dream. I'm not ready to not hear from you for that long. Please always remember that I will write you back, and that my letters are coming. The universe is just a dick sometimes.

You keep me up at night too. I don't know, I just think about you a lot. I read through your letters when I can't sleep, I even woke up one morning with three of them on my pillow. If we keep that up, we'll have synced sleep schedules in no time. Hard to believe I'm five hours ahead of you. Like, when I'm leaving school for the day, you're barely going into your second class. It's strange. You did NOT skip school to sleep in your garden. Are you kidding me? That has to be a joke. You are so absolutely ridiculous, and a total idiot.

And apparently you can't take a compliment? Where's that confident Dream I know ~~and love~~? I made you blush? I find that hard to believe. I guess I'll have to wait to see in person, since you refuse to smile for me until then. That pickup line may have been better than the last. "Baby", though? That's a pet name, Dreamie. Simp energy if you ask me.

I am far from Ivy League material, Dream. Yeah, the point of these preparatory academies is to continue our families' legacies by going to the best universities, and then own the best businesses, and continue the flow of wealth. What if I don't want to, though? I've only thought about that recently. Going to a smaller school with my own apartment sounds much more like something I'd be interested in.

And of course you could visit, like you said. You also said you would stay forever. I can't say I hate that idea at all. It sounds nice, actually. A future where we could roam a city and get lost together. It makes the idea of getting lost a lot less terrifying. ~~I think I'd be okay with you by my side. Forever.~~

I am not "kinda adorable", you're an idiot. Shit, now it sounds like I can't take a compliment either. What is up with that? I'm trying not to bottle things up. If I'm not telling something to you, I'm telling it to Wil. Or scribbling it down in a notebook I keep by my bed. My thoughts are all out there somewhere. Maybe you'll know them all one day. We'll see.

But if you must know everything I am feeling, then I will do my best to tell you whether I'm happy or sad. You just have to promise to do the same. This isn't a one sided thing, I care about you too. A lot. ~~More than I thought I ever would.~~ I don't know if this is what friendship is supposed to feel like, as you asked. I don't feel like this with Wil. I mean, I may have at one point in my life, but this feels different in a way. I don't know how to explain it.

*You scribbled out something about Skye, and I'll be honest, I only was able to make out a small portion of it. All I got was "Skye is... idiot." You don't have to elaborate if you don't want to, but if you like her, then I suppose you should go for it. She seems... cool. I guess. Are you two friends?*

*Anyways...*

~~*Fuck, I can't cross out that entire paragraph. Fuck.*~~

*You keep ending your letters by saying "your dream". Is it weird to say that you are my dream? I don't know. You just make me feel really comfortable. Happy. Warm. There's those words again. They're just all I think about when I think about you. Which is all the time. I can't get you out of my fucking head, Dream. What is that about?*

*I think I'll keep this polaroid of your matching bracelet taped to one of my monitors. Something to remind me that I still have you when I am writing Amelia's essays for her. She threatened adding Kali's workload as well, but I told her I'd just report them both to our Headmaster. Granted, I'd be kicked out of school as well, but she's dumb and fell for my threat.*

*I don't even know why I'm doing this for her any more. I mean, how terrifying is it really? It can't be that bad. ~~Not if it means...~~ Not if I can be happy. This is going to remain subtle, and I'm sorry for that. But if there's a secret you had, what would you do, Dream? If the secret was kind of life changing. Would you let someone hold you hostage because of it, or would you just let it get out? If there was a risk that you could get really hurt, or end up incredibly happy... What would you do?*

*I want to be happy.*

*I am happy. When I'm talking to you, I'm happy. You make me happy, even when I miss you. Which is always.*

*I'm nearing the bottom of my second page here, so I suppose this is going to be where I end my letter. I don't want to, believe me. But I can't keep rambling like this without saying something I'd need to hit myself for saying. I'm glad I met you, Dream. Thank you for caring about me, and for being concerned about me. I don't feel deserving of it. Of you. You mean the world to me, Dream. Please take care of yourself, I worry a lot about you too.*

*Tell me more about school, or your job, or your games with Sapnap. I'd listen to you talk forever. Or, read your words, I guess. The first option will be a possibility eventually. I'm sending you a hug back, because I needed one desperately in my last letter, and this correspondence from you has felt like the warmest one I'll be able to get right now. (Hugs from Wil don't count. I want one from you.)*

*You might sound a little bit in love. ~~I'm not complaining.~~*

*Stay wonderful, Dream. I look forward to hearing from you as soon as possible.*

*- yours truly, George.*

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Tears had long been dried and replaced with unbreakable smiles spread across his face. After everything he'd been going through, while exhaustion had flooded his system and ingrained itself in his bones, he still had Dream. He still had a letter sitting on his desk that meant he wasn't just screaming out to no one.

It may not have been a feeling of pride that swelled in his chest when he'd read through Dream's letter and had seen just how much he cared. Watching his handwriting turn from something rushedly scribbled to something much more calm and collected. He didn't think it was pride at all. No, this was something warmer, softer, something kinder. This was what it felt like to look at someone from across a room and just *know* they were going to be in your life forever.

Dream didn't need to respond the way he did. There was no other reason to fill the page with words about caring about him and wanting to hold him close unless he meant it. Half scribbled out sentences that were still entirely readable did nothing but solidify that all they were craving was each other's presence.

He still hated the distance. He still hated that he couldn't call Dream to tell him about the past week's events and that he'd only summarized them barely enough to spare him from George's own misery of endless coursework. But every time he sat down with a pen and paper, he felt relieved. It was like being pulled into their own little world where nothing else mattered, and they could just be themselves. Somewhere where honesty could be kept vague, because he could see the way Dream's hand would shake when he wrote out the words "I miss you" with unsteady lines. He knew he probably did the same.

There was an assurance that Dream's confidence was rubbing off on him. Months ago, even weeks ago, he'd never have been confident enough to write down on a page that he was willing to let Amelia out him to the entire school if it meant less stress in his life, and more time to just focus on being happy with whatever he and Dream were becoming.

Dream was right. This wasn't what friendship was normally like. 'Normal' friendship was like what he and Wilbur had. It was hanging out and supporting each other, spending time in silence while Wilbur played his guitar and George pecked away at his keyboard to work on a new bit of code for hours on end. Typical friendship was enjoying someone's company, but being able to say 'goodnight' and feel content.

What he wanted with Dream was to talk forever, to spend every waking moment with him. He would give anything to have Dream sit behind him in the windowsill with his arms wrapped around him. He'd find himself daydreaming about falling asleep with his back against Dream's chest while they watched the rain fall and their words fell into incoherent mumbles. If he moved to the windowsill, and held himself tightly enough, he was sure he could envision it.

And of course he got too lost in his thoughts again, because a small dab of blood landed against the page as he folded it signifying yet another paper cut caused by writing a letter to Dream. He scribbled down a little note that stated 'sorry, another papercut, don't make fun of me.' with a small arrow pointing to the dot of blood.

"George?" a soft voice rang through behind knocking at his door. He stood, moving to open it only to see Gracie standing there with a mug in her hands that had steam dancing from the liquid inside.

"Hi, you alright?" he asked, smiling down at her. She lifted the mug towards him, and he took it graciously.

Almost instantly, his senses were filled with the sweet aroma of hot chocolate and sugary marshmallows. There was a fresh tang of peppermint flitting between the melting sensation of comfort the cocoa brought.

"Nanny Beth taught me how to make cocoa, and we made the marshmallows too! All homemade, except for the peppermint. We got those at the sweets store yesterday." she mumbled shyly, scrunching her nose as she spoke. George lifted the warm mug to his mouth, taking a cautious sip so as not to burn his tongue.



“This is delicious, Gracie. Thank you. I’m proud of you.” he said with a smile, reaching out a hand to ruffle through her hair. She let out a small giggle, pushing his hand away.

“Hope it helps you sleep! Night, George!”

He watched her run off, mismatched socks padding against the carpeted hallway until she’d sprinted down their home stairs. He smiled to himself, closing his bedroom door before turning to the window.

Dream had said he’d wanted to wrap George up and hold him closely with hot chocolate. He’d said he’d never stop thinking about him, that he was all he thought about. All he ever wanted to think about. If he was being honest with himself, and he actually was for one of the first times ever, all he ever wanted to think about was Dream.

Everything reminded him of Dream. Every soft song, every rainstorm, every blanket he wrapped around himself. Even with his ridiculous name, whenever anyone talked about their “dreams”, his mind immediately snapped to the boy across the ocean. The one person he wanted to be around more than anyone else, but couldn’t even talk to immediately if he tried.

Caution was something he was slowly learning wasn’t necessary at all times. Part of him felt relieved that he was able to write to Dream more freely. There had been something... different about his last letter. Something not entirely foreign, but something new, exciting even.

“Oh Dream,” he whispered to no one but the rose in his windowsill and the window hiding the night away, “you’re going to be the death of me.”

## Chapter End Notes

note from kat:

hihi <3 i can't believe we're 1/4 of the way finished with posting this fic. it's crazy to think about it honestly. when we first started writing, we wrote the first like... 8 chapters in a matter of 3 or 4 days. tbh, we have almost 29 chapters fully written rn, hence the speedy upload schedule. love you guys, thanks for continuing to read and for all of your lovely comments <3

dont forget to user sub to us both, comments and kudos make our day as always!!

socials:

[kat's twitter](#)

[tad's twitter](#)

# band-aids

## Chapter Summary

Maybe his words weren't thought out the best. Maybe he was being a bit rushed and naïve saying he'd drop everything and go to George if he needed to. He just couldn't help it.

## Chapter Notes

hi! someone made a song for this fic, and we think you should all hear it, because its so beautiful and we are both sososo thankful for it <3

Song link: [Scribbled Out Confessions](#)

[Marla's twitter](#)

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

*Dear Georgie,*

*I think I've decided I'm banning you from being able to apologize, or just the word "sorry" at this point, or something along those lines.*

*You say sorry too much for no reason. So quit it, okay? You don't need to apologize for sharing your feelings. Or making me cry. Emotions get the best of all of us, so please don't apologize to me for being emotional. I'm pretty sure I told you in the last letter too, dummy.*

*I wouldn't accept the money back for the tickets, just so you know. It would've been worth it going to you, so you wouldn't have to cry alone.*

*A phone call definitely would've been interesting between us. It would be you crying, and I would start crying, and it would be a chaos of crying and you probably saying sorry which I'd scold you for.*

*I know I nailed that scenario, don't say anything against it.*

*I wish I could call you instead of writing this letter. I feel like at this point I don't have enough words or enough of anything to show how much you mean to me. You mean the world to me.*

*Funny you mention that actually. Patches licked my tears away when I was writing that previous letter. She doesn't like when I'm upset at all. I'm glad you had Cat to comfort you too then. Patches and Cat would get along I think. Both of them have losers as owners. They can complain about us together.*

*Patches has definitely attempted a few takes of Jay's life. But she's only got a few paw swipes before me or Emma notice and quickly separate the two. I hope Patches learns eventually that Jay is off limits.*

*God I knew those two were gonna be asshats since the second you told me about them tripping you. But it's okay, it wasn't you who ripped it, so I won't be too upset over it. I know you wouldn't do that. ~~At least I hope not.~~ Don't worry too much about the letter though really, Andrew's torn one a little too. Guess letters really annoy people for no reason.*

*Also "lavatory", huh? Fancy word for a bathroom.*

*I don't know if this is a dumb solution and potentially won't work with her blackmailing you, but can't you report to this? Like you know, to a teacher or something? Surely, like, rich schools have some good consequences for this stuff. I know at my school they'd probably just wave it off or something. Public school sucks. Don't let the movies fool you.*

*Reading your next paragraph again, I think my solution is definitely a dumb one. Sorry, but I'm glad at least Wilbur knows, so you aren't completely alone on this, and like always, I'll be happy to listen to you as well if you want me to know.*

*I read some of the scribbling out words and it was "confident"...? Do I really seem that confident to you? That's a word I haven't heard in a bit... so I guess it's just odd to hear it from you. I seem like a pretty big mess in these letters, honestly. I don't think someone holding something over you makes you any less confident. You seem like a perfectly confident person in my opinion. You just worry too much. Which is bad for you. It'll give you wrinkles Georgie, be careful.*

*I guess the universe really is watching us then. I'm glad you got some sun. ~~Though me being there~~*

~~would make it even brighter for you.~~

Emma tells me my hugs are really nice, and I'm usually not freezing out here so I mean, I can definitely give you what you'd like.

I hope you know I also want to tell you everything. There's only some things I can say in these letters. Some things just seem too complicated to write out.

I'll wait for you forever though. I'm not gonna scribble it out this time. This is an improvement.

Me and Patches are managing but it's terrifying George, I wish you were here to protect us :(( double sad face cause me and Patches. Mainly it's a lot of hiding under the covers and using my laptop as light as Patches sits in my lap. It's rough, but I know if you were here you'd protect us.

Yeah that's one thing about the weather, it gets pretty crazy during the cold months, I promise it's not too bad usually. You'll be safe! I wouldn't encourage you to come somewhere dangerous.

Actually speaking of good weather. I'm writing this at 10 pm up in the tree at the park. My family was being too loud, so I escaped to the park. It's really nice out, no rain or too strong wind. (Yes I brought my hoodie.) I brought the polaroid camera so I'll see if I can get nice photos in the dark but I'm not sure.

I hope you like them even if they are bad.

Uh... I do still have to go to work, yeah. No excuses, even if it's storming. As long as the power is running, I still gotta come in. I lost an umbrella to the rain, I'm using Emma's right now. Pastel blue is apparently my color too. (Do you agree?) No free groceries, but I get a discount, and I may or may not take a few chocolates here and there ;)

Emma's glad you liked it, I mentioned it to her before I left. Technically it is close enough to hand holding. Or would rings be closer? I saw the polaroid too, it looks good. Wilbur too. He's pretty hot too. Hot best friends huh. Hard to believe you still don't attract girls like flies. Aside from the bitch girls I guess. Which sucks.

Man I'll definitely have to buy his albums and throw support at him for taking care of you when I accidentally made you cry cause I cried. We should definitely go to a performance of his together

*one day. (If you want, of course.)*

*I'm really glad you liked my picks though. That means a lot. My music taste can be all over the place and yeah... that song really caught my attention one night. It fit so fuckin well with us? Like it was so strange. I fell asleep listening to it that night on repeat.*

~~*All I could do was think of you.*~~

*Oh ugh... don't remind me. I don't even want to think about waiting weeks again. Though I bet we're the only ones doing this faster postage thing, so the teachers will accept delays I think. I just realized we'll have twice as many letters compared to the others. Whoops?*

*But snow sounds nice. Send me photos of the snow! I highly doubt I'll get snow this year, or ever. Make a snow man for me :), or nail a snowball at Gracie for me. Much appreciated.*

*Funny story actually, Emma woke me up one morning when I fell asleep at my desk and one of your letters was stuck to my cheek. She laughed for a straight 10 minutes, I had to kick her out the little shit. ~~Fell asleep thinking of you.~~ And duh, of course I skipped school Georgie. Sleep is important ya know, so I camped out outside. I am not a good example of a good student. I may be an idiot, but you like me like this. So I think it's a win-win. Synced sleep schedules actually seems like a fucking amazing idea after the letter thing is over. We'll both be done with school, so until you get here, or if you go somewhere else, we can sync up our sleep schedules. Or I can sync to you at least so your studies aren't interrupted. Ya know?*

~~*I hope I don't seem crazy for this idea.*~~

~~*I just feel like I'll only miss you more now.*~~

*Good to know you love me, loser. Pretty cheesy of you. And hey, I'm an easy blusher okay, don't judge me. Compliments make everyone blush aside from the heartless I guess.*

*What? Not a fan of "baby", baby? Maybe I'll stick it to you just to annoy you then, Georgie. Seems like a fun idea.*

*Oh SHUT UP. I know you can make it to Ivy League. Don't try to make me change my mind cause frankly it won't work. But of course you could go to a smaller college. No harm in that, but I'm*

*telling you, you definitely have the potential to get into a big college.*

*And yes, definitely buy an apartment so I can crash at yours whenever I want to. What if I want to stay forever? You wouldn't kick me out I bet. You like me too much. I'm practically your best friend anyways. That sounds incredible though. Just exploring endless cities.*

*Fuckin magical.*

*Well I've known for a while you can't take a compliment. This ain't news to me, baby.*

~~*I hope to know one day. I want you to trust me that much one day.*~~

*I try to tell you everything, I guess I just don't tell you the shit about school and Andrew cause it isn't that interesting. But I can tell you if you want to know. My friendship with Sap isn't like this either. Like I could practically call him my brother, but I don't know, it's just different with you. A good different that I don't know how to explain either. Don't worry.*

*Me and Skye aren't exactly friends. We're like classmates at best, we've talked a little. Ignore the scratched out thing, don't worry about it. I don't think I like her anyways. She's cool, yeah, top of the grades here and part of the cheer team and debate club. Dunno if I want the game that comes with dating her, you know? I'd have to try at school and meet her parents and shit.*

*And Georgie, it's okay if you're curious. Don't panic about it. I'll answer anything for you.*

*I like to think I'm your dream, hence I end it like that. Makes me feel needed, wanted. It's a nice feeling.*

*You know when I talk about you Emma says I get all happy. Like I end up smiling as I talk and my eyes get all big and bright according to her and I talk more animatedly. It's weird, I've never noticed that about myself. Apparently it's the first time she's seen it too. She always tells me she's glad we met and that I'm so happy now. I guess I wasn't happy for a bit and I never knew.*

*She's really thankful for you. I am too, obviously.*

*More than thankful really. Just... yeah.*

*I have no clue what it means either, but it always feels like there's butterflies in my stomach when I think of you.*

~~*God I'm so...*~~

*I have a collage of your Polaroids on my wall. I often zone out looking at them whilst I do homework or I'm waiting for Sap to get online.*

*Which leads me to the next topic. Polaroids. I included 2 more aside from the one I'll take of the night sky. Enjoy the special surprise, Georgie.*

*I hope you like them. I was kinda nervous taking them. Out of my element.*

*Well, I'm glad the dumb bitch fell for it. I really wanna kick her ass. Secrets can be scary though, it's valid you're afraid. If it's something you've always kept a secret, well I can't blame you for being scared. I guess you could say I have a secret I've been keeping. To be honest, if someone was threatening me with it, I'd announce it myself. I'd tell everyone who cared about me, and then let the bitch spill the news. But that's just me, everyone's different. I was raised kinda hard headed cause of Andrew and my dad. Nothing wrong with being afraid though. I would definitely be scared. ~~I'm scared for you.~~*

*You deserve to be happy, George. I hope you know that. ~~I want to keep you happy. I hope you'll let me.~~*

*God, sometimes when you end your letters I get scared. You talk as if you'll never write again. Are you afraid that'll happen? I hope not cause it won't. I technically have your address, so I'd hunt you down in England if you stopped talking to me.*

*Don't worry about me though, idiot. I'm fine, I'll always be fine as long as you are. Okay? So treat yourself well.*

*My job's pretty average aside from the shoplifters. One time the dude ran straight into me, dropped the stuff, and booked it outta there. I guess my height intimidated him. But SAPNAP, let me tell you... that man is so competitive. He does not quit until he can beat me on something.*



*Recently it's been CS:GO. I only started playing cause he begged me to, and then he got mad when I got more kills than him. He's such a baby. I love him for it though. I can't wait to introduce you two, I wanna see you guys fight about games. My two favorites.*

*These letters can be our hugs to each other until we meet. It's good that way. They always make me feel warm and nice anyways. When you visit or I visit, don't worry, I won't let go of you until you ask. I'll pick you up and keep you there as long as you want, or I want.*

*I do huh? Well... I'm not upset about it I guess :)*

*Stay cute, Georgie. I miss you, talk to you soon.*

*- your dream :)*

*P.S - I added some band-aids for your papercuts, idiot.*

---

The wind had picked up as he had written his letter. The non-existent breeze had moved into a gentle one, having to hold his papers extra close and push his hair out of his eyes time and time again.

The smart thing would be to head home now, but did he want to face Andrew when he got home? His brother had once again found a way to argue with him about the letters and football. Dream didn't even have a clue on how the man kept bringing up football every other minute.

Was it *that* terrible for him to stop playing? It was *his* life, not Andrew's.

He sighed softly, gazing down at his letters once again. He had tried to make his writing as neat as possible for George. Working in the dark with nothing but the flashlight he had hung over the branch above him had made it tricky. But he had managed nonetheless.

There was a familiar shade of red running across the corner of the paper. A little circle around it and pointed to with the words 'sorry'.

The papercuts had quickly become a part of the letter. He was definitely going to be including bandages. Maybe he still had those Minecraft ones Emma gave him one year as a joke. He'd definitely have to pull them out.

His eyes drifted to the photo tucked behind the pages. It was a sweet photo. George's hand and wrist front and center to show off the pretty blue bracelet. He wondered if George had noticed the slightly different thread mixed in it. The green surely had to stand out in the blue, or maybe not since George couldn't see the color itself... But it still sent butterflies fluttering through his sternum when he thought about George wearing it.

He wondered if Wilbur had teased him about it just like Sapnap had teased him for the matching bracelets, demanding Emma to make him his own bracelet which she had mischievously denied.

His own matching bracelet was carefully tied around his wrist. There wouldn't be a day he would take it off, at least for now he didn't see it coming. He didn't want to.

A smile spread across his face at the thought of the people who made his day brighter without even trying.

And now George was part of the little group.

George whose letters had his hands trembling when they arrived. George who wrote with pretty curved letters and sealed his envelopes with melted wax. George who was probably always covered in beautifully aromatic and expensive cologne, and wore cute oversized sweaters that fell past his fingertips when he stood up straight.

George who had become his *everything* so quickly.

There were so many doubts and worries, yet all he wanted was to hold George all day, every day.

Maybe his words weren't thought out the best. Maybe he was being a bit rushed and naive saying he'd drop everything and go to George if he needed to. He just couldn't help it.

George made his heart beat faster and his cheeks warm to a soft rose whenever he read through the letters for the tenth time. It wasn't his fault he felt like that.

The breeze had picked up as he had been lost in his thoughts. The last thing for him to do was take a photo, something memorable to capture his favorite place he hoped to bring his favorite person to one day.

Quickly he pushed the papers into his bag and replaced them with the camera. It was hard getting the perfect angle. He wanted to show George the beauty of his favorite spot.

Somewhere that could become *theirs*.

"Hope you'll like it..." he murmured softly as he found the perfect shot of the moon brightly reflecting in the ripples of the water. The tree branches could be seen vaguely and overall, to him, it was beautiful.

He took the polaroid, and a second one just for extra measure. As he let the photos appear, he began putting everything away, careful not to bend the polaroid George had sent him.

It would be home on his wall soon enough.

Sometimes it was so hard thinking about how far away George was from him. At the latest hours of the night when he couldn't sleep he always found himself thinking about buying a plane ticket and just heading off to England. Sure, he would be clueless about his surroundings, maybe what he was even doing there, but George would surely meet him happily.

There was always the possibility that George would be a little disappointed Dream hadn't kept the rules and was missing school... But he was sure George would be smiling right at him, would hug him, and Dream would finally have his world in his arms.

There was a ridiculous smile plastered across his face. He knew it because he felt his cheeks ache as he brought himself out of his thoughts.

*George.*

He shook his head at his own somewhat love struck expression, pulled his bag onto his shoulder, and climbed down the tree carefully. The last thing he wanted was a sprained ankle or broken arm. George would start worrying again for him, which would be all his fault. Not to mention the risk of not being able to write letters.

He already had the dreaded future of the upcoming winter looking over him. When all the mail came late and the waits would get longer, how was he supposed to cope with that?

Maybe Sapnap was right to scold him about how infatuated he was with George.

It wouldn't be stopping him though. That realization just made him ache for George even more.

## Chapter End Notes

note from tad:

hello hello !!!!! I hope you enjoyed the newest chapter for pc&s :))) dreamie's practically head over heels for George, huh? We're still writing steadily and every time we post a chapter the amount of comments and support we get means so much to us. We even got an incredible song written for our fic !!! Thank you so much for that Marla !!! We love it dearly. Ofc love all the readers as well <333

don't forget to user sub to us both! comments and kudos greatly appreciated <3

Socials:

[kat's twitter](#)

[tad's twitter](#)

# thanksgiving

## Chapter Summary

He paused for a moment. He did know it, he'd known it for a while. Part of him wondered if maybe he wanted Dream to admit it first. Another part of him wanted to exude the confidence he'd spoken so highly about.

## Chapter Notes

hi! i made a playlist a while back for this fic and we both listen to it while writing, so i thought i'd finally share it with you all <3 - kat

[papercuts & stamps - spotify playlist](#)

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

*My Dream,*

*I've decided that I have to come to America, if only to see this damn tree. Honestly, is it comfortable up there? How do you not worry about falling? You're telling me that you, the boy who is terrified of thunderstorms and hides under his blankets during them with his cat, climbs big trees for fun? Well, if I come visit, you'll have to find some way to threaten me, otherwise I will not be climbing that thing. (thank you for the picture of it though.)*

*I think Patches and Cat might get along. She seems a lot more high energy than him, but maybe that'll be good for him. He lays around a lot, big cuddler, never gets too hyperactive. He's a lot like me, now that I think about it. Granted, I think I'd have a lot more energy when I'm around you. You seem to bring out a brighter side of me that I haven't seen in a long time.*

*Maybe it's that happiness you talked about. You know, how Emma said you seem to smile more when you talk about me, and how you seem happier lately? I think you bring that out in me also. Yes, I've been really down because of the whole school situation, but reading your letters and having you exist in my life is something that makes me inexplicably and wholeheartedly happy. Mother commented on it the other night at supper, Nanny Beth also said I look a lot more 'bright' lately. I suppose I was right about you being like the sun. Warm, happy.*

*I'm going to need you to keep being my sunshine though, okay? With winter on the way, the clouds are only going to become more dense, and they're due to cover our town in snow any day now. I promise to build a snowman, just for you. I'll give it your famous smiley face. I will do my best on the snowballs, however Gracie may be better at that than I am. I promise to send you pictures, always. It's like, the pictures are me pretending like you're actually here. Just me sharing little moments with you that I wish you could have been there for. ~~That you'll hopefully be there for in the future.~~*

*I'm not ready for the winter to extend the time between our letters arriving either, in fact, isn't it almost that one American holiday at your house... Thanksgiving? That's already going to put a damper on the time it takes this one to get to you, I'm sure. I don't celebrate that holiday, obviously since it's American, but in the spirit of it... I will now list what I am thankful for.*

*I am thankful for Cat and Dog and their ability to read my mood and keep me company. I'm thankful for my family, even when we don't get to spend a lot of time together. I'm thankful for Wilbur, I don't know if I could have made it through school without him. I'm thankful for the life I was born into, because I know I was lucky to have it happen to me, and I want to make some good come from that in the future when I can. I'm thankful for being put into this literature class, because without it, we wouldn't be sending these letters.*

*But most of all...*

*I am thankful for you, Dream. Forgive me if my words fail me here, but I am so fucking thankful for you. You've made me remember what it feels like to have something to look forward to and be happy about, even when the world seems impossibly dark. I'm thankful for your letters, I'm thankful for your somewhat terrible handwriting that I adore reading, I'm thankful that you take the time to talk to me even when you have to wait to hear my responses. I'm thankful that you miss me as much as I miss you, and care about me, because I will always care about you. I am thankful for you, Dream. I always will be, because you've changed my life. And I love it.*

*~~I love...~~*

*You mean the world to me too. I could never rip your letters intentionally, it would kill me. They mean too much to me. You mean too much to me. You're right though, some things seem too complicated to write out at times, they're difficult to articulate when you only have a pen and paper and 4,336 miles of separation. But, I promise to keep doing my best to tell you everything that I can. You'll wait for me forever, you say? Funny, I don't plan on keeping you waiting too long. Yeah, the letters may take longer than normal, but I will always be here writing them until we're old and grey and wrinkled. (fuck you, kindly, for telling me I'll get wrinkles early from worrying, you're a dick.)*

*Speaking of you being a dick, why must you make fun of my proper english? It's called a lavatory, maybe you're the one that has funny words. "Bathroom"... sounds like a room you take a bath in, not a public toilet. I don't know if I can ever go back to that one though. I'm nervous Amelia would follow me in there again.*

*And mention of the devil herself, I think I might be getting close to being ready to take care of that whole ordeal. To fully answer your question, no, I can't tell any of our professors or headmaster. In short, doing a classmate's coursework is against the rules, so if they were to find out I was doing her work, we'd both be expelled. If I just tell her I'm not doing the work any more, she'll out me my secret.*

*You have a secret too? You can tell me if you want. Maybe I could tell you mine as well.*

*I'm working on the whole confidence thing, being confident enough to just not let her hold it over me any more. But it's slightly terrifying. You're so assuredly yourself, which is why I say that you're confident. Yeah, you may scribble out just as many things in your letters as I do, but I still see you as someone that takes the world as it comes at you and keeps your head held high. If you were in my shoes, I don't believe you'd feel an ounce of shame. I suppose the secret just doesn't fit the proper lifestyle, and I'm scared of disappointing everyone in my life. Even you. ~~Because I don't know what you would say, or if it would change anything between us, or if you'd relate.~~*

*At least in these letters I can pretend to be confident in some aspects. Isn't that right, baby? Ha! Now I used it on you. How does that feel? Did I make you blush again?*

*Matching bracelets, to hand holding, to rings... Dream... Dreamie... Baby... Rings are for marriage. You can't just go asking me to marry you without asking me to be your boyfriend first, that's just not proper. Especially after you've called Wilbur "hot". I regret to inform you that he does in fact attract many girls, but I'll be sure to let him know you fancy him. (This entire paragraph of the letter is a joke, and me faking confidence. I'm sleep deprived, don't judge me.)*

*Really though, I haven't taken the bracelet off. Wil made sure it was tied securely around my wrist so it won't ever fall off. So yes, for now, we can pretend that's like holding hands. I'll get all my Wilbur talk out of the way at once. I'm actually sitting in his studio/den right now. His shows are fun! You'd love them, really. Right now his band just performs at pubs and other small venues, so they're very relaxed. I'd love for you to come to one someday with me. However, you have to promise to have all the lyrics memorized so you can sing along with my horrid voice.*

*If you can't have Wil, there's plenty of girls that line up at his shows. He's quite the catch, but I'm sure you could snag one of his fans. And no, idiot, they don't flock to me. None of them are my*

type, really. ~~I don't think they are in general, anyways. Girls. Fuck.~~ But yes, please come to a show one day.

Speaking of music, those songs are stuck in my head. Yes, I've had the playlist on repeat since you first sent me the songs, so I might have them memorized now. They make me think of us, a lot. I think about you a lot in general, but the songs amplify that I think. I'd say you deserved to be laughed at by Emma for waking up with a letter of mine stuck to your face, but Gracie barged in my room the other day and found me asleep on my floor with the box open that houses your letters and a bunch of crumpled ones surrounding me that I'll never send.

They're crumpled because they're all things I wish I could say, but would never be able to unless I could get a response from you within seconds or minutes. So that phone call scenario you came up with? It seemed pretty accurate to me. I suppose you could scold me for apologizing and saying 'sorry' too much, I know I do. It would be worth it to hear your voice though.

To talk to you.

Fuck, I miss you, Dream.

I want to call you so bad, every day, every night. I know my letter made you cry, and I know you told me not to apologize any more for that, but I want that comfort you talked about. I want you to hug me and never let go, like you said. That sounds like the best thing in the world right now. I want... so many things, and they all involve you.

~~Fuck. Fuck. Fuck. Fuck. Fuck.~~

So yes, I'll come protect you and Patches from the storms, even if that means waiting around at your job with you to make sure you're not alone during them when you have to be working. I wish you'd quit that job, Dream. Especially if they make you work through hurricane level threat storms. I don't want you getting hurt, or getting stuck somewhere and being put in danger. I know you said it's not dangerous, but the thought still terrifies me. If anything bad ever happened to you, I think I'd lose my mind. I wouldn't know, I'd have to wait forever to find out.

I think if that happened, I'd ultimately resort to finding Sapnap online somewhere just to check in on you. Or, fly my ass out to America just to make sure you're okay.

And look, I know you're working there because you need money for life after school, and you keep



saying you'd go broke for me. But Dream, I am going to say something, and I need you to not think this is coming from any place of snobbery. My trust fund is, well, rather large. I could cover an entire lifetime for you. I could never go to school, and we could travel the world forever, and you'd never have to worry about a single expense. I won't, because I know you won't let me. But if you ever want to get away, just you and me... all you have to do is say the word and we'll be on our way.

Where would we go first? Somewhere warm and sunny? Or would you prefer the Nordic countries, or somewhere colder? I'd go anywhere with you. I mean that. Plus, then our sleep schedules would 100% be synced up, like you planned. It sounds like a dream come true.

You like being 'my dream', well good, because you are. It makes you feel wanted and needed? Good. Because I think I need you. ~~I already know I want you.~~

You make me unbelievably happy, and I'm glad to keep you happy as well. It's all I could wish for to come out of these letters when they're all we have. You said you never realized you weren't happy before, is it okay if I ask about that? Is there anything I can do to help? I care, Dream, so let me help if I can. I want you to feel okay, I want you to feel happy because you deserve to be happy.

You also said something about how it's good to know that I love you. I scribbled that out, idiot. That's something I haven't said quite yet. Maybe wait until you meet me in real life to decide if you want to hear that from me. I'm not saying it's not true, I'm just saying I may not be as wonderful as you've convinced yourself I am.

I'm backtracking for a moment, to you waking up with a letter stuck to your face. Had it been my most recent letter, and you'd simply fallen asleep writing to me? Or was it one you re-read. Obviously we've admitted that we both re-read them, so I'm curious... What do you read over the most? Are there specific things that I've said?

You say a lot that makes me think. ~~Maybe overthink.~~ And I think about you a lot. Butterflies, that's the perfect way to describe it actually. I think I get them as well.

I just get lost in your words sometimes. In a good way.

And speaking of me thinking about you and your words... Yes Dream, I'd assume you'd look absolutely entrancing in pastel blue. It's one of my favorite shades of the colour, and you're probably my favourite person in the world, so I can only imagine that that would be the perfect combination. You look handsome regardless, though. I mean, have you seen yourself in these

*other two pictures? How did I get lucky enough to get two of you this time? And Patches! I'll send one back of Cat, and another of Dog with Gracie. The third picture is of me. Gracie snapped it that morning she found me sleeping on my bedroom floor. Yes, those are your letters all around me.*

*I wish those letters were you instead. I can't wait until the day we can take pictures together. Imagine, one day we'll both have this massive collection of polaroid photos capturing the other's lives. And then, we'll meet up, and we'll have an entire new collection to start. Dream and George, finally together in the same place. Finally smiling at the same camera. We could hang it up in our apartment. (If you are still planning on staying forever, you're more than welcome to.)*

*And Dream, don't be so terrible to yourself. You're incredibly intelligent, I think you have every potential you've talked about me having when it comes to schools and your future. You are worth more than you give yourself credit for, and I hope you know that I sincerely mean that. Yeah, Ivy League may be where I should be destined to go, but I'd rather go wherever I can take you with me.*

~~*God, I sound fucking crazy. I'm delusional, I really think I am. If you can read this through my scribbles, ignore it. Fuck, I'm sorry if you can see any of this by the time I'm done running my pen over it. You make me feel so much more than I thought you ever would. It feels like I've been lost for so long, and now I feel found. Fucking hell, George. Get a hold of yourself.*~~

*Ignore that little blip of scribbling, I will apologize for that. It takes up space I could be actually writing to you with. I'm going to change the subject now, mostly because I'm an idiot. (An obvious idiot as well, seeing how you literally sent me Minecraft band-aids for my papercuts. I will use them as needed. I appreciate them, they made me giggle.)*

*Sapnap! Do tell him I enjoy playing CS:GO at times as well, however Minecraft is preferred. I'd happily kick his ass in either. How long have you two known each other? If you see him as a brother, it must have been for a long while now, right? He seems like a good friend, I'm glad you have him. You two seem closer than even Wil and I do. What is it with you making friends with people far away from you?*

*Do you tell him all the things you don't tell me? Like I do with Wil? I promise, I really do want to tell you everything, but so much of it would be better spoken with you sitting right in front of me. Things I'd prefer you holding my hand for when I tell you.*

*I promise.*

*You said I could ask you anything, so I'm asking you about something you scribbled out. I could decipher "God I'm so..." and then it got really dark and impossible to read from there. What was that, then? I got to feign some confidence earlier in this letter, it's your turn. (Only if you're comfortable, please know I'd never force you to talk about anything you don't want to.)*

*I'm glad school is going alright for you, have you been keeping up with your coursework and tests alright? And wow, Skye is top of the class, huh? Well, if you're not going to date her, maybe she could be a good friend, maybe a study buddy. You have to promise to tell me if you fall for her though. I like being kept in the loop. Especially with you. Meeting her parents is a game, huh? Is that because you'd be putting on a façade when it came to that type of thing?*

*I hope you know you can be real with me. You don't ever have to worry about me judging you or anything like that. Not to brag, she may be in cheer and debate, but I'm in chess and debate. Pretty similar, huh? She probably looks better in her cheer costume than I do in my suit for chess tournaments though. Her talent also involves a lot more physical activity. Mine is more mental. But debate! That's one we could be decently matched at. Maybe if my debate team gets to nationals, I'll meet her. That would be... interesting.*

*I feel like it would be weird to meet someone from your life before I met you. I don't think I'd like that, actually. I don't wanna meet anyone you've mentioned before I meet you. I just want to meet you, can I say that enough times in this section of my letter? I want to meet you, in real life. See you, hear you, touch you, hug you... I've said that all before, but I don't care. It's what I want, and I didn't sleep a wink in the past two days. So I may be a bit delusional. ~~Or you're just stuck in my head and driving me insane.~~*

*Dream, you're literally all I think about. Why on earth would I never write you again? I don't mean to sound like I'm scared it'll happen in the ends of all of my letters. I think I just miss you more and more with each one, because with each one I get from you, you just seem farther away from me. The distance seems magnified, the lack of any other form of communication seems detrimental, and I think I'm a little bit attached to you.*

*Like right now, all I'm thinking about is you up in that tree, bundled in a hoodie that would probably be three sizes too big on me, worrying about you losing your balance and injuring yourself. And tonight before I fall asleep, I'll probably think about what your room looks like, besides what I've been able to see from the pictures you've sent of yourself in it. I'll probably think about how soft your face looks when you sleep, and if you snore. I'll probably think about how comfortable that hoodie is too.*

*I've officially done it, Dream. I have hit three pages on our letters. What the hell is that about, huh? There's so much to talk about when I can't call you and have to wait days on end to hear from you. And now it'll only become longer.*

*I hope you have a lovely holiday, Dream. I hope you enjoy your feast with your family, and that you all laugh together and enjoy each other's company. I hope you find a reason to smile every day, and I hope this letter doesn't seem like something an insane person wrote. I hope you remember that I am thankful for you, every day.*

*Yeah, you do... seem a little bit in love. I think this letter might make it seem like I might too. What does that mean?*

*I miss you, as always.*

*- yours truly, George.*

*p.s. - I'm not sorry.*

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At first, George hadn't noticed the letter from Dream waiting on his pillow when he came home from school. With assignments piling up in preparation for winter finals, and Amelia's coursework sitting cruelly on top of his own, he'd simply moved directly to his computer and ignored his surroundings.

It wasn't until Wilbur had called him when he'd finished the assignments to say he was outside that George noticed that familiar bright envelope sitting on his pillowcase, the sweetest of dreams. He'd grabbed it hastily, throwing extra pieces of paper into his folders before tucking everything in his backpack so he could go with Wilbur.

He really did try to restrain himself from reading the letter in the car, but when Wilbur had asked why he was so jittery, he couldn't help but mention that he'd just gotten a new letter from Dream. His friend had told him he was an idiot for not reading it yet, and asked him to pull it out, laughing as Minecraft themed band-aids fell from the folds of the letter.

And here he was, finishing folding the newest letter he'd written back while slumped on a bean bag while Wilbur's band mates all parted ways for the evening. He felt silly, in a way, ignoring the entirety of their band practice to scribble down feigned confidence on three pieces of paper. But if he were being honest, talking to Dream was all he ever wanted to do.

“You finally finish that letter, then?” Wilbur asked, closing the door to the garden as he moved back to his seat, picking up his guitar.

“Yeah, part of me is scared he’ll hate it and never speak to me again. But at the same time, I think he’ll love it. It’s hard to explain. I don’t know, sometimes I feel like we’re one hundred percent on the same page about literally everything, like we have this insanely unbreakable connection. And then at other times I think I’ve got him all wrong and know literally nothing about him.” he mumbled, scanning over some of his own words he’d scrawled down.

“I think you’re fucking blind if you can’t see that he’s madly in love with you.” Wilbur teased, strumming his fingers against the strings of his guitar. George’s head shot up, eyes wide as he stared at the boy who had just said something so bold with such ease.

“What? You’re insane!”

“Am I? You’ve been talking to him about travelling the world together, moving in together, writing letters until you’re elderly... George you literally never shut up about him, and I doubt he ever shuts up about you.” Wilbur added, continuing the gentle plucks against the guitar.

“You don’t know that, Wil. Plus, he said that *you* were hot in his letter. And he talks about girls... sometimes.” George replied nervously, reaching into his lap to replace his own written response with the polaroids Dream had sent him.

Dream really was something he couldn’t let go of, and he couldn’t tell if it was just because he felt like one of the only people he could truly be honest with, or if it was something more. Dream had sent a mirror selfie, standing tall in a nice outfit while the camera and it’s residual flash covered his face in the reflected image. And then there was the picture of him holding patches. The soft tabby cat covering the majority of his face, but unable to hide the smile lines that creased in on each other behind her pointy ears and doe eyes.

He knew the answer to his previous question. He’d known it for a while now. Crushes were something childish, something to keep hidden. If he were being honest, he was getting really sick of hiding. From his parents, from his classmates, from Dream... But mostly from himself. George looked back up to Wilbur with glossy and sleep deprived eyes, smiling lightly.

“It’s a cover, George. He’s waiting for you to say it first. And look, I know you don’t let me read everything in the letters, but based on some parts that you *have* let me read, even I can tell he’s

whipped for you. Why can't you see that?"

He paused for a moment. He did know it, he'd known it for a while. Part of him wondered if maybe he wanted Dream to admit it first. Another part of him wanted to exude the confidence he'd spoken so highly about.

"Wil... I like him. So fucking much. I didn't think it would ever be possible for me to feel this way about someone. He makes me feel like I can finally fucking *breathe* after I've been drowning my entire life. What is that?"

Wilbur stopped strumming against his guitar, gently setting back down against the speakers before standing from his chair. He moved to kneel in front of George, taking the polaroids from his hands. George watched him look over them for a minute, enjoying the small smile that formed on his face before he looked back up to him while placing the pictures back in his hands, helping him wrap his fingers around them.

"It's love, George. Sometimes people waste years of their lives pretending like it isn't there. They play games and beat around the bush until it becomes too exhausting and both parties fall apart from each other. I'm asking you as a friend that loves and cares about you, don't let that happen. Don't push him away."

It was sincere, every word he said felt like a sweeping rush of springtime air that was full of nothing but genuine care.

"I don't think I could even if I tried. I think we might be a little bit obsessed with each other." he found himself saying as his cheeks warmed with a glow he only knew had to be a deep shade of pink.

"I don't know, he did call *me* hot." Wilbur teased back, and George quickly slapped his arm, making him fall back against the floor laughing at himself.

"You're a fucking arse, you know that?" he snapped back, feigning as much annoyance as possible between the giggles he couldn't help but let bubble up.

"Yeah, yeah, but I'm your favorite arse." he said, sitting back upright with a sigh. "So, what are you gonna do about all this, then? Just keep waiting for his letters, keep pretending like you're not scribbling out confessions you didn't have to?"

Another pause. A beat of time and space where he had to actually consider what it would mean to tell Dream how he felt. A boy all the way across the ocean. A boy he'd never actually met. A boy he'd never seen the face of, but had fallen for between ink scrawled down on pieces of paper sealed behind envelopes.

“No. But I don't think I can tell him until I've come out. I can't tell him how I feel if I'm not being one hundred percent honest about myself as a person in my own life here in London.”

Wilbur smiled lightly, “You want to come out? Like, officially?”

He'd spent so much time considering and re-considering everything he'd ever done in his life. There was never a school project or extra curricular activity that he hadn't overthought and redone or edited over and over again until it was up to standard. Final decisions were something terrifying, something new.

But with Dream... With *Dream* he felt something new. Something that was exciting and enthralling. A swirling vortex of feelings that tasted like golden honey and the sweetest strawberries. Feelings that made the world seem a little less terrifying and more of something that he could conquer. If anything, Dream had started helping him believe in himself more.

He knew he couldn't do it all at once. He'd have to tell his parents first, and they'd be understanding. Hell, they had plenty of friends that weren't straight, and they made it a big part of their businesses to contribute to LGBTQ+ charities. He'd tell Gracie and Nanny Beth, Wilbur already knew.

An idea sparked in his mind on how he'd do it too, after he told his family. He couldn't help but smile at it, knowing for sure it would put an end to the torturous cycle of overworking himself with Amelia's coursework load on top of his own. If he did it, and did it just the way he was planning, everything would hopefully feel like a massive weight off his shoulders.

No, scratch that. It *would* feel like a weight off of his shoulders. He decided right then there was no more 'hopefully' or other indecisive thoughts. It was time to be his truest self. If it meant he could finally be happy, if it meant he could finally tell Dream... Then it was worth it.

“Yeah, Wil. I want to come out.”

## Chapter End Notes

note from kat:

hi <3 thank you guys for your endless love and support on this fic, it means the fucking world to us! we are so close to 10k hits, so make sure to share with your friends/mutuals! we always make promo tweets for each chapter on twitter, so feel free to RT those <3 genuinely though, your guys' comments mean so much and we love and appreciate you all!

we've gotten some cute fanart and a gorgeous song, so check those out! don't forget to user sub to us both, comments and kudos make our day <3

[soda's art: cozied up \(george polaroid\)](#)

[marla's song: scribbled out confessions](#)

socials:

[kat's twitter](#)

[tad's twitter](#)



## Chapter Summary

Dream knew what it meant. He knew what those letters buried into the tree meant. This was more than a crush at this point, and he had never even acknowledged his feelings so forwardly.

## Chapter Notes

hihi! just a quick note for this chapter! if you see ~~XXXXXXXXXX~~, that means what they crossed out is too dark for anyone to read, but that there was something that *was* written there. <3

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

*My Georgie,*

*(We changing up the greetings, baby?)*

*I'm also afraid of rollercoasters and sometimes heights... so I'm not making this make any more sense. I'm not sure why the tree doesn't scare me, obviously it's not that high in the sky... So it doesn't scare me as much, and I can see the ground and everything, so I suppose that's why.*

*But don't worry. As soon as you get here we'll go straight to the tree and hang out up there. Safe from everyone else in the park. It's near the pond too, so there's a pretty view. ~~Though I think you'll be the prettier view.~~ It's not scary, I promise. With me being the guy scared of so much, if I can survive, you can survive it too. There's some nice low hanging branches too if you prefer that, a smaller fall if you manage to move too much.*

*I'll protect you, if you even slip, I'll grab you as quick as I can. I got good reflexes. Sports, ya know?*

*Patches hates sleeping with me sometimes cause apparently I move too much, so if Cat will be my cuddle buddy when I wanna sleep, I will love him forever. I hope those two get along too. Patches will bring the energy out in Cat, don't worry. Just like I do for you.*

*We're each other's happiness then, huh? How sappy of us doing this for each other. Especially with other people pointing it out. ~~I'm glad I'm your happiness.~~*

*Don't even worry though, I'm not going anywhere, and with being in Florida I won't be losing my sunshine image either.*

*Anything you want me to do in your honor here in Florida? I don't think there's many things I can do, but if you have any ideas I'd be happy to make them come true.*

*Don't worry, I have a great idea. We can recreate these Polaroids with both of us whenever we meet up. So we can officially complete everything we wanted to do with each other, ya know? Before and after kinda thing, maybe this is lame. But I don't know, it seems fun to me. I hope you like it too.*

*You were right about the weather though :(*

*I got your letter after thanksgiving, two days actually. Emma threw it at me when I got home and I immediately turned around and hurried to the park. I don't know why it's such a perfect place to write my letters to you. It feels like a spot just for the two of us even though you've never been there.*

*We definitely need a polaroid by the tree when you get here.*

*The wait was fucking awful though. I was so used to hearing from you so quickly... I missed your dumb pretty writing and the wax seals and the polaroids. These waits are gonna be the end of me. It takes me back to the first month when we were monotone annoyed students. (Well, you were more annoyed than me.)*

*Your list for thankfulness was fucking adorable George. ~~God I wish I could XXXXXXXXXX~~*

*Since we promised to be honest and stuff I gotta say I teared up a little at that paragraph about me. I felt a little silly sitting down on the grass and reading the letter with watery eyes. (I hadn't*

*climbed up yet cause I didn't want to wait to read the letter.) I've just never heard such genuine words about me I guess. Like, of course Emma and my parents let me know that they love me, but I don't know... being told so outwardly that you're thankful for me means a fucking lot.*

*I want to give you the same feeling...*

*Gods, I don't even know where to start. I just feel like you unknowingly pulled me out a long plunge into thinking life is kinda meaningless. Like, the pattern of going to school, graduating, studying more, and getting a job was the lame future I saw, but now it seems so much brighter with you there. Like, now if you decide to go to some cool country to study, I could join you and visit you. Or if you decide to come here, I can keep you company and show you around. I'll get to hear your accent in person as well. Those long letters will turn into just long rambles to each other in person. And frankly, I can't fucking wait for that. The future seems so much brighter now, and that's all because of you, which I'm so thankful for. You've changed me, and my life, for the better.*

*4,336 miles will have to break sooner or later or I'm going to lose my mind being so far from you. I'm glad you don't plan on making me wait forever though. I'd like to see you while I'm still hot. Not that it matters.*

*~~I would say it back I think... fuck. I've lost it. XXXXXXXXXXXX~~*

*Damn, zero to hundred in seconds huh, Georgie? First, you're thankful for me, and now I'm a dick? You're so mean. It's just a funny word, okay? And I guess we use the word 'restroom' as well. Proper English is weird to hear sometimes, okay? You little brit...*

*Well shit, that sucks. Okay, scratch that option for sure. We can't have you expelled or anything.*

*I'm not too sure about my secret just yet. But I promise to tell you as soon as I know. It can't be too long now. A secret for a secret.*

*Fuck the proper lifestyle, Georgie. The world isn't in the 1800's anymore, and we don't need "perfection" in my opinion. It's better to be true to yourself rather than every other girl or guy out there. I guess I see how you think I'm confident. I tend to care less about others opinions, I hope you can do that as well. I'll help you if you ever need it. Maybe less confidence and more: I don't take anyone's shit cause people suck.*

*Amelia can go choke on a dick, by the way. I've made it a goal to curse her out in every letter.*

*Not gonna lie, I like you calling me “baby”. I’m not revealing if I blushed or not, you’re gonna use it against me, loser. ~~It felt good. The butterflies acted up again.~~*

*Hey, it’s the new age. Maybe it’ll be trendy to propose first and then date. Get the attention of whoever you like quicker yaknow? Kinda brilliant in my opinion, baby.*

*~~Do you want me to be your boyf--fuck... no. Gods I need to think more before writing. PLEASE ignore this George.~~*

*Sleep deprived? You should be getting proper sleep, idiot. Don’t let Amelia take your rest away from you.*

*Woah, slow down there. I did not use the word “fancy”, don’t go and tell him I like him or something, Georgie. That’s embarrassing... Gods. I gotta make sure Gracie doesn’t tell you about her crushes or you’ll embarrass her too. ~~I do fancy someone else though.~~ But I do not fancy Mr. Guitar player over there, alright? Nor do I wanna go for some girls who are probably in love with one of the other band members or Wil himself.*

*Just cause they aren’t your type doesn’t mean they don’t fancy you, by the way. (I’m getting the hang of this “fancy” word, I kinda love it. Maybe proper English isn’t all too bad.) I’m sure a cute Brit like you with your pretty smile and wavy dark hair catches the interest of many. Anyone, really!*

*I think these days I listen to a lot of songs with the thought of us. Half the songs in my playlists are added because of you. But I forgot to ask, send me some of your favorite songs, I wanna know your taste too, I’ll title the playlist “baby”, heh.*

*Guess we’re both the same. Clinging onto every piece of evidence of our friendship.*

*Make sure you keep those unsent letters. Maybe one day you could read them out loud to me? Since you’d prefer asking when I can answer you. I could listen to you forever. I want to listen to you forever.*

*Gods, we really are suckers for each other, huh? All we wanna do is see each other. George, you don’t even know how much I want to drop everything and just get a flight to London right now as I write this. I could be hugging you right now with snow in the air, but I’m sitting in a dumb tree in*

*Florida where I can still wear shorts outside if I want.*

*Granted, my parents would probably kill me, but I still want to do it.*

*As much as I'd love to take your money, George, I'd feel a little useless living off a trust grant left for your future studies. Plus, isn't that just for your studies? Your parents would hate me if you used it all on me, and that's a bad first impression on my future second family, ya know? Also, I like my job. I'd miss the grumpy old ladies and the kids that try and steal candy, but I'd absolutely love you keeping me company during my shifts. Keep me company on the way home as well? I'd treat you to dinner or something after every shift. So trust me, I'll get my own money and get to you, I promise. Even though travelling the world on your money is tempting. (May take you up on that offer. Let's go to Greece or Rome first. Maybe Paris, France. Isn't it the city of love or something? I could woo you properly with my flirting skills.)*

*I'm going to scold you for your constant negativity at some point in person since letters aren't working, obviously. But also, even if I wind up in a hospital somehow, I'd ask Emma to bring me paper and a pen to write you a letter, or tell her to send you a quick note about what happened with the quickest postage option available. I'd never leave you in the dark, ~~Georgie~~-baby.*

*It's not like I was sad? I just didn't notice I was kinda unhappy, I guess. It's hard to, like, explain. I've never needed to articulate this before. I mentioned it earlier in the letter with how I just saw these laid out steps in front of me, and it just seemed so boring and meaningless. I have no clue about my future, so I was stressed and feeling hopeless, especially when my parents dragged me back into school. I know I probably just seem like any other student who hates school and stuff, but yeah. Life just seemed like a drag.*

*Until you, of course. So you don't have to do anything but be you. You've already made me so much happier.*

*~~I'm already ready to hear it, idiot. That's all I want to hear from you. XXXXXXXXXXXX~~*

*Well sometimes it's a new letter, while other times it's old ones. The time Emma found me though was when I was re-reading one of the first letters you sent me. It's funny re-reading back when you were so formal and strict with your words. It's a little endearing how cold you made yourself sound, and now you're so sweet and cute with me. I guess it's a little silly, but yeah, I liked it. I read over when you first mentioned you go to a private rich school. You sounded so different back then, but I ended up cracking you, so I feel accomplished.*

*Butterflies haunt the both of us, I think. It's the constant feeling of butterflies in my stomach. Even*

*when it's the smallest glimpse of your envelope in my mailbox.*

*Emma finds it very amusing how fast my cheeks turn pink at the sight of them. She usually gets a kick for pointing it out. Gods, even Sapnap pointed it out the other day. We were on call and we had our cameras on, and apparently I was, quote on quote, smiling to myself as I stared at a letter or something. (They're both so obnoxious.)*

*Remind me to invest in more blue clothing. I gotta make sure you can see me in my full glory. I don't think yellow is a good look on me. But I can switch from green to more blue.*

*Just felt like treating you this time. I'll include some more of myself in this letter too. I gotta make up for not showing my smile, you know? Hot photos seem like a good idea in my opinion.*

*Now don't worry, I didn't ignore yours. Cat and dog are fucking adorable, and Gracie too I suppose. But the babies, Gods I wish I could cuddle them. They look so snuggly in the photos. I'll send one of me and Emma as well, maybe Andrew if he can stand me for more than 5 minutes. But trust me, I'm the hotter brother.*

*On to my favorite photo though. First off, don't sleep on the floor again, you look terribly uncomfortable. You look pretty angelic though, despite being sprawled across the floor with papers scattered around you. It's a little unfair that you look so fucking cute.*

*Don't get me started on all of the photos we are going to remake, baby. But holy shit that's a good idea. We can have a polaroid wall in our apartment. Sapnap would be so jealous, we gotta do this. We can include all the Polaroids we take if we travel as well!!*

*Do you like plants by the way? Are you a plant kinda guy, or someone who kills plants by accident? Answer truthfully, dork.*

*~~Gods George, you can't just say shit like that.~~*

*And I'll go anywhere you go. So don't worry about losing me on the way, cause you won't ever. I promise. I suppose I could be nicer to myself, so maybe I'll take some online courses that I was thinking about. Just some coding shit. Simple things I can get certificates for, so I can bring some money in too for us.*

*I'll ignore it for now... I think it'll come back into play later, but anything for you Georgie. But trust me, we are both idiots, and that's fine.*

*Me and Sapnap... Gods, we go way back. We met when I was 13 and he was 12 on a minecraft server. We just found each other's game play sick, and soon enough we were gaming every day and discord calls began to be frequent, and the rest is history. It's been a few years now, one of my best friendships if I'm honest. Aside from you now.*

*I'm not sure how I make good friends with people who aren't close to me. I guess it's becoming a habit. Though this time you're too far for comfort. ~~I wish I could have you.~~ Guess one thing is I feel myself able to open up more with people far from me, which makes me closer to them.*

*There's definitely stuff Sap knows and you don't. But I'm a pretty open book, not going to lie. Sapnap knows all the dumb shit I've done over the years, my stupid kid crushes and some deep stuff.*

*I also promise to tell you everything soon. You actually reminded me I should call Sapnap tonight. I think I need a good long rant into him to figure a few things out. It'll be helpful I think, so I can tell you as well.*

*I'd prefer holding your hand too. I bet I'd engulf it.*

*Oh, also, I'm glad you liked the Minecraft band-aids. I thought they were rather perfect for your little injuries.*

*Ah, something I scratched out. I just- I want to tell you. I really do. It's, like, on the tip of my tongue. I could probably scribble it down, but I think I need Sapnap first. Just one more person before I could potentially ~~ruin this~~ confuse or disgust you. So I need a bit of time.*

*~~I'm sorry. Gods, I wish I could say it. I wish I could say everything I want to. I feel so stupid not saying it. I know it so clearly, but Gods George, I'm so scared. I don't have any of the confidence you think I do for the things that really matter. I'm sorry.~~*

*For once, I'm not too behind. I think I need to do a retest, and I got one assignment I'm kinda behind on. But I don't think it's too shabby. But Gods you're brilliant, George! I should ask her to study with me. Since I can't have you, might as well ask her. You would be ideal though, of course. I'm not going to fall for her Georgie, but yes I promise to tell you, even though it's not going to*

*happen. I don't gush about people, so don't expect some romantic love confession about her. That I would never do, unless I found the love of my life... Yeah, I feel like I'd have to keep up some sort of image with her parents. Something like saying I'm a straight A student, still in football, all that shit. I feel like I wouldn't be able to tell them I play video games most of the time and my best friends are thousands of miles away from me. Which means I have to put on a facade, which I'd hate. Especially if I have to lie.*

*Sorry, Gods, I think I'm much more rambly in this letter. I just wanna answer you well. I don't wanna disappoint you. Ever.*

*Aha, you're right, what a coincidence you're so similar. ~~I think that's why she caught my stupid eye.~~ Heh, I think you could rock a skirt and a fitted shirt, Georgie. Wouldn't hurt to try.*

*What the hell, if the debate gets to go to London I should just join on the off chance I get to meet you. I can't let her meet you before me. That's fucked up. I don't allow this at all. It would definitely be weird and unfair, and I am meeting you first before anyone. Unless Sapnap lied to me and he's actually British, I guess he could meet you. But no, I'd still be pissed off, fuck him.*

*Promise not to hug any American before me? You better promise or this is real betrayal, baby.*

*I think I'm more than a little attached to you. I'll admit that to you. The wait was fucking brutal and I never want to experience it after this stupid season is over. Fuck winter! The distance makes me so nervous. Any day I could get your letter and it's so unclear when.*

*I'll do you one better. I daydream a lot, probably too much. But sometimes I wonder what class you could be when I wake up, or when I'm headed to school. Sometimes I wonder if Amelia was a bitch to you and I just already wanna kick her ass. I wonder how you see the world a lot, because of your color blindness. I wish I could show the colors of the world sometimes. The universe wasn't fair to you, and that makes me sad. Why couldn't stupid Amelia be colorblind? But then again, it's also an endearing factor about you. You're special, and it's all for me.*

*~~I hope.~~*

*~~Maybe.~~*

*~~Fuck. I'm crazy.~~*



~~Fuck.~~

*The awful time has come to end this letter. I hope I wasn't too ramby. I really like you George, and I cherish our friendship so fucking much. I hope you know that. You've become so important to me, and I don't want to lose you. Sorry if I seem a bit confused or cautious at times, but I promise in the next letter I'll have better words for you, hopefully. (If Sapnap isn't useless.)*

*I hope your classes have been well, and I hope you don't tire yourself too much with the extra work. I know you're smart, but it's no fun doing extra work. Especially blackmail work. †You better start getting more sleep too. Next letter I want to hear the words "I slept so well and dreamt the best dreams".*

*I miss you a fuck ton.*

*(~~Maybe being in love isn't too bad.~~) Guess we love each other?*

*- your dream :)*

*p.s.- there's a surprise for you in the letter, baby.*

---

It had always been easy for him to get lost in his thoughts. Daydreaming was something he often did in classes, lunch, during homework or even between games with Sapnap.

But these days, there was a sole focus on his daydreaming.

*George.*

The brunet had easily taken over his world, and he had let it happen with ease. It was why he was

sitting up on his favorite branch in the tree at the park, staring at what he had carved into the aging bark.

The letters D + G had been carved messily into the old, dark wood. He hadn't even realized what he was doing at first. He had finished his letter, which had left him fiddling with his pocket knife while entirely lost in thought.

His hands had moved almost on their own accord. And now, what he wanted most was forever carved into his favorite spot.

With his teeth digging into his bottom lip he traced the G with one of his fingers.

How did he want someone he had never met so badly?

Why did George make his world spin, and how did he become the reason he wanted to wake up each morning? The hope of a new letter? Or the hope to see the words, *I want you more than a friend*, written across the letter in his pretty cursive writing.

The pet name 'baby' had already been written repeatedly without much thought. It's all he wanted to call George, aside from *his*.

*His* .

It had been almost three years since this feeling had washed through him, but even this time it was different. It wasn't some cheerleader that had always crushed on him and that he had found attractive. It wasn't Skye who had asked him out for the sake of some sort of spotlight.

George made him feel alive. George made everything feel worth it, and he wanted that feeling to stay with him forever.

Dream knew what it meant. He knew what those letters buried into the tree meant. This was more than a crush at this point, and he had never even acknowledged his feelings so forwardly.

This was... *love*?

The simple thought of the word made his cheeks flush darkly. How did he *love* someone so easily? Why was George so easy to love? It wasn't fair, especially with the distance.

He reached out for his phone, 7:30 pm staring back at him. He hadn't paid attention to how quickly time had passed while writing his heart out. Time seemed immeasurable when it came to George. He could have doted longer, but instead, he went into his contacts and pressed onto Sapnap's name.

Sapnap would be able to help.

It's why he had mentioned to George he needed to talk to Sapnap. He knew he needed to tell someone before George. Before he knew for sure. Before he had any support.

It rang once, twice... and Sapnap picked it up at the third, quick as always. He wondered if George would pick up quickly, or was he someone who forgot he even had a phone? Buried somewhere in his bed and needing to find it when the ringer went off.

"Hey Dream!"

There was an instant feeling of relief when he heard his best friend's voice. Sapnap who was always so calm and collected. Sapnap who didn't think too hard, and did as he pleased.

"Sap, hey..." he whispered back, unsure of why he was even whispering, but it was all that he could manage.

He could practically hear the frown in Sapnap's voice when he spoke up again. "What's wrong? Have you been kidnapped?"

A little smile of amusement spread across his face. Sapnap had immediately become concerned something was wrong, and made a joke of it. It wasn't the type of wrong he expected, but the worry was appreciated nonetheless.

"Nah. I just wanted to talk."

And Sapnap being Sapnap led them into conversation with ease. It was one of the best parts of their friendships. Where he could be silent, occasionally chirp in, and Sapnap had no problem with it. The younger one was happy talking and singing to himself.

Would George be quiet during phone calls? Would he be talkative? Or would they both be comfortable sitting silent in calls together? Nothing but each other's presence. Dream was pretty sure he'd like it, or maybe he wouldn't be able to keep his mouth shut like how he was around Sapnap.

"Did you get George's letter?"

The name grabbed his attention immediately, bringing him back out of his thoughts to silence. "Huh?"

"George's letter, idiot, did you get it? You said they'd take longer now. How are you coping?" Sapnap teased and Dream knew if they were on camera, he'd be smiling slyly.

"I actually... got it today. I just finished writing it and all. He sent me Polaroids again. He sent me a photo of his sister and pets. And there's a cute one of him laying on the floor fast asleep." he rambled, knowing he was gushing. It always happened when he spoke about George.

And he knew it was why Sapnap was laughing obnoxiously into the phone.

"Fuck off..." Dream huffed softly, glancing away from the phone to stare at the ripples in the pond.

"Well, at least I have a sure fire way to get you out of your head, Dreamie." Sapnap teased with ease. "But really, I'm glad he makes you happy. You deserve it."

He *deserved* it. Sapnap knew he made him happy, and Dream knew it even more so. Even Emma and his parents knew it, but why was it so hard still to fully articulate?

His quietness must've been noticeable as Sapnap interrupted once more. "Dream?"

His throat felt dry as he searched for words. For a way to explain to Sapnap how he felt. To ask why he felt like this.

“I think... I don’t only like girls.” The words fell off his tongue in a clumsy mess. It was rushed, and he felt almost breathless as he admitted one of things that had been swirling in his head for so long.

Sapnap was silent and Dream felt himself squeeze his eyes shut. He couldn’t even see Sapnap’s face, but part of him was terrified of it. He dreaded what Sapnap would say, how he would react.

“Is this... is this you coming out to me...?” The younger asked slowly. There was no judgment. No disgust. Just Sapnap.

The answer to that was something Dream didn’t have either. He had promised to talk to Sapnap about it in the letter to George. He had to do it now, or he would be waiting forever, scared of his own shadow.

He swallowed, “It’s hard to come out when I don’t even know what this is exactly. I just...” there was a pause, his eyes flickered to the polaroid in his lap. The photo of George, curled up sound asleep. All he knew was he wanted to be in that photo, able to hold the smaller close. “I think I like boys.”

There was nothing but a soft hum for a moment and it felt like his heart was going to jump out of his chest.

“You know I’ll always support you, Dream. Doesn’t matter to me who you like, don’t beat yourself over it. Alright? I know you will.”

The words were comforting and warm. Like Sapnap was hugging him as he confessed the feelings he had been burying for months. Sapnap was accepting of him, he wanted to support him, and he was fine with it.

They were still friends. He supposed he had been nervous for no reason, but after losing touch with all his school friends because of simply dropping out of football, the fear had been planted into his mind.

Even with his best friend. It was something he just had to hear. To make sure.

“Thanks, Sap, really... I knew you’d support me.” he stated softly with a smile on his face as he fiddled with the polaroid. He knew George would accept him too if he came out to him. But did he tell the other everything? Did he risk their friendship that was so important to him because of his feelings?

“Can I ask if it was George?”

Dream’s eyes widened, glancing back at his phone, but all he saw was his own faint reflection staring back at him. “Fuck off...” he muttered, sinking in his spot.

All Sapnap did was laugh, “Oh come on, it’s a little obvious. Aren’t you going to tell your *best* friend?”

He simply scoffed, “George is my new best friend actually.”

“Ouch. Replacing me with the *boyfriend* already?”

“Shut up, he doesn’t like me like that!” he huffed softly once more but there was a smile on his face as he thought about it. A boyfriend. George as his boyfriend. The reality seemed so unattainable, but he wanted it so badly.

“Okay, now I know you’re stupid. Didn’t he offer you his college trust fund or something? What kind of friend does *that*?”

“Well he is my *other* best friend now. So he isn’t just a friend.”

“Dream, I wouldn’t offer you my college money even if *we* were dating. George is, like, on a different level of *love* at this point.”

There hadn’t even been a moment where he had considered that it was possible for George to *love*

him. Maybe a chance for him to like him back. He knew they talked about it in letters but writing was so much easier than saying. What if love was totally out of the picture?

Love was at a different level, just like Sapnap had said, and he was on it. But George- George... he didn't even know if there was a mutual crush or not.

"Dream?" Sapnap's voice came softer this time.

A soft sigh left him as he glanced at the pile of paper on his bag. The opened letter and his now finished letter sitting right next to it. There was no point in mulling over the possibilities by himself.

"Maybe... he does Sap, but I'd hate to lose what we have now. I don't want to lose his friendship over my having a crush." He'd rather take love sickness over losing George completely.

"That's fair. But I'm always here for you, and I know George is too. So if you want to come out to him, you should. At least that much, you know? Don't leave him totally in the dark."

He hummed at those words, nodding to himself even if Sapnap couldn't see it. He had already considered coming out. He owed George that much after making him worry more again.

"Yeah... I will. Don't worry. Just need good timing for it."

The sun had begun to dip behind the trees as he had spoken with Sapnap. The park was emptying of people, no one but later afternoon joggers left.

His next letter. Maybe it would be the one. The one where he finally told at least one of the things to George that he had been hiding.

Dream's eyes fell on the carving one last time. Maybe he'd be able to show that to George too, if they ever got past the little barrier of friendship he wanted to break so desperately.

## Chapter End Notes

note from tad:

Hello hello !!!!! I hope you all enjoyed today's chapter :))) but most important we reached 10k hits !!!!! We're so happy this fic has reached so many people and so many of you enjoy it and are showing it some love. This is seriously one of the best things I've worked on and am continuing to work on. It's helped me so much to improve writing and I'm glad so many people like it as well :))) thank you all for the support again <333

don't forget to user sub to both of us! comments and kudos make our day <3

socials:

[kat's twitter](#)

[tad's twitter](#)

[pc&s playlist](#)



# freedom

## Chapter Summary

This, though. What he was about to do. This was for *him*.

## Chapter Notes

hi guys <3 this is a reminder that we have a [playlist](#) for this fic, and it includes any and all songs dnf send each other throughout this fic <3

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

*My Dearest Dream,*

*You live in Orlando, Florida. A city popularly known for housing Universal Studios and Disney World... and you... don't like rollercoasters? Well this just ruined all of my plans for coming to America. How the hell am I supposed to go to a theme park I've always dreamed of going to, when the guy I'd be going to see is scared of rollercoasters? Baby, don't worry, if you take me on one I promise you can hold my hand.*

*Heights I get, kind of. Although, it's interesting to hear that you're afraid of heights when you are literally a giraffe. Tall ass. Or is that alright because your feet are firmly planted on the ground? This tree better not be obscenely tall, because if I even lose my balance on a branch I might scream. (Okay, fine. I might be a little scared of heights too. Maybe I'm just scared of falling.) I've been falling for a while though. Fuck, nope not yet.*

*I suppose if you promise to keep me safe in the tree, then I will consider climbing it. What is up there anyways? Besides the view, of course. And I saw that, idiot. I'm not the pretty view. That's you. Especially after that surprise polaroid you sent. Jesus fucking Christ, Dream. Your eyes. I hate that I can't see the real colour of them, but God, they're beautiful. You're beautiful.*

*Emma is cute too, especially with Patches. I imagine she looks a lot like you, just more young. Too bad Andrew wouldn't pose for a picture though, I guess I won't get to know who the hotter brother is until I visit. Kidding, obviously. We all know Andrew is hotter.*

*Ha! Don't lie, I made you roll your eyes there, didn't I?*

*Speaking of family, I have some news! I told my parents my secret, I told Gracie and Nanny Beth as well. Turns out it wasn't as scary as I thought it would be. I had all of these ideas about how the world would view me if I wasn't something "normal", or whatever. But when I sat down with my parents, they told me something I hadn't ever thought about before. My mum said, "George, would you rather spend your entire life scared of your own shadow? Or would you rather wake up every morning smiling at the sun? If you choose the first option, you may be living your life for other people. But if you choose the second option, you'll finally be living your life for yourself. I say choose the second option."*

*I agreed, I cried a lot too. My father actually cried more than I did, in a good way. Nanny Beth was sweet about it, she and Gracie made me a cake and we had a small little celebration. My grandparents aren't super pleased about it, but they said as long as I'm happy that they'll be happy for me. Wil's known for a while, he actually helped hype me up before I told my family. If I'm being honest, I told Cat first. He responded by staring at me and then pawing at my face.*

*I promise I am going to tell you soon, I just have to do something first. Today was the last day of school before winter break, and I actually have to go do that thing as soon as I'm done writing this letter. So, you're next on the list. I promise. This is going to end all of the bullshit with Amelia too. It'll all finally be over, and I am going to be able to spend the holidays in peace and start second semester doing only MY work. I'm slightly terrified still, but I'm saying 'fuck it'.*

~~*I wish I didn't have to wait to tell you. I should have told you five letters ago.*~~

*Winter, I loathe it. Kind of. It has it's pros and cons, I'll explain. Pros: snow, warm drinks, homemade meals and candy, giving gifts, music by the fireplace. Cons: cold, power outages, letters taking a million years to get to you and back to me, you not being here to keep me warm. It's been three and a half weeks since I sent your letter, and I swear to God, Dream... I could have kissed the postman when he delivered your letter today. I knew it was coming, but I've been so anxious about this whole secret revelation thing and having to wait more than three or four days for a letter back from you has been fucking torture.*

*That would have been a terrible first kiss though, and I doubt the postman would have appreciated it.*

*With these postal delays, I'm sure you'll be out of school for winter break as well by the time you get this. I'm glad your classes were going well when you wrote your last letter. Did you and Skye ever get together to study? Don't be an idiot about "can't have you", you know I'd be all yours if*

*I was there. I regret to inform you, however, that I will not be trying on a cheerleading costume. I have worn a skirt before though, it was a dare, but it was surprisingly comfortable. I don't know, maybe again in the future, we'll see. But yes, I agree you should wear a lot of blue. My favourite colour on my favourite boy, I think that's something I could think about forever. God, you'd look enchanting. You already do in every picture I have of you.*

*You're quite the catch, no wonder Skye asked you out. I told Wil you fancied him, he said he knows a great place he could take you on a date. I'm kidding! He thought the whole joke of it was funny, however he does appreciate the compliment of being called 'hot'. I guess that's alright though if you don't want to go for the girls at his band's shows, it just means I get to spend more time with you. Imagine you visit me here and ditch me for some random girl, that would be so rude.*

*Teasing you is fun. The more we talk, the more I feel like I can poke and prod at you. The funniest part is that you just tease me right back. I like it. Like you said, back when we started writing to each other I feel like we were both so stoic. (Yeah, yeah, I was more so than you were. I wouldn't call myself annoyed in those letters, probably just more unwilling to make a new friend.) ~~You're more than that now though. You have been for a while I think.~~*

*I'm glad we fell out of that though, became more casual and what not in our letters. It's been exciting, like an adrenaline rush sometimes. I just feel a lot more carefree when I'm writing to you now. You've brought out this whole new side of me that I never knew existed. I think I've been hiding from myself for a long time, so thank you. Oh, here I go again with the thankfulness rambles, but I don't care. Thank you for your kind words about me, I don't think I've ever known someone to say such things. Even Wil, he's not a mushy type. Well, he can be sometimes, but not like you. It feels different coming from you. It feels better. ~~Love it.~~*

*So yes, you are my happiness, and I'm honoured to be yours. I'm glad you're not going anywhere, although you coming here is not something I would complain about in the slightest. I'm working on the whole being negative thing, I'm not trying to come off that way. I think I just worry about you or something happening to you, and the fact that I wouldn't be able to rush to your bedside if that happened. But thank you for the reassurance that you'd have Emma write me at least so I wouldn't be left wondering. I'd have Gracie write you too if something happened to me. Although I don't go out climbing trees now, do I?*

*I don't know how you're supposed to do anything in my honour in Florida when I've never been there. Surprise me, Dream. I'll love whatever you do. I think Florida is lucky to have you. I'm jealous. Plus, there's snow covering our city now, so it's just cold everywhere I go. You're probably used to the heat there, so in winter do you bundle up? Or do you still just wear your hoodie? I still wanna know how comfy that thing is, it'd probably drown me if I tried it on. Guess we'll find out one day.*

*There's a lot of guessing about the future, isn't there? You mentioned a lot of stress coming from the cycle that you're supposed to follow of school, more school, and then working for the rest of your life. I think that sounds like an absolute drag and ultimate waste of time. I think your plan of just taking some online courses for certification sounds like a brilliant idea. Fuck the system's standards, right? Let yourself be happy.*

*I'm glad you're not as stressed since we've started talking, that you feel happier. It's okay to ignore all of that adult stuff for now, I think we were forced to grow up too fast sometimes. But I am glad you're being kinder to yourself. I promise I slept more, I know last time I wrote you I hadn't slept in two days. So this is me saying I'm taking care of myself too, like you asked.*

*I feel happier too, a lot happier. You already know that, but I'm going to keep telling you in every letter. Mostly because I miss you, but also because I like the way you think. Fuck the proper lifestyle and living up to a standard of perfection? Deal. That's exactly the plan. I like that you don't take shit from anyone, not even from me. You're quick witted, and I adore that about you. Even when you're a dick about me using proper english, but it's growing on you, so I count that as my success.*

*Speaking of success... You've really known Sapnap since you were 12? That sounds like a successful friendship to me! I'm glad you have him and that you two get on so well. Even if you can't tell me all that dumb shit or deep shit you tell him, I'm glad you at least have him to talk to about it. You mentioned you needed to tell me something, but that you needed to talk to him about it first. How did that talk go? It's okay if you're still not ready to talk about it. No pressure.*

~~*Was it something to do with me?*~~

*You're funny, you know. There's about two Americans at my school total, and I think I have class with one of them. I don't plan on hugging them any time soon, seeing how I don't even know their name. Now that I think about it, I don't know your name either. I like 'Dream' though. It works well for you.*

*I promise I won't betray you, you'll be the first that I hug, and meet. And I have to meet you while you're "still hot", so I guess my time frame is getting shorter. Or longer. Maybe you're one of those guys that is still hot even when he's old and grey. I plan on staying around long enough to see if I'm right on that. So this is me saying you won't have to wait forever, we'll see each other as soon as possible. Spending forever with each other doesn't sound half bad.*

*Waiting forever with this distance does sound detrimental though. I think I'm going crazy too, just a little bit. Every day I just think about what it would be like if you were here. I wish you were here. I'd take you to one of Wil's rehearsals, I'd let Gracie drag you along to her favorite sweets shop, we could go sit by the fireplace in my living room and read through *The Great Gatsby* or*

*watch a Christmas movie. Or, we could just go sit in my windowsill and watch the snow fall. I might fall asleep on you if we were to do that, but you seem comfortable enough.*

*And no, I do not look angelic or cute while sleeping, you're ridiculous. If I remember that polaroid properly, I look like a right mess with my hair everywhere. But I suppose if you'd like to cuddle with Cat or Dog (the 'babies' as you called them), then I would be fine sleeping on the floor again. They are quite snuggly, I am too, to be fair. Cuddling sounds kind of nice. Really fucking nice. ~~I want to cuddle with you.~~*

*I'm kind of sad, actually. Cat is a family pet, so I don't think I can bring him to university with me. But you can meet him when we come home to visit. Seeing how you're saying now that you have to make a good impression on your future second family. How bold of you to assume that I am accepting your proposal. I think it's a brave idea, proposing first and then dating. And now you're taking me up on my idea of traveling, and you want to take me to Paris to woo me with your flirting... Is this you asking me out? You also said that you'd take me to dinner if I accompanied you during and after your shifts at your job. I don't know, baby, kind of sounds like you're asking me on a date.*

*Is that why you deflect and say I could catch "anyone's attention" after you compliment my hair and call my smile pretty? Or why you crossed out something that read "God I wish I could..." before it got too dark for me to read? Or how you talk about engulfing my hand when you say you want to hold it? There was something crossed out that almost looked like you were actually asking me if I wanted you to be my boyfriend...*

*I'm teasing you, Dream. Did I make you nervous? I bet you're blushing.*

*But yes, let's travel the world together. Paris, Rome, Greece, wherever you want. Say the word and we'll be on a plane in first class. My trust fund is for whatever I want to use it for, plus school. Have you ever watched television shows like "Gossip Girl" where they just go shopping and travel for fun with their wealth? I got sick last year and ended up watching the entire series on Netflix, it was dramatic, but it gave me some good ideas as far as travelling goes. So don't worry about spending my money, I have it and I'll spend it on you if I want to. You save your money for yourself, especially if you're working hard for it and watching kids steal candy.*

*That includes our living situation for when I go to uni and you plan to follow me. It's kind of fun that we've decided it's "our" apartment. I guess that means it is official that we'll be living together. It'll be easier recreating all of our polaroids that way too, maybe we can live somewhere that is warm half the year and still gets snow in the winter. That way it would be like a mix of both of our worlds. Coming together, just like us. Sounds kind of perfectly wonderful to me.*

*I want to see you. So I think you're right about us being suckers for each other, because seeing*

*you is all I think about most days. Part of me wishes you'd actually get on that plane just so I could have you in my arms. Although, I wouldn't want you to upset your parents. But you could meet mine, they're home for a few weeks because of the holidays. Do you have plans with your family for the holidays? Are you out of school yet?*

*It's interesting, actually. I daydream about the same things, kind of. Like what classes you're in when I'm leaving school for the day, or how you're still asleep when I'm starting my day. It's intriguing to me that my colour blindness bewilders you so much. It's just always been a part of my life, I think I've just gotten so used to seeing the world this way that I can't even imagine what seeing other colours would feel like. You make the world seem a lot more colourful though for me. Obviously not actual colours, but more like feelings. Like green, it feels like reading your letters and getting lost in those eyes you finally showed me.*

*I may not be able to see it, but this feeling in my chest that's making my heart beat faster and is sending those butterflies we talked about fluttering around... That's green to me. And I like it. I might keep the unsent letters, they're all in my waste bin right now, but I can smooth them out and keep them. Maybe one day I'll let you read them. Everything I couldn't say now that maybe I can say in the future.*

*Dream, if you want to tell me something and it's on the tip of your tongue, I promise you can tell me. You'd never disgust me or confuse me. But, take your time. You tell me things when you're ready to, the same way I do with you. Slowly but surely. Just like my crumpled unsent letters. I'd listen to you forever too, I guess that's why I'm so open to us planning our future together. It's the one thing that is seeming to make the future seem attainable.*

*I suppose I do like plants. I like those ones that require as little attention as possible, but grow like crazy in droopy vines everywhere. One moment, I'm going to research what they're called. - Philodendron Micans. That's the one. We could grow them everywhere in our apartment, fill it with green. Do you like plants, or do you kill them off easily?*

*"Special and it's all for me", of course, Dream. I feel like most things I tell you are just for you. I don't ever want to say or do anything for anyone else. You make me feel special. I've felt nothing but ordinary my entire life, but you make me feel something entirely new. It doesn't scare me any more, I don't think. I like the feeling.*

*I like clinging onto this, onto you. You're genuinely my favourite person in the world, and I know I've told you that before, but it's true. You make me smile, you make me feel cared about, you make me look forward to everything life has to offer in the future. Because if this all works out, I know you'll be there. I'll actually get to see you and talk to you, and I think I could listen to you forever too.*

*If you like me calling you “baby”, then I will simply just have to keep doing it. Won't I, baby? Not gonna lie, I kind of like it too.*

~~*I want to be yours, I want to be the only person you call ‘baby’. I am going to cross this entire thing out, but I need to write down what I want before I go insane. I want you. I want to be in your arms, and I never want to be let go. Please never let me go. I’ll never let you go, I don’t think I could even if I tried. Okay, now I’ll stop.*~~

*I was doing pretty well on not crossing much out this letter, but I think sometimes I get carried away. It looks like you do too. One day maybe we won’t have to do that any more. No more secrets. Soon, hopefully.*

*Here’s something I won’t cross out, songs I like recently that make me think of you:*

- “Miss You” by Gabrielle Aplin
- “Better” by Khalid
- "Skinny Love" by Bon Iver

*Wilbur is going to be here any second to pick me up for that thing I have to do, so I am going to have to end this letter here. I don’t want to, I want to keep writing, but I hope you don’t mind too much.*

*I like you a lot too, Dream. I cherish this friendship above anything else, and I want you to know that I’m not going anywhere. You don’t need to be so cautious, or confuse yourself when it comes to me. You’re not going to lose me. I don’t think you could ever say anything that would make me stop writing you, because I don’t want to ever lose you either. You feel like my entire world most days, and I’ll wait for you forever. Always.*

*I hope you’re well, and that the upcoming holidays are fun. Tell Emma that I say hello, tell Andrew I hope he’s well even if he’s being an arse, tell your parents I’m thankful that they brought you into this world, and say hello to Patches and Jay the fish for me. I promise I am getting more sleep now, lots of winter time naps all bundled up.*

*I guess you might be right. We might love each other. I never expected that when we started this whole thing a few months ago, but it feels kind of nice to have someone to love this way.*

*I miss you. I miss you. I miss you.*

*- love, your George*

*p.s. - did I mention that I miss you? Here's a polaroid of me to prove it.*

---

For the first time in months, George was finally looking into the eyes that read his letters. The eyes that sparkled like citrine through his vision and held the world within him. He knew it was cheesy, in fact, he knew most of the entire situation between himself and Dream was cheesy. But he didn't care. Dream felt like his entire world, and having him become more comfortable with sharing parts of himself felt like a relief.

And relief was exactly the point of that day. It was the reason he'd cried while being wrapped in his parent's arms. It's why it had been so easy to explain to Gracie that loving people sometimes isn't a matter of their gender, rather a matter of how happy they make you feel. She had been really cute about the whole thing, dragging Nanny Beth to the kitchen to make a rainbow cake just for them to all share after their supper the evening he'd told them.

This, though. What he was about to do. This was for *him*.

He'd found out a lot more about himself because of Dream, he'd spent more time learning about his own feelings and thoughts. He'd learned how to appreciate someone because of who they were as a person and nothing more or societally projected onto them. And because of all of that, he was finally learning how to *actually* let himself be happy.

His phone buzzed, indicating that Wilbur was outside and ready to pick him up. He looked at the polaroid one last time, bright eyes with shaggy blond locks waving over them while a face mask covered Dream's nose and mouth. It felt like the most real version of Dream he'd ever seen, the version he needed to take with him for an extra ounce of bravery.

George tucked the polaroid in his wallet, slipping it into his pocket before grabbing his backpack. He'd already let his family know he'd be going out, waving to them all before running out of his home to slip into Wilbur's car.



“You ready for this?” Wilbur asked as George fastened his seat belt. He looked over at him with a smile.

“I am so fucking ready.”

Wilbur backed the car out of the driveway, turning to guide them back down the road still wet from the freshly fallen snow. Soft flakes of intricate white continued to slowly drop from the clouds above as they drove past rows of homes and kids building whatever they could fashion from the powdery white substance.

It was peaceful, serene, in a way. He wasn't the biggest fan of winter, but there was something about that day that just made it feel more calming than any other. He knew that once he did this, all of the pain and restless nights would be over. He knew he'd be able to go home and spend his evening re-reading Dream's letters in his windowsill without any worry about what the second semester of school would bring in regards to coursework.

The drive wasn't too long either. Everyone from their school lived pretty close together, and Wilbur had been to Amelia's house plenty of times before for family business meetings. Even her home seemed dreary. There were no lights strung between bushes and trees, no footsteps in the snow on their front lawn, not even a decoration for the holiday in sight.

He didn't feel stressed as they parked out front. He didn't even feel anxious when Wilbur turned to him, placing his hand on his arm. “You have the picture ready?”

George pulled out his phone, flashing the picture he'd had his mother help him take only a few days before.

“Good. You sure you don't want me to come with you?” Wilbur asked, squeezing George's arm lightly.

“I think I have to do this one on my own. Thank you though, Wil. I'll be back in a few minutes.”

He reached into his backpack, pulling out a stack of Amelia's textbooks and folders full of assignments. With a huff, he pushed the car door open and made his way to her front porch. The books were heavy, they were an extra weight he'd been carrying around since the day she'd ripped Dream's letter, and he was finally ready to be rid of that.

No more guilt. No more shame.

He knocked on her front door, pressing his finger against the doorbell right after. He could hear faint footsteps from behind that seal of protection, and his heart started beating just a little bit faster as he watched the doorknob turn. But he couldn't stop himself from smiling when Amelia opened the front door and dropped her face into her typical glare.

“What the hell do *you* want?” she hissed, leaning against the door frame.

“I'm here to give you back all of your shit. I'm done.” he said casually, holding out the stack of books. Amelia furrowed her brow, sneering lightly out of what could only be confusion as she glanced at everything in his hands before looking back up to him.

“You're saying you finished all of my coursework that is due after the break? We literally got new assignments today.”

“No, let me rephrase,” he started, clearing his throat before smiling. “I'm done. I'm not doing your work anymore, and you can't report me to the headmaster for anything, because we'll both get expelled. So, take your shit, and stay the fuck out of my life. I'm done.”

It felt good to finally stand up to her, especially on her own front door step. It felt even better to see her eyes drop with something that seemed to twist knots in her stomach. He wasn't a cruel person, he didn't even like showing an ounce of unkindness to anyone regardless of what they'd done to him. But with her, it felt like a rush of cool water on a summer day.

“I know that, dumbass. But what about your little secret, George? You know our deal.”

He could only smile to himself, leaning down to set the stack of books by her feet. George pulled his phone out, maneuvering through his apps and pressing 'post' on the picture. Within seconds he felt his chest warm with something exciting he'd only ever felt when reading through Dream's letters.

“I do. Happy Christmas, Amelia. You should check Instagram, by the way.” he said with a smile and the cock of his brow.

With that, he turned away from her confused face, and made his way back into Wilbur's car.

Wilbur pulled them out of the driveway, once again driving back down the same route they'd taken to get there.

He didn't feel nervous at all as he reopened the app he'd posted the picture on. Wilbur had been congratulating him and screaming praises about how flabbergasted Amelia's face had looked. His words muffled with laughter into nothingness as George read through the comments on his picture.

He couldn't help but smile as his eyes welled up with tears that sprung from somewhere created just for pure happiness. Comments were full of multicoloured heart emojis, others with rainbow flags and praises of love and pride. The photograph itself was of him smiling while holding a small rainbow flag Gracie had gotten him when she and Nanny Beth had gone out, and he thought to himself about how he'd never felt happier than in the moment that photo was taken.

That was until now. Now he had an influx of love and acceptance flowing his way. Hundreds of his classmates and extended family members typing out words full of nothing but kindness and love. He wished he could show Dream. He was one of the reasons George had even felt brave enough to post it in the first place. And he was glad for that. He was finally free. And he kept getting his eyes stuck on the caption he'd created for it all, letting the tears fall as he tuned back into Wilbur's ramblings.

*It read: Some things are a choice, this never was. I'm proud to be who I am, and I'm proud to finally be able to share this part of myself with you all. Life is better with a little bit of sunshine and rainbows. I've been dreaming of this day for a long time <3 :)*

## Chapter End Notes

note from kat:

hi, are yall as proud of my boy as i am? he's been through so much and i felt like he deserved a triumphant win for once! thank you guys for stickin through this story with us, it's so appreciated you have no idea! and thank you guys for over 10K hits!! btw your novels of comments have meant the fucking world to me and i love and appreciate you all so much <3

don't forget to user sub to us both, comments and kudos make our day!

socials:

[kat's twitter](#)

[tad's twitter](#)



# hot cocoa

## Chapter Summary

If he called George right now, he was sure the other would've encouraged him. He would be patient and tell him it would be all okay. It was his sister, after all.

## Chapter Notes

hi, we're one day late, oops. thanks for your guys' patience! <3

pc&s [playlist](#)

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

*Dear Georgie,*

*Um, oops? Come on, don't hate me for being scared, baby. I just... they're fast, and loud, and scary... okay? You can't blame me for being scared okay! It's a perfectly normal fear that lots of people have. BUT, maybe I'll go on one... just for you! ~~Only for you.~~ You didn't even mention wanting to go, so I didn't know you liked them. I'll practice until you get here. Me and Emma will go during spring break or something. Alright? The things I do for you. I'm such a good best friend.*

*I will definitely be taking that hand holding offer though, yes please! We should hold hands whilst walking around too, just to be safe. You're pretty short, so I'd hate to lose you in the crowd, ya know? Good idea, Georgie.*

*What the hell, don't bring up my height for this fear of heights thing. That isn't a fair comparison, alright? You're right though my feet are safely planted on the ground. It's mainly, like, cliffs I guess or, like, roller coasters that are high in the air.*

*And duh, I'd keep you safe George. I'd never put you in danger especially if you just got to me after months of writing back and forth.*

*Reasons why my tree is the best:*

- 1. It's a pretty tree*
- 2. It's got comfy branches to sit on*
- 3. The view (you)*
- 4. The view of the pond*
- 5. You can see the sunset really well*
- 6. I'm also going to be on the branch with you*
- 7. There's something up there I can't talk about yet*
- 8. I'm there, did I mention that?*

*There we go. I think those are fantastic reasons for you to like the tree. So you better.*

*Thank you for the compliment though. My eyes are pretty cool, I gotta agree. Green is a sick eye color and I got nice lashes too. Could you see some of my freckles? I know the mask covered most of them...*

*Yeah, Emma is like a mini me in girl form. We're pretty alike, another reason we get along.*

*Ha. Ha. You're so funny Georgie. Oh well, guess you'll have to wait to see in person who's actually hotter. Got a feeling it'll be easy when you see me in person, so don't worry. Keep making your little jokes, baby.*

*I'm so glad it went well with your family though, Georgie. I told you it would go well. Nothing to worry about. Your mom is pretty smart for something like that, I see where you get your brains from. I'm glad you chose the second option, though. It's always better to live for yourself than others. Especially when others include bitches like Amelia. (Ew.)*

*Your family sounds sweet though, I'm glad everyone handled the news well, your grandparents too, even if they don't love it. Glad they wanted you to be happy. I gotta say, Cat's reaction may be my*

*favorite. God he's adorable. Like his owner.*

*I'll wait forever for you. Don't worry. There's no rush, I'll always be here. Amelia should be dealt with first. I hope you really drag her through the mud, or whatever, but stay safe too. You got my support for this, don't worry. Sending you all the strength and positive vibes. You can do it!*

*Please, waiting for your letter was agony. I felt like everyday was longer than the last. Definitely the worst part of winter and Christmas time. You'd think they could find a way to get stuff faster across the world during these times.*

~~*Stop tempting me to buy a one way ticket to England. Oh my Gods, George. You make it so hard.*~~  
~~XXXXXXXXXXXX~~

*I'm sorry, first kiss with the postman? Your first kiss? You still haven't had it? I know you haven't dated anyone, but no kiss at all? Not even an awkward one with a girl during a dance or something? Nothing? This is just wrong. You're too damn cute. (No, I won't stop saying that.) Do you have anyone you want for your first kiss...? Out of pure curiosity, of course.*

*Right again, baby. It's been a couple days since winter break started. It's been kinda peaceful with no homework, not going to lie, but it made waiting for your letter worse. I had nothing to distract myself with. Emma taught me how to braid hair though, so that's something, I guess? She gave Andrew two braids and I got one, I'll send a polaroid. Only of me though, no Andrew, cause you'll have to see who's hotter in person.*

*I did take your advice. I'm sure you're happy to hear that. I spoke with Skye and she was actually really nice about it. She agreed to be study partners! So, next semester I have a study buddy I suppose. So we will see how that goes.*

*All mine, huh? You sure no other American boy is going to steal your attention away? They're pretty hot here in Florida. Unfortunate competition could be born.*

*I might wanna ask if you have those photos of you in a skirt. I bet they're hilarious. For the sake of my curiosity. That's all. I'm a curious boy, okay?*

*Your favorite boy, as you say, so I think I can get a little leeway in asking for a photo :) Right?*

*You told him I like him!? Why're you hell bent on embarrassing me? Oh my Gods. Sapnap has a terrific image of you, and you're telling this to Wilbur? I'm telling Sapnap you like ketchup with every food and that you stink. I will exact my revenge on you one way or another.*

*(Tell Wilbur I'd love to go, sorry, I'm going to steal your British bestie.)*

*I would never think of ditching your cute face for some British girl. Only for Wilbur.(Kidding)*

*Wow, to think if we stayed stoic we'd missed out on planning on an entire future based on each other. I'd say it would've been a big loss.*

*Hey, if something happened to me, I'd make sure someone told you, okay? But nothing will, because I'm careful, I promise. And I have good luck. Well, Sapnap has good luck, and it rubs off on me. Alright? It'll also make you lucky because you have me.*

*CLIMBING TREES WON'T HURT ME, NOR YOU, SO HUSH.*

*This isn't a Florida thing, but aren't there websites where you can buy stars? Maybe I should buy a star for you... I'm not asking you, so don't say no. I think I'll just do it. It would be nice to give you a star. It's like how they light up the sky, you lit up my life just like they do.*

*Cheesy as always, aren't I? But you love it.*

*I feel like it's so much more different for you than here during winter. You get snow and it actually feels like Christmas time. Here it kinda gets a little cold, mainly stormy, and Christmas doesn't look like it belongs here. It's kinda sad. I feel like I'd really enjoy winter time in England. The cold and dreary weather would be a fun time. Especially with you. I'd definitely easily get to stuff snow down your shirt and coat.*

*But yeah, it doesn't get as cold but I do bundle up. I like wearing hats in general, so those for sure. And I'll wear my bigger jackets, or a hoodie with a jacket overtop. But we don't really need gloves or scarves I think. And of course I wear my hoodie. I adore my hoodie. It'll probably be huge on you, but don't worry, I'll let you wear it when you come here or I go there. It would be a cute look.*

~~*I'd kill to see you in my clothes. I think it would make my head spin.*~~



~~Fuck.~~

~~I'm getting carried away again.~~

*Yeah, I actually looked further into some of the programs and I may go for it after talking to my parents. Hopefully Andrew will fuck off during that talk. I don't need him, I'm kinda excited to learn more about stuff I like, so hopefully my parents will be down for it too. Though they'll probably be happy I'm doing something even if it's not college exactly.*

*I'm glad you're sleeping more though. You should be getting the sweetest dreams. I fell asleep on call with Sapnap last night, and apparently I talked in my sleep. He heard me mumble some stuff, and embarrassingly enough, your name. Not sure why I'm telling you this, but I think you'd find it cute or something.*

~~Of course I said your name. You're always in my mind. In my dreams too apparently.~~

~~Everything about you is growing on me. There isn't anything I don't like about you. And it hurts.~~

*We are each other's happiness and I think that's really special. Gods we're too cheesy, I'm glad we don't have to show these to anyone.*

*Mine and Sapnap's friendship is the most successful one I've had, aside from my sister and I, I guess, and now you.*

*And yes. I did end up talking to Sapnap actually, and it went really well. Just like it did for you and your family. I just— it makes me nervous still cause it's something I never spoke about until I told Sapnap. I actually told him right after I finished my last letter. He was really supportive of me, just like your family. I'm not sure I could tell my family just yet, I'm not as brave as you. But Sapnap is someone whose opinion matters the most to me, so I'm glad it went well with him.*

~~Something tells me you will too. But I'm still scared, I'm sorry.~~

*Good. I hope you continue to not know their names. I should be the best and most important American in your life.*

*Would you like to know my name? I guess that's dumb to ask. Of course you would, but I don't know. Dream is a nice name. It fits me. I feel like it's not that I hate my real name... Dream is just special, it's kinda just for us, and I love it. But if you want to know I won't go against you.*

~~*Anything for you, baby.—*~~

~~*Fuck.—*~~

~~*SHUT UP, Dream.—*~~

*I mean, my dad is not the worst looking in his age now. So I could be a hot old man. But I don't want to meet you wrinkled and slow. I wanna show you the world now, when I'm full of energy and I could do anything you want.*

~~*I want to spend eternity with you. XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX—*~~

*Baby, you make this so hard. First, you tell me not to waste my money to come to you, and now you're talking about everything we could do together. This isn't fair. All I wanna do is spend Christmas with you, next to your fireplace, or sit in your windowsill and get to experience my first snowfall with you.*

*It's not fair.*

*Ugh.*

*I'd let you sleep on me, don't worry. I wouldn't dare move the sleeping beauty. And are you dumb? You think I'd let you sleep on the floor whilst I take the bed AND steal Cat and Dog? I'm hurt George. I said I'm a gentleman. I'd treat you right, and that's cuddling you and the babies on the bed. The floor isn't even an option for you! That's awful. You gotta be comfy too, idiot. I like my hair pet too, by the way, good way to get me to cuddle you. :) I'll wrap my long limbs around you and you won't even get a chance to escape.*

*Plus, considering how adorable you look in that polaroid all cozied up, I definitely won't leave you on the floor all alone.*

*That sucks, awh, but don't worry. I'll bring patches with me to our apartment, because technically she's mine. So we'll have a pet no matter what. But yes, I'd like to meet Cat and Dog.*

*Are you saying you're going to reject my proposal?*

~~*But say I was asking you out...? Is this a no...? Yes...? I just... sorry, fuck, ignore this, this is dumb isn't it? Oh gods. I couldn't even tell you what I wanted earlier and I'm doing this. I'm sorry.*~~

~~*Fucking hell.*~~

*George. Holy shit. Fuck off, oh Gods. Yes, you made me nervous, you idiot. It's like you're in my head. Gods. You make me a mess sometimes, fuck.*

*You moved on so quickly after all that? Didn't even give me a yes or no. It's not nice to lead me on, baby. Fuck. Gods. I want to say something so badly. Why do you always do this to me?*

~~*XXXXXXXXXX*~~

~~*Fuck. I need to relax. But it's so impossible when you're in my head. Maybe Sapnap was right.*~~

~~*XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX*~~

*Oh Gods, that whole portion of the letter looks like a mess. I'm so sorry, ignore that whole thing if you want. It's just me being stupid. I think I'm running out of ink though because of all the scribbling. Gods.*

*Okay, I'll try to smoothly move on now about our travelling plans. Forget about all of the panicking.*

*Trust fund is for anything you want, huh? Gods. You're even willing to use it all on us traveling the world and a little apartment to share. I think the rest of this letter is going to be so messy and incomprehensible. Warning for what's to come.*

*I've seen Gossip Girl, yeah. Emma made me watch it with her since Andrew doesn't like those shows. I just... you know it seemed like a tv show thing, or something I could never do. You're the one with the money, silly, so I didn't really think about traveling the world after high school. But*

*alright, if it won't make your parents angry and you'll still do what you want, I guess you can spend it on the both of us. Not only me though, okay?*

*Of course it's our apartment, dummy. Even if one of us spends more time than the other or we both only come to it between trips, it'll always be "our" apartment. I'll definitely chip in to buy it though okay, you can't stop me.*

*A perfect mix of our worlds sounds absolutely incredible, because I definitely want snow during Christmas. That's what I want for the apartment. I guess a balcony would be really cool too, actually. Like one from the main bedroom or something. Uh, not that we'll be sharing of course, or whatever. Just meant one of the bedrooms. My bedroom, I guess.*

*Do you have a balcony at your house? Kinda seems like you do. But I don't think your room has one. Gracie maybe? Or not a British thing?*

*Oh? I'm glad you get to spend some time with your family for the holidays!!! That'll be nice. There's no strict plans. I think we'll have a lot of family visiting, and my grandparents are going to come visit for a while. I haven't seen them since the summer, so that'll be nice. Do your grandparents come from the farm to visit you? Or do you guys go there for the holidays?*

*I'm glad you get to experience green in your own way. I'd be lost if I couldn't see green. But then again, I guess I would've never seen it anyways so I wouldn't know what I was missing.*

*Please do save those letters. I'm curious about them.*

*I know you wouldn't be disgusted. I know, I trust you, and I'd do anything for you, and you would do anything for me. I think, at least. But I don't know. I was so scared telling Sapnap, and honestly, he barely batted an eye. It's just something so- I don't even know how to word it. I just don't want to risk losing you. I told that to Sapnap, and he called me an idiot, so maybe I am an idiot.*

*I love plants actually. Emma takes better care of them, but I like them too. I guess it's because they're green too. But it's nice having them in the house. Makes spaces brighter, but yes I want them for the apartment, definitely. It'll be nice to make it all cozy. I searched the plant up and yes. We should get one of those. We should also get one of those cool palm leaf looking plants... I think it's called a Monstera. It would be pretty in the apartment. I'll learn to take better care of them too, I'll ask Emma for help.*

*The feeling still scares me a little. Not in a bad way. But in this way where it overwhelms me all at once, and makes me want to leave Florida in a heartbeat. I love the feeling, even though it scares me.*

*You're so special to me.*

*~~I just--~~*

*I'm never going to stop calling you baby. It suits you.*

*You did better than me at not crossing out words. I have been a mess this letter, Gods I'm embarrassing.*

*Yeah... no more secrets one day. Hopefully.*

*I miss you.*

*So much.*

*Looks like I have to make a "baby" playlist now. The songs are so good though. I adored them. We both got killer taste in music.*

*Ah, Wilbur's stealing you away is he? Kidding. I hope whatever you need to do goes well, by the way. I'm sending you all of my support.*

*Thank you though. It means a lot to know that even though we say it each letter. Sometimes I need reassurance. I miss you so much and I hope you know that. I know I seem so confused throughout this letter. I hope it doesn't worry you too much. I'm fine, I promise.*

*I hope you have the best possible Christmas and holidays. It won't be long until we can send our letters faster again. No more long waits. I hope you get lots of presents from your family, and all the love in the world from them. I hope you got Gracie a good present too, and Wil!*

*I'll tell everyone you said hello of course. Patches says hello too, she brought you a present again. It was a flower she brought in all by herself and Emma pressed it two weeks ago. I'm not sure if it'll last as well as the rose but it's a daisy and I wanted to give it to you before Christmas passed.*

*I hope you like it as a mini present, besides the star.*

*I miss you.*

*~~I love XXX.~~*

*- your favorite and best boy :)*

*P.S. - your present is also two polaroids, cause it's all I can give you for now*

---

Dream set the pen down, letting himself sprawl down across the floor he had been sitting on for hours now. His desk had become too cluttered over the days, which had him residing for writing on his floor.

There was slight hope that a change in area would help make him clear his head so he could write a good letter. The park would have been his usual choice, but the sound of rain hitting his window rapidly stopped him from going out. The sky was dark from the night and grey clouds. He was almost sure thunder and lightning would be making an appearance soon, which had set a cold chill in his bones.

It had him trapped in his room, listening to raindrops, and the faint music coming from Andrew's bedroom from down the hall.

He sighed softly, eyes focused up on the ceiling, flexing his hand gently. It ached from how long he had been scribbling his thoughts across paper after paper.

This letter was one of his messiest, even when it had been his fifth attempt almost. His thoughts had been more scattered than usual, doodle after doodle filling the margins as he held back from writing George's name over and over again. A habit that had slapped itself across his school notebooks and papers when he daydreamed.

It was far from perfect. It wasn't something he would usually send, not with the amount of crossed out sentences and paragraphs messily filling the pages. But at his fifth attempt, it was the best he could do for George.

*George*, who had sent him the cutest polaroid bundled up next to a fireplace, holding some of his letters. The photo had immediately gone onto his wall when it had slipped between the folds of the letter. He had almost been tempted to switch it with the one in his wallet. But George's first polaroid still remained one of his favorites.

It had been his first glimpse at his world. *His future*.

If he didn't fuck up.

There were two bad directions it could go in. George didn't accept him, or George didn't like him back. Of course there was a chance of both, and the mere thought of it had his heart stilling in his chest.

Humming, he reached out for George's latest letter, eyes scanning across the different words until they stopped at the three songs George had suggested for him to listen to. He grabbed his phone, opening up Spotify as he searched up the first song on the list.

*Miss You* .

He smiled, how appropriate of a title for them. Of course he'd choose this one. Of course *he* had done the same as well. The amount of songs he had listened to and immediately connected to George was becoming a tad ridiculous. Maybe he should add more songs to his next letter. Give George more to listen to.

*Will you be my best friend?*

*Will you be my last?*

George really did feel like his last. He hadn't felt like this since he was with his last girlfriend, and even that wasn't like *this*. Whatever this was. Sapnap would be the closest person he could think of in relation, but they remained in the realm of friendship. George was different.

*I need somebody who can love me like that.*

He let his eyes flutter shut as the song continued. George had to have known what he was doing with these lyrics.

*Oh God, I miss you too*

*It's all I ever do*

Another lyric too close to the reality of the situation.

The music easily covered the sound, footsteps coming down the hall and the creak of his door swinging open.

"Clay?" a voice called out, the door closing once more and he opened his eyes just in time to see matching green eyes staring down at him.

"Oh!" he fumbled for a moment reaching for his phone as he quickly paused the music and set the letter aside, scrambling to sit up. "Ems, what's up?"

The blond looked at him curiously for a moment, eyes wandering the sight of his bedroom floor no doubt. "I'm here for Jay, Patches isn't in my room tonight, remember?" she responded softly, head moving to indicate Jay's presence.

The goldfish was oblivious to the world, happily swimming around its little bowl. Dream couldn't help but feel a little jealous at how Jay got to live its life without a single worry or problem.

"Yeah, sure you can take Jay." he nodded, reaching out to quickly grab at the papers by her feet.



“You sure you're okay?” Emma asked, a frown turning down on her face, but the concern was clear. “You usually aren’t so quiet, and I thought you’d drop off Jay yourself.”

He had meant to. He knew he had told Emma when she had come from her friend's house. But time had slipped away like always.

“Is Patches with Andrew?” he asked instead.

He received a short nod from his sister but it was clear she wasn’t budging.

“Wanna make some hot chocolate?”

“Oh no. It’s really bad isn’t it?” Emma whispered, “I’ll go grab the stuff!” she stated, and hurried out of the door.

It left him alone for a moment to collect his thoughts. It would be helpful to come out to more people. Or at least mention George to her. She was old enough to understand it. She was nearly in high school. It could go as well as with Sapnap.

It didn’t have to go wrong. He’d be fine.

If he called George right now, he was sure the other would’ve encouraged him. He would be patient and tell him it would be all okay. It was his sister, after all.

With those final thoughts, he got up from the floor. George’s photo still tucked in his hand which he quickly slipped into the pocket of his hoodie. Sort of like an invisible hand hold.

The hallway was quiet as he headed out of his room. The light to his parents room was off along with Andrew’s. The music had been paused long ago.

He shuffled down the hallway, a faint glow coming from downstairs. The Christmas tree was still brightly lit up and the t.v. playing a muted Christmas movie.

“Are you good at making it yourself?” Dream asked, poking his head into the kitchen to find her buzzing around.

“Mhm! Just go get blankets and sit your ass down on the couch, idiot.”

He couldn't help but smile at the supposed insult, knowing it no longer was. It was thrown around so much more casually with everyone he knew.

A term of endearment maybe.

It didn't take long to grab some of the extra blankets in the hall closet as he threw them across the couch, making himself comfortable whilst he waited.

Emma appeared in no time, holding two steaming hot chocolates in mugs they had gotten years ago. His was a bright lime green and hers a dark midnight purple. Maybe he should get George a blue one for Christmas whenever they got together. It would be cute to match all three of them. Maybe one for Gracie-

“Clay?”

His name snapped him out of his thoughts again, Emma holding the mug in front of him still. “Shit sorry...” he murmured out, taking the mug carefully.

The frown didn't leave his sister's face as she settled down next to him, wrapping a blanket around her shoulders.

“Spill.”

The word was simple. She wanted him to talk about whatever was bothering him, but his thoughts didn't make it any easier.

The silence must've bothered her further though. A hand coming to rest on his knee. “It's just me, relax. I don't want a remake of three years ago. You aren't locking yourself up in your room again like when you had your break up.”

He sighed softly, taking a sip of his hot chocolate. “Um, George... is starting to... mean a lot more to me th– than I anticipated.”

Emma’s face remained neutral. Not a flicker of disgust, or anything opposing going across her face as she drank her hot chocolate.

It was clear she wanted him to keep going. “I... I just, I think... I think I may like him... more than a friend, you know...?” He hated how his voice trembled. It was so ridiculous. Gods, what would George say right now? He did good? He was proud of him?

There was a beat of silence before Emma spoke up. “So like... you like him, like a crush?” she asked softly, “Like the, ‘I kinda wanna kiss him’, like?”

All he managed was a short nod, his hold on the mug tightening as his knuckles paled.

“You’re such an idiot...” Emma huffed, the mug disappeared from his hands and he looked up in time to find his sister launching herself at him, hugging him tightly.

“I don’t care if you like boys, Clay.” she huffed out into his shoulder.

It was ridiculous. He knew it would’ve been fine, but he still found tears threatening to spill from his eyes as he hugged her back tightly. “I know... I was just scared...” he whispered right back into her hair that had covered his face. “I don’t want to disappoint you. I’m the older one, Ems.”

She scoffed, “Liking dick isn’t going to make me hate you. Plus, Andrews the older dickhead, it’s his job to be the, quote on quote, perfect one.” she swung back, frowning, hands coming up to brush away the tears that had escaped his eyes.

“Don’t cry.” she huffed softly, her words were gentle.

Dream managed a watery smile as she ruffled his hair playfully. He did worry for no reason. Two people had accepted him for who he was.

“I’m just happy.” he mumbled out, cheeks red as he rubbed at them. *Gods*, why did he always cry so easily?

But maybe George was right, maybe he was confident. To a certain extent.

## Chapter End Notes

note from tad:

Another day another chapter ! Hello hello, sorry this ones a little late we forgot to beta and post yesterday. But it’s here :))) This was truly one of my most favorite chapters to write. Emma and Dream are adorable. I hope you all enjoyed !!!!! And thank you for the support on our fic like always <333

don't forget to user sub to us both! Comments and kudos make us smile like crazy, yes we read them all!

socials:

[kat's twitter](#)

[tad's twitter](#)

# happy christmas

## Chapter Summary

It would be the first letter of his that Dream would receive entirely untouched by anyone but him. He wasn't sure why, but it filled his chest with a blooming warmth he couldn't fully understand.

## Chapter Notes

hihi, sorry for another delayed upload! but i hope you all enjoy the surprise in this letter <3

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

*My Dream,*

*There are officially only two days left before Christmas, which can only mean that this letter will reach you after New Years Eve. So, preemptively, Happy Christmas, and Happy New Year! Dream, although this year may have brought some hellfire of a situation with school for me, I can only be grateful that this year happened. I wouldn't have ever met you if it hadn't, so I wouldn't trade it for anything in the world.*

*This waiting for letters will end as soon as these holidays do, hopefully after January is over we can get back to getting our letters only a few days apart instead of a few weeks. I think this waiting might be killing me slowly. The snow seems to freeze midair some days while I just stare out of the window waiting for a bright envelope to appear in the postman's hand.*

*The winter break here is treating us well though. We've gotten a surprising amount of snow this year, and as you asked a few letters back, I did make a snowman just for you. You'll see it in the polaroid, he has your famous smiley face. I tried my best at the snowball fight against Gracie, but I regret to inform you that she had backup, and I was overtaken rather quickly by a group of three twelve-year olds. Pathetic, I know.*

*And you're threatening to also shove snow down my coat if you were here? You're cruel. In fact, I've changed my mind. You're not allowed to visit, that's that. End of story.*

*And to think, I was going to let you into my home to spend Christmas with my family. I was going to indulge you in the idea of getting you all bundled up to see your first snow fall, letting you sit by my fireplace with me, let you help Gracie wrap her presents for everyone... It's a shame, Dream.*

*Kidding! I promise I'd probably only scream a little bit if you tried to cover me in snow, and I'd do my best to tackle you for revenge. Snow is very cold though, I don't know if your Floridian ass could handle it. (Don't worry, I'll keep you warm.) Have you really never seen snow before though? It would be an honour to be cozied up with you for you to witness your first snowfall. Next year, wherever we are. I promise.*

*We don't have a lot of plans, really. It's mostly just reading and watching Christmas films together, and my grandparents will be coming here for Christmas dinner. We have a winter gala we have to go to tomorrow evening for my father's work, but those are always fun. We get to dress up in really fancy clothes and I get to drink champagne. There's dancing too, but I'm not the best dancer, so I usually find an excuse to sneak off during those. Honestly Wil and I will probably just steal extra glasses and hide out in one of the art galleries.*

*Besides that, there's not many plans. Wil and his band are having a party for New Years Eve, so I will probably go to that. Nothing special happens at those though. I like to step outside during the countdown to midnight. I don't know, I'm always there without a date and I think there's just something peaceful about being away from the crowd and welcoming in the new year by looking up at the sky. There's usually snow falling and colourful fireworks exploding between the snowflakes. It's nice. I wish you could be here for it. So I could show you what I mean. Next year's countdown though, we can come here and you can meet Wil and the band. If you'd like to.*

*How is your winter break? Any fun plans for the holidays? Someone special you'll be kissing at midnight on New Years? ~~Maybe that's another reason you should be here. I can't say that.~~*

*I must say it is quite adorable that Emma taught you how to braid, I'm rather fond of the small braid she put in your hair. Or did you do that one yourself? Regardless, it looks cute. You look cute, especially sitting next to that big Christmas tree. Granted, you're always cute. Look at that, me throwing your compliments right back at you. I learned from the best.*

*I really do wish we were spending Christmas together, though. I know, I know, I got you all excited before talking about everything we could do if you were here. And I suppose I might have to take you up on your offer of cuddling in my bed, with the pets of course. I don't know, they might get annoyed with us and just leave after a little while, because if you like having your hair played with, that will be my only focus. They'd get jealous. I've never had my hair played with, but I assume it feels really nice. Just being close to you in general sounds really nice.*

*I've never cuddled with anyone. I accidentally fell asleep in Wil's bed once, but we stayed on opposite sides. You're going to be giving me a lot of 'firsts', aren't you? First time hugging an American, first time climbing a tree, first time cuddling, first time holding hands. ~~First kiss, hopefully. Why am I saying this again? Jesus, George, it's only been two paragraphs. Get a hold of yourself.~~ You're going to make me contradict myself now with your talk of never abandoning me for some girl at a show here, but maybe for Wil. I'll let him know, once again. I can hear the wedding bells now. Can I at least be your best man at the ceremony? Or is that reserved for Sapnap?*

*But back to 'firsts'. To answer your question, no, I have not had my first kiss. Not even a small peck when I was younger. And no, I never had an awkward one with a girl during a school dance. Remember how I mentioned earlier in the letter that I'm not good at dancing? But yeah, I just haven't really ever had the opportunity. Or if I have, I've been blind to it. I'm not that "damn cute". Wil's bandmate kissed my cheek once, but that was nothing. I don't think there's anyone here I could see myself kissing, so I don't have plans for that here. What about you? What was your first kiss like?*

*I don't know, maybe I'm a sucker for romance and want it to be something special. Or maybe I watch too many movies. I'd like it to be someone kind, someone that genuinely cares about me the way I care about them... Someone handsome, a pretty boy.*

*I guess that's the only way I can think of to transition into this without it sounding absolutely shocking or insane. Remember that secret? Well... yeah. I like boys, which means I'm coming out to you right now. And I'm really sorry if my handwriting gets super shaky looking for a little bit, I'm nervous, but I promised I would tell you. The little celebration my family had with me was a rainbow cake, and my grandparents weren't thrilled because it's definitely far from traditional, but it's who I am. I've been really scared of that for a really long time, and if I'm being honest, meeting you gave me the confidence to finally tell people. I know you don't think you're confident, but to me, you are. So thank you, because I have never felt better or more free in my entire life.*

*Wilbur knew long before I had ever even admitted it to myself. He was the first person I said it out loud to, besides Cat, of course. Then my parents, Nanny Beth, then Gracie. And then, after one of the most enthralling experiences of my life, I told everyone. Remember that thing I had to go do in my last letter? Well, Wil took me to Amelia's house. I dropped off all of her textbooks and coursework, I told her I was done putting up with her shit, and she threatened to out me. That was our original deal. Secrecy of my sexuality in exchange for doing her work. So, I left the books at her feet, and I posted a picture on instagram coming out publicly so she wouldn't hold any power over me anymore.*

*Dream, you should have seen the look on her face! It was hilarious, I swear I could see steam shooting out of her ears as we drove away!*

*Anyways, I'm trying not to be nervous or scared right now, and I hope you're okay with me telling you all of this. You just... You mean a lot to me, Dream. God, you feel like my entire world all of the time, and I wish I had told you sooner or hadn't been so scared about it in the first place. But you've said a lot before that you'd listen to me talk forever, and this might be one of the most important parts of myself that I talk to you about. So, I hope you're not weirded out or mad or whatever. Thank you for sending me the strength and positive vibes, I could feel them, and greatly appreciated them. I appreciate you.*

*AH! Okay, I finally got that over with. Fuck. Okay, so, I'm just going to change the subject now because I feel like there's no easy way to transition from that like I normally do in my letters. This is me being scatterbrained.*

*Let's talk about you! Yes, this is an excellent idea. Dreamie, baby. How are you? I understand the fear of heights when it comes to cliffs. We went to those famous ones in Ireland two years ago and it was slightly terrifying. But rollercoasters? I promise to hold your hand on them, and around the park as well. I already said I don't like crowds too much, so I'll definitely need a surefire way to stick by your side when we go to Disney. It sounds fun for you and Emma to go during spring break! Take some cute pictures for me. (So we can recreate them.)*

*And this list of reasons why the tree is so excellent... You've intrigued me. A pretty view of the sunset by the pond, comfortably up on the branches being protected from falling by you. It sounds kind of perfect. There's something secret up there? Do I get any hints? Or do I have to wait until I make my way to Florida to see it?*

*I suppose you're right about me coming there, I'll have to see in person if Andrew is hotter than you. But your father looks good in his older age as well? I guess I could consider myself lucky then to be spending the foreseeable future with you. It's okay, I'll be the ugly old man between the two of us when we're living in a retirement home still sending letters.*

*I wasn't making fun of your height, idiot. I like how tall you are, it's ~~attractive~~ nice. I might take that compliment back though if you really tell Sapnap that I put ketchup on everything and that I stink. That's just mean. And incorrect. I smell incredible, thank you very much. I use a very nice cologne. It smells like sandalwood and musk and a little bit of rose.*

*Good to know you talk to Sapnap about me though, and not just about how I still plan to kick his ass in chess and Minecraft. But you fell asleep on call with him? And said my name in your sleep? What were you dreaming about, baby? Were you dreaming about me? Awe, that's adorable.*

*I'm glad your talk with him went well! Whatever you told him, he was accepting of it and unphased, which sounded like good news. I hope you're doing alright, I know you said you*



weren't ready to tell your family yet, and that you weren't as brave as I am. Dream, any bravery I have, as I said before, is fully inspired by you. Hell, I did one of the most terrifying things in the world and I don't think I could have ever done that without meeting you. Even if you didn't know that you helped me with that whole thing, I want to reiterate that you did. So thank you, again. Whenever you're ready, I'm here to listen. Take your time.

You're not going to scare me away, you're not going to lose me. I'm right here. I'll be here whenever you are ready to talk about it and will welcome you with open arms. You mean the fucking world to me, Dream. You are an incredible person, and you are deserving of everything beautiful that life has to offer. Please never forget that.

Yeah, we are pretty cheesy, huh? I don't care, you make me happy, and right now I cannot stop smiling. I saved those crumpled letters, I've been reading through them more lately. I have a bunch of notes written to you in that notebook by my bed as well. They all make me smile, cause they're all things I can't fit into these letters. ~~Or can't make myself write down yet, because they're more of confessions than anything else.~~ One day, when we move in together, you can read them.

Speaking of that, with second semester rolling around, I have to start looking more seriously at universities. I have a lot of choices, so I'm curious about a few things. Do you like the rain, or do you prefer mostly sunny skies? We agreed that we want to live somewhere where the seasons are split, that way we can have a summer and a snowy winter. Do you prefer cities, or would you like to live somewhere with more forests? Just looking at options, somewhere we'd both like.

And yes, growing plants all over our apartment sounds incredible. I don't have a balcony on my home here, but it would be nice to have one at our place. For now I'll just keep sitting at my windowsill. You seemed so nervous there talking about the balcony being part of a one bedroom apartment. I mean, I'm fine with anything. We can have multiple rooms, or we could get one of those big loft studios with no rooms. Whatever we end up doing, I'm going to love it. As long as you're there, it'll feel like home. You can chip in, of course. I'll pay the rent, you pay the utilities.

Don't you worry, though. We will still travel the world. On all of my school breaks, we can go wherever we want. We will have to find a sitter for Patches though. I'm excited that she will be joining us! Maybe we can get her another cat friend as well. And of course your hoodie will drown me, you're practically a giant. I figure by then I'll be stealing your clothes a lot. I already tend to opt for more baggy clothes, so your oversized everything will be perfectly comfortable for me. I won't apologize for stealing your clothes either.

I will not be sending you that skirt photo though. One reason being that I don't know where it is, I think Wil may have it. The other reason being that if you are going to keep that charming smile from me, then I will refuse to let you see me in a skirt until we are in person. They're comfy

*though, you should try one some time. Maybe our first night in our new apartment we can both put them on and dance around terribly with our playlists of shared songs going. I don't know, it sounds fun. We can hang up all of our polaroids as well.*

*Speaking of which, it's time to acknowledge that second polaroid. That damned hoodie, Dream. You really want to see me in that, huh? Baby, you're such a simp. I might be as well though, I could see your freckles barely peeking out from under your mask in the other polaroid from your other letter. I like them a lot. God they're so fucking cute, you're so fucking beautiful Dream it drives me insane. I don't know how I got this lucky. Fuck.*

*You're cute when you panic. That was a lot of crossing out Dream, most of it was barely readable too. I must have really flustered you there. I'm not leading you on, idiot. I didn't give a definite yes or no because it was slightly unclear on if you were asking me out or not. Plus, you said you wanted to propose before dating, so I guess we'll have to wait until we're in Paris for you to propose to me before I can accept going on a date with you. ~~That's a yes.~~ I make you a mess though? How's that, baby? Do tell.*

*Dream... I did not know that you could purchase a star and name it, but if you do that for me as a Christmas gift... Fuck, I don't even know. This is me getting flustered now. What the hell, that is probably one of the most beautiful gifts I would have ever received. I can't even articulate what that means to me. Just... thank you. God Dream, you're so fucking special to me and I adore you so goddamn much. You said it is because I light up your life. Baby, the sun is one of the biggest and brightest stars in the sky, so I hope you know that when I call you my sunshine, that I mean that same thing about you ten fold.*

*Those butterflies and other feelings kind of scare me too, in a good way. Just thinking about a star from you? It enhanced them like crazy. I don't even know how to explain it, and I feel like I'm repeating myself now. I think the only present that I can think of that's better than the star is the small little daisy from Patches. She is too sweet, please give her an extra treat, just for me.*

*I had been trying to think about what to get you for Christmas. I actually considered flying out there and showing up on your front porch, but then I also got really nervous that it would be too unexpected, or too soon, or that for some reason you wouldn't want to see me. I guess there's also rules that we still have to follow. No communication outside of the letters until graduation. I fucking hate it. I just want to talk to you already.*

*But, since we can't, I hope you enjoy your gift. This letter will be tucked inside of a package, so you will have already seen the gift, and I hope you enjoy it. It's not quite a star, but it will definitely light up the darkness a little bit. It's a neon sign that reads "dream", and you can change the colour to whatever you'd like it to be. (Might I recommend blue?) I don't know, I wanted to get you something more, but you're all I think about most of the time, and I'll admit I've seen you in my dreams as well. Don't tell Sappnap that or I'll take it back.*

*I know Dream is your chosen name, or nickname, and I think it's the most suitable name for you. You can tell me your actual name if you'd like, but I think I'd still call you Dream. Because that's what you are. You are a dream come true. You are one of the most genuine people I have ever met. You're kind, and enchanting, and make my head feel like it's floating most of the time. So you are my dream, Dream. This is the only way I'm able to say thank you for now.*

*I might have to end my letter here, or else I'll ramble on forever about how incredible you are.*

*I never want to end letters, not when they're taking this long to get between us. I've missed you so much, especially since my whole secret coming out. You're the only person I've wanted to talk to, and I've spent far too many nights sitting in my windowsill wishing you were here with me. Don't fly out here, because if you do I don't think I'll ever let you leave. I just... Fuck. I want to be around you all the time, because it makes you more real and everything I feel more real. Those butterflies and whatnot.*

*I hope your holidays are fun and that whatever it was that you talked to Sapnap about is something that's not haunting you and ruining your break. Dream, whatever it is, just know that you're loved. No matter what. If I've learned anything from recent events, it's that. You're so unbelievably incredible, Dream.*

*The first polaroid I already talked about, it's your snowman, obviously. The second one is me hugging the 'dream' neon light before I packaged it up and sent it to you. I may not be able to hug the real you, but at least you know I hugged that version of you and sent it to you. A hug, your second Christmas gift.*

*I miss you terribly, Dream. Everyday I miss you. I can't wait until I don't have to say that anymore because you'll be within an arm's reach. But for now, I miss you. Fuck, I miss you.*

*Thank you for listening to what I said earlier in the letter. I'm still kind of nervous about that, but I hope you're not upset by it at all. If you are, I guess that's alright, we can just not talk about it.*

*Happy Christmas, Dream. And Happy New Year, baby.*

*I'll be thinking of you when the clock strikes midnight.*

*- yours always, George*

*p.s. - You really are my favorite boy. Even if you cross out more in your letters than I do.*

*p.p.s. - I saw what you crossed out there at the end, "I love..." it's alright baby, you can say it if you'd like.*

---

Letting out a breathy sigh, George folded the three page letter to tuck into an envelope. It had become a routine of packaging them all together. Fold the paper, add in the polaroids, seal the envelope, write out Dream's address, add stamps, then flip it back over to add the wax seal. This time that letter was being placed inside of a box though. Something more tangible than pliable pieces of paper, something to protect the fragile envelope from dirtied fingers and postage bins.

It would be the first letter of his that Dream would receive entirely untouched by anyone but him. He wasn't sure why, but it filled his chest with a blooming warmth he couldn't fully understand.

Coming out in the letter was a little more nerve wracking than he thought it would have been, but he was glad he did it. He almost wished in a way that word would travel between the other pen-pals about his coming out post and that Dream's classmates would show him his entire Instagram page.

They could break the rules, they could talk there in his direct messages. What would he say? If he had the ability to talk to Dream, right then and there with the world at his fingertips, what the hell would he say?

It was impossible to even think about. He felt exhausted trying to even come up with the possibilities of anything and everything that he could say. With no need to sleep well for school, and no plans other than the gala the following evening, he ultimately decided on distracting himself by playing Minecraft.

There was a solo survival world he could have played on, but it only made him think about the SMP that he had planned to start with Dream and Sapnap. He had a creative world he'd been working on his building skills on, but that sounded boring. Ultimately, he opted to play on random teams for Bedwars.

If it were a normal night, he'd call Wilbur and force him to play on a doubles team with him, but of course Wilbur was busy with his band that evening playing gigs for Christmas time. He wasn't

bothered, really.

Putting on his “Dream” playlist, George loaded his character into a random lobby. Game after game, he’d play through the antics and courses, winning some games and dying almost too instantly in others. He wasn’t sure how much time had passed, but he did notice when the playlist restarted. Part of him hated that every song made him think of Dream... but then again, that’s what it was made for in the first place.

He couldn’t get him out of his head no matter how hard he tried. If he were being honest, he didn’t want Dream out of his head. He’d spent so long worrying about his life, and meeting Dream had become one of the most eye opening experiences, that he was perfectly fine with him occupying his mind at all times. Especially when—

He froze for a moment as he was loaded into a new lobby.

There, a step in front of his own tag of “GeorgeNotFound”, was a player on his team with the in-game name of “Sapnap”. *There was no way... right?* Maybe it was something common in America, a name from a video game or something he’d never heard of.

He tabbed out for a second to google the name. Nothing.

Tabbing back in, he watched the player move across to different bases, killing off other players quickly before destroying their beds and making his way to their home base. George felt his heart begin to race, he knew there was no way that wasn’t Dream’s friend. The name was exactly as he’d spelled it countless times, he was on Minecraft...

In a split second, he added him as a friend. The response came through quickly as accepted. With his heart in his throat, he typed out a message.

*you whispered to Sapnap: hi, where is your name from?*

*Sapnap whispered to you: hey, my friend came up with it, why?*

He paused for a moment. Technically speaking, it wouldn’t be breaking the rules if he talked to Sapnap. As long as he didn’t talk to Dream directly, he’d be fine.

*you whispered to Sapnap: meet me in the lobby after this game, i think i know your friend.*

*Sapnap whispered to you: sure man*

He could feel his hands shaking as they finished out their game with a win. He would normally be excited, muffling his cheers so as to not wake his family up at the late hour, but he remained silent. He exited his character to the lobby, quickly locating Sapnap's character. The boy waved him over to an area away from other people, and he just stared at the black hair tied back by a white bandana before finally letting his fingers move across his keyboard.

*you whispered to Sapnap: is your friend Dream?*

*Sapnap whispered to you: yeah, how'd you know?*

*Sapnap whispered to you: wait what the fuck*

*Sapnap whispered to you: GEORGE? LIKE DREAM'S GEORGE?*

*Sapnap whispered to you: FROM THE LETTERS???*

George smiled to himself as he hurriedly moved to reply

*you whispered to Sapnap: yeah, that's me! wait so you are actually Sapnap?*

*you whispered to Sapnap: this is insane, what are the odds?*

*Sapnap whispered to you: i have no fucking clue but Dream is gonna lose his shit*

*Sapnap whispered to you: do you want me to ask him to log on?*

He paused. Of course he wanted that, he'd give anything to talk to Dream, to see even a character version of himself move around a screen in real time as if they were actually interacting in real life.

*you whispered to Sapnap: no, the rules.*

*you whispered to Sapnap: can you give him a message for me?*

*Sapnap whispered to you: fuck i forgot about those rules. Yeah man, anything*

*you whispered to Sapnap: tell him i miss him, tell him i'm sending his letter in the morning. tell him i hope he likes the songs i sent, and that his christmas present is on the way.*

*Sapnap whispered to you: yeah of course, i took a screenshot of that. don't' worry, i'll block out your ign so he can't find you on here. i know he'll be tempted.*

*Sapnap whispered to you: OH, and george?*

*you whispered to Sapnap: thank you. And yeah?*

*Sapnap whispered to you: he's a really good guy, but i've never seen him this happy. thanks for making him smile, he cares a lot about you.*

*you whispered to Sapnap: i care a lot about him too. thank you sap <3*

*Sapnap left the game.*

*GeorgeNotFound left the game.*

## Chapter End Notes

note from kat:

hi, i know i say this every chapter, but i'm genuinely so grateful for you guys and your support on this fic! we're almost to 15k hits and that's just mind boggling to me! i'm so proud of my boy and how confident he is getting, and let's cheer for the return of sapnap!! it's insane that we're almost halfway through posting this fic, so stay with us, because things are getting more juicy.

comments and kudos are super appreciated! don't forget to user sub to both of us <3

socials:

[kat's twitter](#)

[tad's twitter](#)

[fic playlist](#)

[kat's alt ao3](#) : 18+ only pls



# starry eyed

## Chapter Summary

He couldn't wait any longer, and he knew George couldn't either.  
Especially after coming out to him in this letter.

## Chapter Notes

damn these boys really do be pining, huh? these next few chapters are gonna have a lot more revelation, thanks for sticking with us!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

*Dear Georgie,*

*I missed you so much.*

*Where the fuck do I even begin?*

*This wait was even longer than the others. I don't know why it felt so long. Maybe because I didn't have school and all I could do was wait around for your letter. I think this will definitely be messier than usual, so I'm sorry about that. I'm trying to keep my handwriting as neat as possible.*

*I missed you. In case you missed it the first time.*

*~~Fuck~~*

*I counted the days this time for your letter to arrive, I don't know why I was aching for it so much this time. I just wanted to talk to you so bad after I sent my letter. It was like I sent a piece of me with you that day and I got it back today. That's so cheesy fuck.*

*It was 11-12 days in total waiting, if I count from the day you sent the letter to me. But that doesn't even include the days it took to get you. I'm so ready for the holiday postage times to fuck off. I wonder if there's a faster option than express postage. It's probably expensive though if it exists, ugh.*

*Well, okay, aside from that, Happy New Year and Merry belated Christmas. Lame I couldn't tell you properly on those days. Maybe next year hopefully. Maybe next year I'll be your Christmas present. ~~I wanted to be your present this year, I had to hold back from buying plane tickets at this point.~~*

*Last year definitely improved drastically with your presence, and I can't be more thankful that I'm starting the year with our friendship. I feel like it'll continue to be nothing but perfect. You're so important to me George, I owe you so much.*

*Speaking of, I owe you actually. I was so caught off guard when instead of a letter arriving for me, there was a package this time? When Andrew dropped it in my room I was so confused but he said it was from you. And of course, to my surprise, when I opened it there was a neon "Dream" sign. I guess it's lucky I chose a name that's easily made into wall decorations, huh? But seriously, thank you so much. I love it. It fits perfectly into my computer setup.*

*You're getting your present properly in this letter too. A bit late but I needed to pick out the perfect star for you. Nothing but perfection for you. The paperwork is included and the website and everything for you to see it and all. I hope you like it. I tried to pick the best star in my budget. (Do you know how expensive stars can be? It was insane.)*

*I'm glad you had a fun winter break though, and thanks for making me that snowman. The polaroid is adorable.*

*Pffff, Georgie got beat by some 13 year olds, huh? Don't worry, next time I'll help them too. Kidding. I'll protect you and win the battle at the same time. Multi talented, ya know?*

*I can't believe you actually attempted to ban me from your home. You know that's impossible now, Georgie. I'm going to be wreaking havoc in your life in about under a year if we're lucky.*

*There's no getting rid of me, baby.*

*Hey! I've been cold before. There's literal storms out here. How much colder can snow be? Can't*

*be that much colder, idiot. Can it? But yes my first snowfall will be with you, wherever we are. I don't think I'd have it any other way.*

~~*I wanna do everything with you.*~~

*(By the way, it's technically this year now? Since... It's past New Years now. Isn't that exciting? The future we wanted is creeping up.)*

*Aw, that still sounds like a cozy little Christmas to be honest. It sounds lovely. But a gala? That's fucking fancy shit, Georgie! You shoulda sent a photo of you and Wilbur in your suits. Bet you both looked hot. Fancy ties, shiny shoes, and blazers, huh? (You are the hottest of course.) I mean, sneaking away and drinking doesn't sound that bad. Do you like drinking all the fancy champagne, baby?*

*Oooo, a New Years party sounds cool. I was invited to one as well, but I didn't go. I'd have to face the football team awkwardly and I don't want to be awkward going into the new year. ~~I wanted to spend it with you anyways.~~ I wish I could've seen the snowy new year too. We had a bit of a storm, so we couldn't sit outside, but me and Emma snuck out onto the balcony for a little while.*

*My winter break was pretty ordinary. We had lots of family coming and going during the break. Lots of awkward greetings and conversations. My grandparents came to stay for a little while, which was nice though. I had no real plans aside from gaming with Sapnap every single night cause there was no school stopping us. I'm maybe a little sleep deprived but that's besides the point. I'm getting good at CS:GO now, so watch out, baby.*

*A kiss though? Unfortunately no. ~~Because there's only one person I want to kiss and they're out of reach.~~ XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX*

*Oh yeah, the braids. I forgot I sent that last time. She actually braided my hair this morning, she said it's a cute look for back to school. Emma is enjoying me growing out my hair more than I am at this point. The one in the polaroid she did. I don't know how to do it on my own hair, you can't even see what you're doing. I don't know how girls do this all the time. But thank you for the compliments. I can teach you how to braid as well if you want, but I think Gracie would be better than me.*

*I guess my superioress is rubbing off on you a little huh, Georgie? Kidding.*

*I think spending Christmas together would have been the perfect ending to this year, but it's okay. We have the rest of our lives to do so... hopefully. ~~I want it to be like that.~~ Not like I gave you a choice for that cuddle offer. We're cuddling no matter what. I'm a pretty clingy guy, baby. Hope you know that. Not complaining about all your attention on me either, especially if you play with my hair.*

*You've never had your hair played with??? It's probably the best thing ever. Not to bring up the ex again, but she did it for me all the time, and it was the most relaxing thing ever. It'll change your life. I'll show you when I get to you.*

*Never cuddled anyone either, fucking hell George what are you doing with your life? You can't just study and play minecraft your life away, idiot.*

*Definitely will be doing all your firsts when we meet up. ~~Even the kiss if you want that. Fuck.~~ I don't mind at all.*

*Hm, getting married to a Brit? Not sure if I wanna spend my life listening to "proper" English all day. I think Sapnap would kill me if he wasn't the best man. But hey maybe you can be the flower girl? Kidding. You'll be Wilbur's best man, obviously.*

*Man, marriage is such a wild thing to think of. I don't think I've ever seen myself getting married before. It seemed like such an adult thing two years ago, but now I'm graduating soon and I'll technically be an adult. Time makes no sense sometimes.*

*I'm convinced the people around you are just blind to how cute you are, or you're blind to people flirting with you. Come on, baby. You gotta know you're fucking cute as hell. I don't even get to see you in person and I know you are cute just from the photos you gave me. So no more 'I'm not cute' bullshit. ~~I can give you XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX~~*

*Uh, my first kiss wasn't anything special. Middle school, I think. It was a girl I had a crush on for a little while. She kissed me first and I nearly panicked, but I kissed back in the end. I think I was pretty decent? Dunno. But it was a good first kiss.*

*Sorry if I left you in suspense with answering this in order. I didn't mean to worry you or make you stress out waiting for my reply to this. I didn't want to rush it all at once. It just felt better this way. Sorry if I stressed you out.*

*I wish I could've been there in person for this, or at least on call or something, I don't know. I feel bad seeing your shaky writing and you having to write this out and send it off having no clue how I'd react. I hope you knew I was going to be nothing but supportive.*

*Cause I support you. I'm so happy you trusted me enough to come out to me. I couldn't care less if you liked girls or boys or whoever. I still want to spend the future with you, and bother you, and be friends with you, George. Best friends. Thank you for telling me, and I'm glad I could help you, even unknowingly. You deserve to be happy and true to yourself. I'm so fucking proud of you.*

*I hope that was an okay reply. I've never had someone come out to me like this. I'm glad everyone around you supported you as well, and that Wilbur was the best friend possible for you. I'm glad you didn't go through that alone.*

*But holy shit, that's what Amelia was holding against you? How did she even find out? Or did she assume? Cause that's just- ugh, it makes me so annoyed. You didn't deserve that at all. How could someone hold your sexuality against you? I'm so fucking sorry. She's such a cunt for that. I'm glad you ended it though. You should still consider that gum thing, cause it's good payback.*

*~~I wish I could say it. I wish I could be this brave. Fuck. XXXXXXXXXXXX-~~*

*Of course I'm okay with it, baby. I would never hate you for your sexuality. You mean a lot to me too, Georgie. I'm serious when I say it. Nothing could change it. You could murder someone and I'd be like, yeah they probably deserved it. I didn't lie when I said I'd listen to you talk forever. I hope this shows you really can tell me anything you want.*

*~~I love you so much-~~*

*~~I like the sound of Dreamie Baby too much. Fucking hell-~~*

*You should call me 'Dreamie Baby' more often. Though I bet it would sound even more addicting in person.*

*I'm okay. A little sleep deprived from the late nights and all the family visiting. My grandparents are as nosy as ever asking about college. I just told them I'm going for a business degree. I didn't want to disappoint them during Christmas. Though I don't think they'd be mad at me for taking computer courses.*

*Cliffs in Ireland huh? Maybe we should go there together. See if together we can beat the scariness? I think we could. I'll probably crush your hand in my hold though.*

*But, it's settled then. We can hold hands and go around Disney. Do not laugh at me if I say no to a rollercoaster or two, okay, baby? And don't worry. We'll take a collection of photos to send to you.*

*Mmmmmm no. I've decided you get no hints for what is in the tree, but feel free to make some guesses if you'd like. But you won't get told the answer until you get to Florida, sorry Georgie. My tree is the best, okay? You'll love it.*

*Oh shut up. You're on this stuff again? Do I have to ban you from saying you're not attractive like I did with all that apologizing?. We'll both be hot old men okay? Also I refuse to be in a retirement home and you aren't going to be in one either. That's so lame. Why lock yourself up in a place with more old people? We're still gonna travel, even as old dudes okay? Actually no, I'm not asking. These are statements.*

*It's attractive how tall I am, you say? Interesting. Is it because you're so small? You like being the smaller one, hm? Like that I can tower over you easily, baby? Not to call you out or something.*

*So what's the fancy rich cologne you use? You gotta tell me now! I wanna know. I bet you smell wonderful anyways though don't worry. No rich Brit would be caught dead smelling not nice I'm sure.*

*Of course I talk to him about you. He's the only one I can think of. I think he's tired of it. I... Gods. I don't know why you get to me so much sometimes. I call you baby as well. Ugh.*

*I'm not telling you what I dream of, fuck off. My dreams are MY dreams. I'm not embarrassing myself, okay? Even if they involve you sometimes, I'm not spilling.*

*Though actually speaking of goddamn Sapnap. You did not talk to him on minecraft. I hate you. I WAS SUPPOSED TO BE THE FIRST. :( Gods, when he called me and the name George left his lips first, I nearly died. And then he started talking about how you met on minecraft and you played a game together, and then you friended him and asked if he's my friend. How could you be friends with him first :( I'm upset with you, Georgie.*

*And then OH MY GOD he sent that screenshot, but didn't show your username. It was so*

*frustrating and unfair. I'm pouting as I write this, by the way. I hope you know I'm pouting and it's your fault.*

*But I suppose I appreciated the heads up on the letter being sent, and the present, though I didn't expect a present quite like this.*

*I miss you.*

*I miss you.*

~~*I miss you way more than you know.*~~

*You're not allowed to talk anymore with Sapnap though. I ban it. (Kidding, if you wanna be friends with him I suppose I'll let you.)*

*It surprises me how much I inspired you and how much strength I gave you, but I'm glad I could give you that since I'm not using mine anyways.*

*I know you'll listen to me. I know you'll support me. But I don't know why I'm so scared. Maybe the next letter, or the one after. I know I will tell you. I promise. I don't think you'd ever let me forget anyways. I appreciate you so much George. Maybe I will be able to say it.*

*Glad you saved those crumpled letters. I can't wait to read them and make fun of you. Lovingly, of course. A notebook of more things? Shit, I'm going to have to take days reading everything, huh? I'm excited.*

*But, oh yeah. That's probably a good idea. Hmmmm, I like the rain and sun equally, but I suppose it'll be ideal to have more sunny days so we can be out and about. I like cities and forests equally too. Don't make me choose everything, baby. I think more forests would be cool though. A cozy home with lots of trees and stuff around would be nice.*

*Shit, I'm glad you like the sound of the plants in the apartment. It'll be so nice. I just— Shush, don't point out my nerves okay? Fine with anything, huh? Don't tell me that, you'll tempt me with stuff. We can check out the living situation after we pick a college for you to go to! Cause then it'll be easier to narrow the options. Also, I'm glad we're halving it, I would've thrown hands if you insisted on paying for it all.*

*All of the school breaks? That sounds fucking perfect. I guess I'll kinda be like a housewife, with you at your classes and me doing college and stuff at home. Would you like home cooked food when you come home, baby? Kidding, I mean... unless?*

*But yeah, I'll never leave Patches behind. You too. You two will be stuck with me until the ends of the earth.*

*That's cute though. You'll always be wearing my clothes, huh? I mean, I could get used to that. That's cute. But spare some for me sometimes please?*

~~*You're so fucking cute oh my gods*~~

~~*I'm going to fall harder.*~~

*Okay, that's just rude. You mention wearing a skirt but then don't even send a photo? Unfair. Oh wait, but if you're offering to wear a skirt for me in person, I am not complaining! Sounds like a lovely deal in exchange for my smile. I'm down to try one. They seem nice. Would a neon green skirt make me too obnoxious? That sounds like a fun first day though. Until we get too tired and we'll sleep surrounded by boxes. Which I don't mind.*

*What? Is seeing the hoodie too much for you baby? I just wanted to show what you've been asking for months now. I never said a word. I just wanted to show you it. I got a lot of freckles. You'll see in person. They're most visible on my face, but I got them on my shoulders, arms, and a little on my chest too once I'm in the sun. One of my favorite things about myself I think.*

*SHUT. UP. Stop pointing out my panic, oh my gods. I did better crossing out less things this time, okay? No more pointing out any of it, I was better than this time.*

~~*I want to ask you out but I'm scared.*~~

~~*I wanna tell you so many things.*~~

~~*I love you, I think, XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX*~~



*Never mind, I failed again. Fuck. Stop making me flustered, Georgie, fuck.*

*You're right though. I gotta propose in Paris and then ask you out. Right, right.*

*Stop doing this to me. Gods. I just. I don't know, you make my face red and my knees bounce when I'm reading your letters. You make my heart beat so much faster and almost breathless at times. I want to think about you for hours without a break. I just always feel like a mess, okay? Don't ask me how.*

*Gods, I sound like I'm in love again.*

*George, you deserve everything in the world okay? But since I can't give you that, I'll get you a star in the sky cause it's special. I hope at least. You don't have to thank me, okay? I wanted to do this. I'm your sunshine, huh? That's cute. I guess it fits me being in Florida.*

*I'm glad I'm not the only one with goosebumps and butterflies right now. I get them every time I see one of your polaroids and the Dream sign.*

*I think I know what this is, but I'm scared.*

*I'll definitely get Patches that extra treat for you and tell her you loved the present.*

*Oh good, George. I had the same idea. I wanted to fly out and surprise you. Imagine we did that and ended up on the opposite sides again. Gods, it would be ridiculous.*

*I hate it so much George. It's not fair.*

*What have you dreamt about? Was it embarrassing too? Maybe I'll consider telling you if you tell me! Don't be shy, baby. I'm curious.*

*You know, I think I'd hate you calling me by my real name anyways. So please keep calling me Dream. It's the name I prefer. It's what I want to hear from you when we first meet. It'll be even*

*more special. Hm, I can give you a hint though. My name starts with a C. So guess away if you'd like to, Georgie.*

*I'm glad I'm your dream. I don't think I'd have it any other way to be honest.*

~~*I only want to be yours.*~~

~~*Forever.*~~

*I've reached that part of the letter again. The shitty ending that makes me a little sad. But I suppose it's a good thing too, because I'll get this sent out and I'll be able to see your pretty words and hear from you again.*

*I hope you know if someone gives you shit for coming out, I'll be a second away from flying to you and dealing with them. I'm not letting anyone else hurt you like that.*

*Don't worry, I won't let it haunt me too much. Especially after you came out to me and told me what Amelia did. I'm glad to have Sapnap as one of my closest friends, and you of course. I feel safe with you guys.*

*I hope the rest of your holidays went well, and that you had a good time at your gala, and got lots of presents on Christmas, and had a lovely New Years, cause it's what you deserve. Tell me more about the gala in the next letter please. I'm curious about it.*

*I miss you too.*

*I promise I'll give you the longest and best hug of your life when we meet. I won't let go until you're tired of being on your tiptoes.*

*I miss you.*

*- your dream :)*

*p.s. you're my favorite boy too*

*p.p.s. I love you (you don't have to respond, I'm just dumb)*

---

The last words were scribbled down in a half attempt to show some of the confidence George talked so much about.

His teeth had been digging into his bottom lip for almost the entire duration of writing the letter. Every word carefully going through his mind as he worried about writing down something he wasn't ready for George to read.

But here he was with the words *'I love you'* scribbled messily at the bottom in a hurried last minute decision.

George had said he could say it. He'd caught all those scribbles in the last letter.

Yet his heart was still beating like crazy in his chest. Would George say it back? Would George say anything about it? Would he jokingly say it back?

His eyes raked across the letter, legs pressed against his chest as he re-read his own words, pausing as he reached the portion of telling George he was proud of him.

Which he was. He was beyond proud of George for coming out to his family and friends. Proud of him shoving it into Amelia's face that she couldn't control him anymore. He was so proud, but he wished he could do the same.

He didn't have the same push. Most of him was content with telling Emma and Sapnap. George would be the last and only person he would tell, for now at least. His parents, Andrew, and especially his other friends weren't people he wanted to come out to just yet.

In a couple months, he would have to tell his parents he's definitely not going to college and he'd be doing online courses for computer stuff. Coming out now wasn't well timed at all, and he didn't feel the need to.

Veridian eyes left the pages to the sign on his desk that glowed a soft baby blue. Previously, he had gone through all the colors for a little, but settled on the neon green. But once he had crossed the paragraph of George suggesting blue, he had changed it immediately.

Blue was one of the only colors George could see, and he wanted George to be able to see the sign in all of its glory. He had already snapped a photo of it earlier, leaving it resting on one of the green envelopes. The paperwork for the star was also set next to it. Everything was ready to be packed up, but the nerves were getting the best of him.

He unfolded one of his legs, moving his chair closer to the desk again. His hand went to his mouth as he bit at his nails, going through the three pages of his messy writing.

If he had more sleep, maybe he would be thinking about it more. But he was ten minutes away from starting a new game with Sapnap, and he wanted to send the letter as soon as possible.

He couldn't wait any longer, and he knew George couldn't either. Especially after coming out to him in this letter.

Dream wanted to let George know it was okay. That he supported him. He shot a helpless glance at his phone. All he wanted to do was text Sapnap and ask him for the IGN, for George's IGN, so he could message him and ask him if he's okay. He wanted to tell him that he supported him, and he was so proud of him for coming out.

That he loved him.

*He loved George.*

Too much, maybe.

It was getting a little ridiculous, he thought to himself, freeing his nails from his teeth as he reached out to fold the paper carefully. He tucked it all into the envelope, the polaroids following the paperwork.

Hopefully George would like them. One of him and Emma, Andrew had taken it begrudgingly for them. Dream still remembered the roll of his eyes when Emma had insisted on more photos. And of course, no one denied the youngest of what she wanted, so they had taken almost ten photos by the end of it.

But, he had deemed this one perfect. Emma was the most visible, smiling brightly. Just behind her was him with tousled blond locks visible along with the bridge of his nose and his eye. If George looked close enough, maybe he'd be able to see his freckles.

He hummed, tucking them all in before sealing it tightly, 'George' scrawled across messily with his smiley face.

Everything was set for the next morning and now he had Sapnap waiting for him. Pushing all his extra papers and supplies aside he clicked into the call, headphones cushioning his ears. He couldn't help but smile as he heard Sapnap's voice ring in his ears excitedly.

At first, it had upset him a little when he had found out George and Sapnap had spoken to each other. It hadn't been jealousy or annoyance. It was more him being upset with a mix of sadness. Chatting on Minecraft with George was only something he could imagine. Something that was so close, but that he could barely graze his fingertips across for another few months.

He knew for a fact as soon as the assignment ended, he would be calling George desperately. He ached to hear the voice of the boy who had been haunting him for months.

Maybe he'd even buy tickets to London on the very day, and head out. Dream knew he would have to do something when it finally ended. For the sake of heart and mind at that point.

"Dream! Come on, log on already!" Sapnap's voice broke through.

With a small glance at the polaroids stuck to his wall, he looked back at his computer, starting up the game Sapnap had begged him to download, "Relax, I'm coming," he hummed.

And for a little while, at least, he didn't have to worry about the future.

## Chapter End Notes

note from tad:

Hello hello !!! Another dream update is here :))) thank you so much for all the views, we're getting so close to 15k views and I'm sure this chapter will push us over it !!! I'm so grateful for all of you who leave comments and kudos and all the readers. It means a lot !!! <333 Sapnap and George met in the previous chapter too which is amazing!!!!I hope you enjoyed the chapter

comments and kudos + sharing with your friends is super appreciated! don't forget to user sub to us both for updates and other fics from us <3

socials:

[kat's twitter](#)

[tad's twitter](#)

[fic playlist](#)

## new years

### Chapter Summary

Yes, his ideology surrounding the entire thing may have come from watching too many romance films and reading far too many books... But he didn't feel like wanting something like that was unrealistic.

### Chapter Notes

would you believe me if i told you i was listening to heatwaves on repeat while writing this chapter? - kat

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

*Dear Dreamie Baby,*

*As per your request, and my own personal fondness of the name, I hope you enjoy that greeting.*

*I believe the horrid waiting spell may be coming to an end! If my calculations are correct, based off your own personal calculations of 11-12 days, then that means your letter came to me only 5 days after you received mine. I'd say that is quite the improvement! It was torture waiting, especially after everything I said, which I'll talk about later, but God it's a relief to hear from you.*

*I missed you... so fucking much.*

*Sometimes I think about that song you sent a while back, where it has that line that says "how can you miss someone you've never met". I think about that a lot, actually. You mentioned in your letter that it felt like you sent a piece of yourself in your letter to me, and that you didn't get it back until you received my response. I think that feeling is the best way to describe us missing each other. These letters just have become such a vulnerable and safe place, and in a way I feel closer to you than I would have if these were emails or something else quicker.*

*The waiting is awful, don't get me wrong. But sometimes missing you feels better than what I'd*

*assume not missing you would feel like. I'd rather miss you and ramble on for three pages because I'm just excited to finally talk to you than send you a daily message detailing the boring aspects of my life. I'd rather miss you and feel that ache and hurt between waiting for letters. Obviously I'd rather have you here in person, and of course I still want to call you and talk to you all the time, but I think having that feeling of want is what makes this all feel even more exciting. You excite me by making me miss you. Does that make sense? Or have I gone mad?*

*Anyways, the holidays between when we spoke were quite enjoyable. Kind of. The gala was lovely, lots of fancy folk all dressed to the nines while rambling about their perfect lives. I kind of hate that part of it all, which is why my plan to sneak champagne with Wil and run off worked perfectly. We got to avoid all of the dances that happened, we snuck around in the kitchen and stole some pastries, and might have gotten a little tipsy on all of the champagne. Next year you'll have to join me. I'd like to see you in a suit and show you that part of my world. Plus, the champagne makes me super giggly, I'd assume it'd do the same to you. Which is cute.*

*Christmas was pretty normal, my grandparents did their best to avoid the topic of me coming out, which is fine. Like I mentioned before, they're not thrilled because it's not traditional, but they don't speak negatively about it. Gracie was cute with her gifts, she got me a small gold pin to wear on my school blazer that has a 'D' engraved in it with some swirls and clouds. She told our parents it was for our surname, but the note included in the box said it was because of you. She's quite fond of you, she said she likes having another big brother. (because she teases me that you're my boyfriend or something. I don't know, she stole a letter and read something that made her think that.)*

*New Year's Eve was interesting. I went to the party, just like I do every year. I hadn't seen anyone from school though since coming out, and I was congratulated a lot, which was nice. But there was this boy, I don't even know his name if I'm being honest. He was super nice and he was definitely flirting with me, but I didn't know how to tell him I wasn't interested. I don't know, it all just didn't feel right, like, it did because he's a boy... but I just don't know. He asked if he could kiss me at midnight and I said no as politely as I could. He looked really sad when I walked away, but I just wanted to be alone.*

*Actually, I wanted you to be there with me. There's that balcony at Wil's house that I always stand on that I told you about, and he tried following me out there so I told him I had to call someone so he'd leave me be. I pulled out my phone and pretended to dial someone, and then just looked up at the sky and wished in the new year to the stars. I was just thinking about you, honestly. I wish you'd been there with me. ~~I wish you'd been there to ask to kiss me instead of him.~~*

*Why didn't you go to your New Year's party? I know you said it was because it would be awkward to be around the football guys, but was there another reason? I'm sure you could have found someone cute enough to kiss there. You're hot, remember? I'm glad you had a nice time with Emma at least at home, were there fireworks still even with the rain?*



*And Christmas! Did you get any fun gifts from your family? I'm sorry about your grandparents and you feeling like you had to lie to them. You're going to be incredible, Dream. I hope you know that, no matter what you fully decide to do with your future, you're going to be amazing at it. Your family will understand one day. Even if they don't, you'll always have me. I'm all yours, and I believe in you.*

*Yes, winters will be better in the future when we actually get to spend them together. I suppose I cannot ban you from my home if you are indeed going to side with me in the snowball fights. However I think you may be underestimating just how cold snow is. You are going to be very surprised when your entire body is shivering and your teeth won't stop chattering. Although I promise to help warm you up afterwards. That is, if the promise of cuddling is still on the table.*

*And yes, I know, I need to apologize profusely. It was shocking to meet Sapnap online. I felt like I was going crazy at first, but the more I stared at his IGN the more I realized it had to be him. Once he confirmed it all, I don't know... Dream, I wanted to break the rules. I wanted to tell him yes to calling you to have you log on. I wanted to talk to you so badly, even if it was just a block version of you. I haven't been able to go back on that server, I keep getting scared that I'll see him again and if I do... I won't be able to stop myself from asking to break the rules.*

*I'm sorry, Dreamie. I really am. I know you're not actually upset with me and that it's all teasing, but it was still heartbreaking in a way to know I was talking to someone from your life before I was talking to you.*

*I'm going to go back to talking about the holidays, because I want to think of happy things. For starters, this gift. Baby, I looked up the star from the certificate you sent me, and it's breathtaking. I don't have the words to thank you properly, but I love it more than you could know. It means so damn much to me, to have a piece of the universe named after me because of you... Fuck. Thank you. I have the certificate framed on the wall by my desk now, and I have all of your polaroids hanging next to it.*

*I'm glad you liked your gift from me, I hope you felt the hug that came with it. You don't owe me anything, the star was a beautiful gift, Dreamie. I make a wish on it every night. ~~The wish is that you were here with me.~~ But I guess if you wanted to send me something physical, I wouldn't say no to that hoodie of yours. Kidding, (maybe), I can wait until you give it to me in person to borrow.*

*I think those cuddles sound like what the hoodie would feel like without you here. But don't worry, in the future we will be spending every Christmas together all cuddled up and warm. You'll get to watch your first snowfall, and we can go outside and catch snowflakes on our tongues. Maybe you can teach me how to braid too? I'm sure Gracie would let us practice on her hair. That's alright if you're clingy, I'm not complaining in the slightest. It kind of feels nice to know I'd have you all to myself.*

*So yeah, I'll have all of those firsts with you. Are there any firsts you don't already have? Your first kiss sounds like it was good, as you said. Do you still talk to her? Or whatever happened there? And your ex played with your hair, so since I've never done that before I'm not sure how well I'll compare. Sorry if I'm shit at it. God, I just realized I have no idea how to kiss either. Good thing I declined with that guy at the party. What is kissing like? Or I guess, what does it feel like? Maybe I should find someone to teach me. ~~Maybe you could. Don't you dare fucking read that holy fuck. XXXXXXXXXX~~*

*I think I get to blame not having all of these experiences and firsts on my not liking girls. It's kind of hard to have those kinds of things when you aren't interested in the people that are interested in you. I didn't realize that until now. For the longest time, I just thought I was broken. I'm trying not to think like that anymore, it's been easier since the whole thing happened. Which, by the way...*

*Thank you. I know I've mentioned it casually a bit through the letter already, that's mostly because I'm slowly becoming more comfortable talking about it. But thank you, Dream. I think I knew you'd be accepting of me coming out, but it's still a scary thing. I think I was on an adrenaline high when I told my family, and when I posted the picture on Instagram. And then when it came to telling you, I came down from that high, because for some reason telling you felt like the biggest part of it all. You've become too important to me, you feel closer than my family sometimes, and I was terrified of losing you.*

*So thank you, genuinely. You mean the fucking world to me and I wish the same that I'd been able to tell you over the phone or that I could have told you in person. I do trust you, with my entire heart. You saying you're proud of me made me tear up, because, to me, it means the most coming from you. It was kind of nerve wracking to wait for your letter, but Wil reassured me multiple times that you aren't the type of person to judge or anything like that. He thinks you're good for me. I agree.*

*However I must say, I don't know how much I approve of you running off to marry the man. I love Wil, but I'm selfish, so apologies if I decide to ruin the wedding. Plus, you said you're not sure about marrying a brit anyways. I also hate to break it to you that Wil is into girls, however he said he'll still take you on that date as a friend.*

*Marriage is a bit odd to think about though, isn't it? I guess, I don't know. I've never thought about it for myself either before, but I think the idea of romance in general has always scared me, because I've always been taught through school and whatnot that I'm supposed to want that all with a girl. That I should be waiting at the altar for some pretty girl with long hair to walk down the aisle in a pouffy white gown. And now, if it ever happens for me, I'll be looking for someone in a suit instead. I don't know, getting older is weird.*

*Then again, you did say you were going to propose to me in Paris. And then ask me out? I guess that's alright. Like I said earlier, you'd look good in a suit. (Did I make you nervous again, baby?)*

*Being back at school has been interesting. Lots of people try to talk to me now, like more than before. One of the American students talked to me the other day, he was nice. Don't worry, I didn't ask for his name or anything. You're my number one favourite American boy, I refuse to replace you. Ever. Amelia avoids me at all costs now, which has been so fucking nice.*

*Yeah, uhm, that's what she was holding over me. She found out because I'm an idiot and somewhat outed myself to her on accident. She wasn't supposed to know. ~~It was because of our letters.~~ I don't know, Dream, I was so scared of being rejected by everyone and becoming a joke that I let her. I'm just glad that's all over with. I can't wait to get out of here and start uni, honestly.*

*Plus, that means starting my future with you.*

*~~Which is all I want. All I think about is our future together.~~*

*~~Every future imaginable sounds perfect with you.—~~*

*Starting our future means actually seeing you in person, which means talking to you more, which means no more hurt from waiting. It also means we get to have our apartment full of plants and Patches, and dancing around in skirts while hanging up our polaroids, and you being a housewife. I might have to sign you up for some local cooking classes if that's going to be the case, or we could take them together. That might be fun for us.*

*I think, based on what you've told me about your preferences, and based on the idea that we want split seasons... that I've found a school that I'd like to go to. It's in Virginia, just a few states above Florida, and still on the east coast so we can fly back to my parent's home easily. We'd get all four seasons there, there's lots of forests nearby and nature, and there's plenty of sunshine. Plus, we can take a road trip down to your parent's house whenever we want along the coastline. So, what do you think? How do you feel about Virginia?*

*And don't worry, we're still going to travel whenever possible. I don't want to take too many credits and overwhelm myself, so we'll have time. Plus, we'll have weekends and holidays as well. Everything in between can be small drives through the forest and we can go camping. I've also never done that, but it sounds fun. There's supposedly places where you can see a million stars because there's no light pollution. Maybe we could find my star.*

*But I will be stealing your clothes a lot, and I'm not sorry about that. You are comfortable to me, which means your clothes will be extra comfortable on me. You can steal them back, I guess. They'll even smell like my cologne when you do. Please do not go buy this, because it's ridiculously expensive. But I'll spray some on the letter so you know how it smells. It's called Atelier Des Ors Rose Omeyyade. I know, a ridiculous name. Fuck off.*

*When I visit you before we go off to my uni, you can smell it then as well. Oh God... you wear Axe body spray, don't you? Baby, I might have to call this whole thing off if that's the case. I don't know if I can be seen walking around Disney World holding hands with someone that wears Axe.*

*Really though, you're not going to tell me what is up in that tree? Not even a tiny hint? Fine, whatever, be stubborn. Yes, okay, it's attractive to me that you're tall. I like the idea of everything that comes with that. I just... I don't want to make you uncomfortable in any way. I know we make flirtatious comments towards each other all the time, and I know you're completely accepting of my being gay. But I just... yeah. I'm going to write something and cross it out, so please don't try to read it if it's not something you want to hear regarding your height and whatever.*

~~*Of course it's attractive that you're tall, Dream. It makes me think of having to go on my tippy toes to reach you. It makes me think about how broad you are and what your arms will feel like wrapped around me. And fuck you for mentioning that you have freckles on your shoulders and chest, because now all I want to do is see those. Your freckles already drive me crazy because they're so fucking beautiful on your face. Okay, you're attractive. I'm attracted to you. Fuck off.*~~

*Ignore that, please.*

*Fucking hell. I should scrap this entire thing now, but I've already written too much for that. Whatever. I'm going to say things to fluster you instead, because it's funny to watch you panic write back to me.*

*You sure you don't dream about me, baby? I'm not going to force you to tell me about your dreams, but I wouldn't mind if I were in them. ~~Please tell me.~~ Yeah, you've been in mine. I can't ever really see your face, but it's more of the feeling of laying against your chest in my windowsill. I think about that a lot when I'm awake too.*

*You really talk to Sap about me, huh? Do you talk to Emma about me too? I talk to Wil and Gracie about you, I'll admit that. You're too wonderful not to talk about. I can't get you out of my fucking head, and I'm okay with that. I have been thinking about your name though. Starts with a 'C', huh? Hmm... Cole, Cameron, Charlie, Chadwick, Chase, Clayton, Christopher, Crandall... Those are my guesses, let me know if I got close on any of them.*

*It really would have been funny if we'd flown to each other's houses for Christmas. I'm just imagining now standing on your front doorstep having to face Emma and her telling me you'd gone to my home. And then of course, Gracie telling you the same thing. I think she'd grab you by the hand and show you around our home first, and then introduce you to Cat and Dog, and then she'd probably show you my room and all of the letters. I guess you'd be stuck there waiting for me to come back home and could read all of the saved crumpled ones and the notebook. There's a lot of secrets in there, baby.*

*It's that time, the time that I hate the most. We've come to the part of the letter where I get all sappy and cheesy because I know I have to end it soon, because I'm nearing the bottom of the third page.*

*Your polaroids this letter are of me and Wilbur at the gala in our suits, please disregard how pink my cheeks are, I was slightly intoxicated. The second polaroid is of Gracie and I on Christmas morning sitting in our pajamas, we both wish you'd been there with us to be in matching pajamas as well.*

*I think I fully understand the feeling you're describing. Where your face goes all red, and you can't stop bouncing your knee, and your heart starts beating faster... It happens to me a lot, every time I get a new letter from you, every time I re-read your older letters, every time I try to decipher your crossed out bits more.*

*Especially the ones in this most recent letter.*

*You said I deserve everything in the world, even if you can't give me that. Dream, you've given me more than I could ever imagine. I feel lucky every single day to know you, and I don't want the world if you're not part of it. You are my world. You existing is more than enough, the only thing more you could give me is actually ~~being with me~~ being here with me.*

*I'm never going to force you to talk about that thing/your secret if you don't want to. Do what you feel most comfortable about, baby. I'm here whenever you're ready. You did say you're not using your own strength though, so you were glad you could send it to me. So now it's my turn. I'm sending you that strength back. Whatever it is, it's a part of you, and I think you're wonderful for that. I'm sending you every ounce of strength I have, every positive vibe I can muster up, everything I have is yours now. There's nothing to be scared of, you have me.*

*I miss you, so insanely much. I miss you every second of every day.*

*Fuck, I miss you. Please save that hug for me, I'll be waiting for it. And yeah, don't you dare let go. I won't let go either, probably ever.*

*- your favourite boy*

*p.s. - you're not dumb, idiot. I said I wasn't ready to say it yet before, but you said it first...*

*p.p.s. - I love you too*

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He decided two letters ago to stop feeling ashamed for whatever he did with Dream. Coming out was something he'd never imagined himself doing in the first place, let alone being accepted and continuing to be flirted with. *Was it flirting?*

He shook the thought for a moment, holding out the pages of his letter as he sprayed his cologne towards them, careful to let the mist fall against them without risk of damage to his writing. It felt romantic, in a way, sending personal messages with personal wax seals and his personal fragrance of choice. It was the kind of cheesy shit he was used to seeing in movies.

Girls with boyfriends that would spray their pillowcase or jacket with cologne so they could think of them late at night when they were sleeping alone. Love notes written with wording that only the two of them understood. Stolen glances he could only imagine having one day.

George knew he was a sucker for romance, he only wished there were more movies and shows that depicted the kind of love he wanted. A love with someone just like him, a love where he didn't have to picture one of the characters as someone they weren't. There were a few here and there, he'd find himself scavenging the depths of the internet at times to find anything he could with even an ounce of flirtation between two boys.

Maybe he watched too many movies, but to him, it was the realest thing he could find to what he wanted. He wanted it all with Dream. He found himself romanticizing his life far too often when it came to Dream.

Daydreams during light snow falls consisted of him sitting in his windowsill with large blankets

wrapped around his body, envisioning Dream sat behind him with his arms around him instead. He imagined laying his head back against Dream's shoulder and whispering to him about how much he adored him. He hated himself in a way for dragging his fingertips lightly across his own bottom lip, trying to even imagine what it would feel like to have Dream's own lips pressed against them.

He hadn't lied, he'd never been kissed. When the boy at the party had offered a week or so before, he'd almost wanted to say yes. Part of him just wanted to get the whole thing over with, see what all of the hype was about. But another part of him wanted to wait. He wanted to wait for it to be with someone that would keep coming back for more, that would kiss him breathless because they wanted to.

Yes, his ideology surrounding the entire thing may have come from watching too many romance films and reading far too many books... But he didn't feel like wanting something like that was unrealistic.

It wasn't unrealistic to be drawn to someone so strongly that he could feel the pull on his heartstrings. If he closed his eyes tight enough, he could feel the ghost of a hand intertwining it's fingers with his own. If he let himself stay between the barrier of consciousness and sleep, he could imagine freckled cheeks lighting up with a rosy tint he could only imagine the hue of.

It's what he wanted, no matter how ridiculous it seemed at times.

He found himself reaching for the journal full of notes he kept to himself, pulling out the scrapped letters filled with crossed out lines and messy scribbles. The notebook had started after the first month he'd been talking to Dream, full of words lined with confusion.

*Do I like you? I don't understand what this feeling is but I know I get more excited to talk to you than I have anyone else before in my life.*

*Dream what the hell is happening to me? My heart feels like it's trying to escape my fucking chest.*

Innocent unknown admissions that slowly turned into outright confessions of his heart's actual desires. Words he couldn't say until he was sure.

*God I think this is what falling in love feels like. I can't believe I brought up kissing the post man, I think I did it to see if you'd talk about kissing me. I think you might have as well with what you*

*crossed out. God, please kiss me.*

*It is taking everything in me not to fly to you right now. We are on holiday and I could if I wanted to. My father is going to America in two months, I could convince him to let me on the private jet. I could see you.*

*Fuck these rules. Fuck these rules. Fuck these rules. I should have had Sapnap call you. Fuck these rules.*

*I love you. Fuckfuckfuckfuckfuck.*

Scrambled thoughts, more like it. A series of unintelligible screaming that he screamed silently into the void of pages bound between black leather and the space between his wall and the bed. He didn't feel idiotic for writing it all down, it felt good to actually *feel* something for someone for the first time in his life.

He'd had crushes before, but this was something that felt much more real than all of that. This was something he never wanted to let go of or watch fade away.

Dream was more than just another pretty boy to him, he was everything. He was the one person he actually felt comfortable liking... or loving. He didn't care that that fact may have made him seem helpless, in fact, it excited him.

He still worried about Dream's secret. He worried that coming out was something Dream wasn't actually comfortable with, and he was just being kind. But the flirting seemed to continue. Dream kept calling him cute, and pretty, and hot. Dream complimented his mind and made him feel like the only person in the world.

And if Dream was *his* entire world, well... then he was okay with being the only other person in it.

George's phone buzzed against his thigh, beckoning him to answer a call he was too tired to answer. He let it still, moving to sit in the windowsill. Dragging his fingers lightly over the dried petals of his birthday rose, he imagined Dream's hand ghosting around his own to trace the outlines. But the buzzing of his phone started again, pulling him from his daydreams.



“Wil, what is it?” he answered lazily, still tracing the shape of the petals with his eyes as he pulled his phone to his ear.

“Well, hello to you too. I was just checking in on you, You’ve been kind of gone since New Years. You alright?”

“Yeah... fine.” he found himself mumbling, pressing his back against the wall surrounding the windowsill.

“You don’t sound fine. What ever happened to that guy that was hitting on you at the party? I thought you might fancy him.”

George rolled his eyes and let out a sigh, lolling his head to the side to look out his window at the snow covered ground in his backyard. “I don’t know... He was cute, but I just...”

“He’s not Dream.” Wilbur interrupted, completing his thoughts for him.

“Yeah,” he started, dragging his finger across the fog on the window to draw the smiley face he’d gotten so used to seeing and loving, “he’s not Dream.”

## Chapter End Notes

note from kat:

oh heyyy :) can yall believe we are one chapter away from being halfway through this story? it's been so fun to write and wow i never want it to end sometimes. There have been a lot of questions and theories in the comments lately, and they're all very fun to hear! we cant always get to answering all of them here on ao3, so if you'd like to send questions/theories into our **curious cats**, we will answer those on twitter! i'll link them below <3

comments and kudos always appreciated! love you guys!

Socials:

[kat's twitter](#)

[kat's cc](#)

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[tad's twitter](#)

[tad's cc](#)

## show & tell

### Chapter Summary

Outside it was raining again, a gentle pitter patter of raindrops hitting the window next to his head. Rain always seemed to have the constant reminder of *George* attached to it. But then again, everything reminded him of George.

### Chapter Notes

woah, halfway there! woahhhh.... [fic playlist](#) :)

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

*Hi Georgie,*

*Different greetings, shocker I know.*

*I want to get this over with right now, because I feel I'll chicken out if I save it for the end of the letter.*

*I'm bi. Well, bisexual, to be exact or whatever... but yeah. Surprise? I don't know if this is a surprise for you, that I like girls and boys. I mean, you just came out to me and now I'm coming out to you. It's weird probably, or probably not, it's probably completely normal or expected. Did you expect this? I don't know if I was like- okay scratch that, I don't know what I'm saying.*

*That's the secret I was talking about. I came out to only Emma and Sapnap. First it was Sap, and then my sister. They were both very supportive, so I'm glad for that. And I know you'll be supportive, so I guess some of my fears dwindled away with your last letter and the letter before that. It helped a lot.*

*But yeah. I like boys too. Sorry I'm so- it's still so foreign to me. I've only ever kissed and dated girls. But I definitely find guys attractive and wouldn't mind dating one. ~~I find you attractive for~~*

~~sure-~~ I hope that makes sense.

*I guess, in a way, we both gave each other strength to do this. Even though I did it so unknowingly. It's relieving actually, in a way. I feel like I carried this for so long unknowingly, but as soon as I got to know you, I realized how good it felt to say it. To tell you. I wanted to tell you more than anyone, actually. I want to thank you for that. So thank you for giving me the strength back.*

*So yeah, that's the secret.*

*I feel like- Gods, I don't know. You make me wanna tell you everything, and one day it's gonna get me in trouble I swear. But yeah, that's what I wanted to get over with first. You could honestly ignore this part of the letter, just like, acknowledge it and say you're proud of me or something... Not that I want to control what you say. Okay, I think I'm rambling now cause I'm so nervous. I'm gonna stop myself here.*

*Moving on swiftly now.*

*Thanks for calling me 'Dreamie baby'. It put a ridiculous smile on my face as soon as I read it.*

*But YES. Just like you said, the letter came so quickly this time Georgie. It was so relieving when I saw this on my bed when I came from school. My mom had given me a weird look though, I think she's getting curious about these letters.*

*I bet I missed you more. Not that it's a competition, of course. Maybe.*

*God, that song. I forgot I sent it to you. It fits us rather perfectly I think. I listen to it a lot when I'm thinking about you. You are right about these letters being our safe places, though. So many of the things I've said to you I've never said to anyone else.*

*I think you know the realest version of me, George.*

*I hope you know that.*

~~I love you for it too.~~

*No, I think that makes perfect sense Georgie. You haven't lost it. You're right about all of that, I'd rather feel myself missing you everyday than feel nothing. Missing you fills something inside of me, and it feels good at times, because it connects me to the excitement of getting your newest letter and seeing you in the future.*

~~*I want to see you so bad. I want to hold your hand and never let go.*~~

*Ah, the usual rich people topics then, hm? Glad you and Wil could escape with the champagne though. The conversations seem like a bore. I never asked by the way, what does your dad do? What's his job that has landed you such a fancy little lifestyle?*

*I'd love to join you two next year. Hopefully your dad will like me enough to invite me. Or I guess I can get in with your invite, hm? Champagne may get me a bit giggly and flushed. You'll just have to find out, baby.*

*Oh? A golden pin with my initial on it? Damn, Gracie knows how to do it right. You have the pin and our matching bracelets now. At this rate, your classmates are going to start asking questions, no?*

*That's so cute, what the hell? She considers me another older brother. (She must've gotten the really sweet letters in her hands. Whoops?)*

*Oh wow... Georgie is an avid party goer, hm? My life seems so much more lame now, wow. I'm more of a nerd at this point.*

*Someone asked you for a kiss?*

~~*Why am I happy you told him no? Fuck, I'm so selfish when it comes to you.*~~

*Good you said no. Aren't I supposed to do all your firsts, baby? Kidding. Of course if you like someone right now you can kiss them. ~~But, like, it would cool if you saved it for me?~~ No pressure for you having to save it haha. But hey, getting all the men, Georgie? Valid though, means if you're not into him, you're not into him. At least we both didn't have a New Years kiss then. ~~I wanted it to be you I think.~~ We're doing similar things even across the ocean.*

*I wanted to be with you for New Years too. It just would've felt so right. Starting off the year with the one person that became this important to me would've been perfect. But it's alright, can't complain when you had a nice time, and we'll see each other eventually.*

*Hopefully soon.*

*I wish we could've called. These rules are so dumb. I just want to hear your voice so badly. I feel like I'd listen to you talk about anything forever.*

*Just didn't feel up to it this year. Okay, well, I was worried I wouldn't have anything in common with them anymore. Like, what if it was awkward? I got invited to it by Joshua. He's still on the team and we still talk, he's super nice, but I didn't want to be the awkward guy who was just... there. I guess I over-thought it. I'm dumb like that.*

~~*Maybe it was because I just wanted to be with you. XXXXXXXXXXXX*~~

*Plus, I didn't want to leave Emma alone to fend for herself with relatives. Andrew went to his friend's house too, so she woulda been alone.*

*Pft. I wasn't looking for anyone to kiss, loser. ~~I already know who I wanted to kiss.~~ And sure, my "good looks" would have gotten me a kiss, but what's the point of a silly drunk kiss? New Year's kisses should be more important I think. Or maybe I'm just sappy.*

*Christmas was nice. Emma woke me and Andrew up. The pictures are not the cutest, but I'll include them. And surprise, you get to see Andrew! We both look homeless whilst Emma looks like she never slept. You get the photo I hid my face in tho, it's covered by a present I was holding. No full face reveal just yet, baby.*

*For presents, Emma made me a painting. (She's way too creative.) She also got me stickers, papers, pens, and new envelopes. Lots of supplies for our letters, so this letter will be prettier than the others. (At least I hope it's pretty.)*

*I got a new mousepad from Andrew, cause apparently galaxy stuff is stupid. I think he's stupid, not to mention he gave me a football too. He wrapped it and everything and threw it at me... motherfucker is lucky I was half asleep, or he'd be a dead man.*

*Guess I really only need you, maybe Emma and Sap too. But only you would be good too.*

*I'm not going to fear snow, Georgie. I'm sure I'll survive. It's just frozen water. And that's fine, I'll just hug you until I'm not shaking anymore. ~~Even though I feel like touching you or even being near you is gonna make me shake.~~ Cuddling is always on the table, idiot. We already discussed this.*

*Hm, I guess I accept your apology since you sound sincere. I can't believe you spoke to my best friend, and I can't believe he laughed at me when I said it's not fair. Though, block version of me- I don't think you'll be too impressed with my MC skin, it's just a lime green skin with white in the middle and a smiley face. Sapnap's e-boy look is much nicer I think.*

*Hey, don't abandon the server. Don't worry if we don't have self control, because Sapnap does. He won't bend the rules, cause I told him we wanna stick to it as long as we can resist. He won't let us crash like that.*

*God, baby, I'm so glad you like the star. I tried to pick the most absolutely perfect one that I could find, and I'm glad you think so too. Cute you framed it. I would've bought you a frame, but it didn't come to mind, stupidly. You should send a Polaroid of your wall by the way. I wanna see it. I'll send one of mine back too. Pretty please?*

*Of course I love your gift, baby. It was absolutely perfect, and yes, I hugged the sign right back. It was kinda cold and small, but I think it fit you well. Since you are small, dunno if you're cold always though.*

*My hoodie huh? Hm, it would be cute seeing you in it... :)*

*Gods, that sounds absolutely perfect. A change up on Christmas with my favorite person. I wanna go to a nice cafe, and I'd like to have hot chocolate too. I want a snowball fight too! And to push you into a pile of snow. I'm not asking for that, simply stating it cause I will do it.*

*And hell yeah I'll teach you to braid. You can practice on my hair too. It's kinda longish on the sides at least, ya know? But Gracie would be a better option. I picked up on it really fast, so I think you should be okay too.*

*Firsts.*

*I like that word for us. Doing all your firsts together. Especially when you're the first to make me feel like this. Don't ask me what "this" is. I don't know either.*

~~*Love?*~~

~~*Gods, I hate this so much.*~~

*Uh, any firsts I don't have? I'm not sure... I kinda did a lot cause I was one of those jocks. I haven't smoked a cigarette or weed... but that's like drugs wise... probably not the first you wanna hear about. You name some firsts. I can't think of any. Maybe the English have different firsts.*

*Uhhh, yeah she's still around. We never got to dating because I met my ex (who's name is Audrey, I realized I never told you.) and I crushed on her too hard. I don't even know who I would date now, I find double the people attractive now that I've realized I'm bi, and it's even harder. I don't even know my type anymore to be honest, George.*

~~*It's you, I think. No one but you.*~~

*Kissing... is interesting? I guess I am the one with more experience between us, Georgie.*

*Middle school kisses are definitely worse compared to when you get older and people are more experienced around you. So you won't have a shit first kiss, as long as the guy has dated before.*

~~*I hated writing that.*~~

~~*Can I be your first kiss?*~~

~~*Gods I need to shut up.*~~

*Kissing is really nice. I don't know how to explain it but, like, everything from sweet forehead kisses, to a peck on the lips, to like full blown make out sessions... It's all nice.*

*It'll probably be awkward at first cause you're not used to it, but a good partner will lead or help*



you. With Audrey it was, like, a mix? It was my first relationship, but like I had kissed before that, so it was like a learning thing for the both of us. But it makes you all warm and your thoughts get all jumbled and it's nice. I said "nice" so many times, I don't know how else to explain, sorry Georgie.

~~Can I just show you? It would be easier to show you.~~

~~I wish I could ask.~~

~~Gods, please don't read this George oh my Gods, I'm embarrassing myself.~~

If you're going to find someone to teach you, please choose someone nice. Guys can be real assholes sometimes.

~~Just choose me.~~

Hey, everyone does things at their own pace. I'm sure people way into their 20's haven't kissed anyone before, and the sexuality thing probably didn't help either, like you said. So don't stress about it. You'll have the perfect first kiss, I'm sure.

You don't have to thank me for supporting you, idiot. I mean, like, I just came out in the beginning of the letter, so gods of course I support you no matter what, even if I wasn't bi. So don't thank me, okay? It's what best friends are supposed to do. Even just friends.

I love you, okay? I think I'll get better at saying that, but my heart jumped when I wrote that this time. But I just wanted to remind you. And not just at the end of the letter.

Well, Wil was right. I would never judge you or hate you because of who you like. That's ridiculous. I'm glad he thinks I'm good for you, that's all I want to be.

It's unfortunate he's into girls though. But true, I did say I'm against Brits. (Not you, by the way.) A friend date sounds lovely, though. What's his favorite food? Actually, what's yours whilst we are on the topic. Housewife duties, ya know?

*Marriage as a kid was, like, all about a wife in a white dress and a guy in a black tux. Shining families, big cakes, and crying. It's weird. I don't want any of that. It's different, I guess. Would you want a big wedding with all your family? Or something small, or just skip the wedding and go honeymooning or something? I think I'd just wanna go on a cool trip, waste my money on that, ya know?*

*Hm, I did say that. I think I'd make an exception for you if you wanted a pretty wedding. Simp energy, ya know? Anything for Georgie. Maybe I should send a photo of myself in a suit at this rate. Would you like that, baby? (I can tease you right back.)*

*You always make me nervous.*

*Your #1 American says good job! I gotta be the first you meet and hug and everything. I'm holding you to this.*

*Ah, Amelia the cunt. If I ever meet her I wanna stick the gum in her hair personally. It's okay to be scared Georgie. I would've been scared too. I'm just glad she can't hold this over you anymore. I'm giving you a hug right now.*

~~*Our letters caused this? Was it cause of how I talk? Fuck.*~~

*School for me isn't too bad this semester. I'm actually meeting up with Skye in a little. I'm writing this as I wait, cause I couldn't wait any longer with your letter in my bag. She's gonna help me in one of my classes. So wish me luck. I hope I don't look too stupid.*

*She's really nice though, so I think it'll be okay.*

*Honestly, that sounds like such an ideal life. Like, that's all I want, and I want it now. I hate school so much. I think you make me wanna drop out even more than before. In a good way, though, so I can get to you faster. Cooking classes sound so fun together. We can cook for each other some days.*

*Virginia? I've never been there before, but if you think it's perfect then I agree. I wasn't lying when I said I'd follow you anywhere, baby. As long as it's a school you like, that sounds perfect. It is close enough for a road trip, and you can go home too. Which is ideal in my opinion. Gods, this makes me wanna take out my laptop and start searching for apartments already.*

*This makes me so excited, baby.*

*Yeah, please don't stress yourself out with lots of studying. I need you too, I don't want a slave to the books. By the way, I never actually asked you... Or I may have. Have you figured out what you'd like to do? What you wanna study, I mean, since you are applying to colleges now.*

*I'd love to search for your star together.*

~~*I think I've found mine. You.*~~

*I think you'll love the gift I sent with this letter then, Georgie. Take care of my hoodie for me, okay? It's special to me, and now hopefully for you too.*

*Now on to your expensive ass cologne, Georgie. Jesus, I searched it up and it's \$250??? How many bottles in a year, rich man? It smells fucking fantastic though, I was taken aback for a minute when I opened your letter. Like the price is worth it I guess, but still. So much for the bottle. I know I'm definitely stealing your things when we move in together. I can smell all rich and nice like you.*

*It's nice to know how you smell. Makes me feel like you aren't as far.*

*Also, I'm insanely offended you think I wear Axe body spray. That shit is disgusting, and definitely something Andrew would do. (Obviously there is a superior brother here.)*

*For your kind information, I wear Dolce & Gabbana. It's a fancy name too. My mom got it for me, like, two years ago and it's been my smell since. So don't even try to label me as an Axe enjoyer. That's vile, as you would say. We aren't going to mention how my mom buys the cologne. It's an easy birthday present. I smell great, and we'll be just fine holding hands. You'll just smell more expensive for the rich people at Disney.*

~~*I*~~

~~*Gods*~~

*What the fuck. This is a positive 'what the the fuck', by the way.*

~~*That whole thing-*~~

~~*Fucking hell. What the fuck George, you're making me think too much again.*~~

~~*I want to see you go on your tippy toes to reach me so bad. That's gotta be the cutest sight. Holy shit I can't even imagine. You wanna see me shirtless too? Fuck, okay. I need to be calm and collected. Our size difference may be the death of me at this point. You're attracted to me?!-*~~

~~*What if I want to see you on your tiptoes to kiss me? What if I want to see you pouting when I tease you? What if I want to see you. Everything about you.*~~

~~*Fuck my life, oh my gods.*~~

*That was a bit hard to ignore.*

*You can ignore me right back!*

*If this letter isn't readable by the end, blame yourself after all this goddamn teasing. I think I'm about to bite through my pen at this rate.*

~~*All I do is dream about you. Daydreams and my dreams at night.*~~

*Your dreams are gatekeeping my face too, huh? I promise you'll see me soon, and then you can dream about me all night. Okay?*

*Of course I talk to Sap and Emma about you. You three are most important to me, aside from my parents. All three of you need to know about each other. At least, like, Emma needs to know about both of you. It's only basic things, I promise. I wouldn't give her blackmail material.*

*Those names are god awful. You think I'm named Crandall??? That's such an odd name. But what if I told you... one of those is kinda my name? Good guessing work, baby.*

*That's cute. She'd show me the letter collection, huh? Everything I wrote to you. Does she know about your unsent letters, would I be allowed a peek at those? Or would she stop me without you there? I think it would be so weird being in your house without you. I feel like I'd be intruding without you there. I think I'd prefer being there with you anyways. Have you told your parents about me? Just out of curiosity.*

*Emma would probably be really excited to meet you too. She would drag you around, introduce you to my parents and Patches. She'd spill all the dumb shit I've done and embarrass me. She'd show you Jay too, of course. The fish you named after all. Jay's doing so well by the way. Living it's happily little life.*

*Don't worry, we both always get equally sappy at the end. It's our awful talent.*

*Though I can't forget the polaroids. You and Wil look amazing in those suits.*

~~*I should hold back on what else I want to say, Jesus.*~~

*And the Christmas photos are absolutely adorable, no lie. I wish I could've been matching too. I sent two polaroids too. One of me in a Sooners jersey. I think I looked cute. And then the Christmas one I mentioned earlier.*

*I hope you like them.*

*And I hope you like the hoodie. It took me a while to decide if I should send it. I didn't know if you'd actually want it, and I'd hate for it to be thrown aside, but I don't think you'd ever do that. So take care of it for me, okay? At least until we get to each other. I sprayed it with my cologne before sending it as well. A little piece of me*

~~*Since I can't be there right now.*~~

*In the end, I did end up telling you my secret, and thank you so much for strength again. I adore you and I promise I'll do a lot more for you when I can. You make me feel like the happiest version of me, and I feel the most comfortable with myself now, and I don't think I've felt like this in well over two years, I think.*

*I miss you. I miss you. I miss you. I miss you so much, fuck.*

*I'm keeping this hug forever, don't worry.*

*- your dream*

*p.s. I am a little dumb*

*p.p.s. fuck, you said it back*

---

This was the letter that held his secret. Written while he was curled up in a chair in the corner of the library as he waited for Skye to arrive. It wasn't his bedroom or in the safety of up in his tree where no prying eyes could catch a glance.

Instead, he had written everything in the comforting hum of pages turning and students whispering around him. Half the tables were occupied by those who studied, and the others using the plugs to charge their phones.

Outside it was raining again, a gentle pitter patter of raindrops hitting the window next to his head. Rain always seemed to have the constant reminder of *George* attached to it. But then again, everything reminded him of George.

George who probably studied like this in libraries on the daily. George who had to deal with this sort of weather more often than him. His eyes wandered to the polaroids set on the desk, landing on George who looked absolutely adorable with his pink cheeks in a slightly messy suit.

One day he'd get to experience the same. He'd get to have what Wilbur did. George in all his glory. From tipsy George to sleepy George in the early mornings, he'd get to have George at his

best and worst, and he'd stick by him no matter what.

A soft smile spread across his lips as his fingers trailed across the photo. There were papers scattered across the desk, the supplies Emma had gotten him, along with his own extra little things. The polaroids he wanted to send had already been mentally picked out, and thankfully were waiting on his desk back at home.

He hadn't had a chance to grab them in the morning. It had already been sad enough when the envelope with the pretty wax seal had landed in his hands mere minutes before he headed off to school. Apparently his dad had gotten the mail the day before, and had forgotten to give him the letter. He had barely been able to grab the bag of supplies and stuff it into his bag before heading out.

It had been agony waiting the whole school day having George's unread letter tucked into his bag. Thankfully though, there was a gap between when he had to meet Skye for tutoring. She had a cheer practice before it, so that had given him the time to read and write the perfect letter for George.

Maybe it had been a little bit of a bad idea to write his coming out in public, but it's something he *had* to do. He had thought about the best way to word it in the beginning, and ultimately pushed it out of his mind in favor of being blunt.

George would accept him.

It was George.

"Shit- Sorry I'm late Clay. Cheer practice ran late."

The familiar voice had him jumping a little, turning his head to see Skye stopping beside him. She looked a little frantic, hair pulled into a ponytail with stray locks here and there. The cheer uniform he had seen before when school ended usually took the place of a hoodie and jeans.

Skye was pretty, but what he noticed was how she didn't spark the same butterflies in his stomach as seeing a Polaroid from George did.

*Shit.*

But that wasn't even the issue at hand, because Skye was sitting down across from him and he had his practical love letters spread across it.

"Hi!" he sprang out, uncurling himself and shoving his hands over the loose papers and George's Polaroids.

The sound was loud. Much too obnoxious, which made Skye raise her eyebrows.

"Uh... you okay?" she questioned softly, head tilted to one side curiously, eyes glancing down at the papers he had attempted to cover.

"Peachy. Yeah. Just give me a second to clean this up. I didn't realize I lost track of time." The words were careful, slight dread in the back of his mind as quickly folded the papers, eyes skimming across the word 'bisexual'. Skye wasn't even someone he had considered telling about his sexuality. It wasn't that he was ashamed, it was more of George needing to know first, before anyone else.

The other simply hummed, shooting him a gentle smile not protesting against it. Everything was put away slowly, all his supplies and papers, and as he reached for the polaroids, he was stilled by a voice.

"Oh! Are these letters for the pen-pals project?" she asked, and in her hands was her own envelope. The name Skye was printed neatly in the center with blocky writing. It was different from his messy writing and bright green envelopes. Different from George's pretty cursive and wax stamps.

It was all too often he forgot that what he and George had wasn't out of the blue. It has been because of an assignment, one that others in his class also had.

So he nodded his head, smiling a little sheepishly. "Yeah. I got my letter this morning so I thought I might as well write back while waiting."

"I got mine this morning too! I haven't read it yet because I was waiting to get home. You already wrote yours then? You're quick! And they sent you photos?"



Dream knew it wasn't a strange topic. So many people most likely shared their letters with their friends but his and George's had become so much more. "Mhm, he sent me a photo from Christmas and another with a friend." Hesitantly, he pushed the photos across the table. Polaroids weren't much harm at all, it was just pictures, nothing suspicious.

Skye seemed happy to look though, carefully picking up the polaroids with nails a pretty shade of baby blue.

And without a doubt, George came to mind.

"He's so cute!" she complimented with a smile spread across her face. "Is he the shorter one? I'm guessing since the taller one isn't in the second photo."

"Uh yeah... he really- Um, his name is George. He's really... *cool*." The words were lame and a bit faux, but he had to hold back from gushing about a boy from across the ocean. The words too full of admiration and, of course, love. And they had been so close to slipping off the tip of his tongue.

A gradual blush had sprang across his cheeks as well, fingers twisting a ring on his index finger. Skye glanced up, something unknown in her eyes. "Why're you so nervous? You can call him cute if he is, Clay. It's pretty obvious he is."

He stuttered for a minute, cheeks growing even darker as he sat there, leaving Skye laughing.

"Relax, idiot. You're acting as if-" but she paused, eyebrows furrowed. "Do you-?"

But he cut her off. "Shouldn't we be studying?" Dream asked nervously, fingers tapping on the desk. Thankfully there was no pushing. Skye simply nodded, handing the photos back to him as she opened up her notes.

"Hm, I guess I can't be mad about you rejecting me if he's *that* cute." she commented casually without another glance at him.

Dream was sure he was going to melt into his chair. "Shut up, oh my Gods..." he whined out as he sunk in his seat and covered his face.

But it didn't feel bad. It felt nice talking so casually about it with someone. Was this how George felt now? He couldn't complain if Skye was nice about it, and *technically* he didn't outwardly tell her with his own words.

He was interrupted with soft giggles now. "If you're done being shy, we gotta study!"

Maybe it wouldn't be too bad...

## Chapter End Notes

note from tad:

Hello hello !!!!! we've officially hit chapter 20 which means we're also officially half way through, WOOOOOOO. I'm so excited for the upcoming chapters as they r some of my favourites, I hope you all will enjoy them as well hehe. Thank you once again for all the love and support for the fic and not to forget we're zooming our way to 20k hits already :))) <3333 also I am a little slow at answering comments but I promise I will get to them all eventually, I deeply appreciate them all. They always bring a smile to my face whether they are long or short <33 it's nice getting a glimpse of the readers thoughts, so if you've thought about leaving a comment but haven't, please do!!!! It brings me and Kat lots of joy.

We're curious to hear theories from you guys about the second half of this fic, so feel free to spam our curious cats, links below!

comments and kudos make our day, don't forget to user sub to both of us!

Socials:

[kat's twitter](#)

[tad's twitter](#)

[kat's CC](#)

[tad's CC](#)

## light blue

### Chapter Summary

He thought he might have been insane before. Planning out a future with someone well over four thousand miles away that heavily revolved around the other's company. There was a comfort in the solace of their letters.

### Chapter Notes

thank you guys for the constant love and support on this fic, it means the world <3 also if you see the change in breaks between letters and the rest of the chapter, just go with it. I went back and changed it on the previous 20 chapters too lol.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

*My Dream,*

*Oh my sweet, sweet Dream.*

*Congratulations, baby. I genuinely had no idea that this would be your secret, but God... I don't even know how I can articulate how insanely proud of you I am. Coming out was something that terrified me for the longest time, and a lot of that stemmed from me not understanding it at all and thinking I was broken. I didn't realize I was okay with accepting myself until I met you, so seeing that you were going through the same thing...*

*God, Dream. I am so proud of you, thank you for telling me. How does it feel being able to tell people? I know you said you've only told Sapnap and Emma, and now me, but how do you feel? Are you doing okay? Is there anything I can do to help or make you feel more accepted? Please tell me, I'd do anything for you. Especially when it comes to coming out because I know how scary that is. God, I genuinely cannot even express how happy I am for you. If you see the tear stains on this page, please don't ignore them. It's me crying because I am so very happy for you.*

*So, bisexual, huh? Can I ask how you figured it out? You don't have to tell me, obviously, if you're not comfortable sharing. For me, it was a mixture of things. I knew I was never into girls, I*

never found myself attracted to them. A few years back I was in a class with a boy and he made me smile a lot and I liked being around him, but he and his family moved to Russia. I honestly don't remember feeling like that since. ~~Well, that's a lie. I feel that way but much more strongly whenever I think about you.~~ So I just kind of slowly figured it out for myself, Wil helped as he talked to me about it. Again, you don't have to tell me if you don't want to.

Just remember that I'm proud of you, and I feel so honoured to be one of the three people you've told. You're incredible, Dream. You really are.

I won't linger on it for too long, because I could tell by how shaky your handwriting was that it made you super nervous. But thank you again for telling me. I can definitely say it was a little bit of a surprise, I wasn't exactly expecting it. I just thought you were flirtatious naturally. I'm glad you felt the strength I sent you, I love that we could do that for each other. Thank you for telling me everything, thank you for sharing this part of yourself with me. God, I know I've said it so many times already, but I'm so happy for you. I hope you're feeling happy with yourself and that this makes you smile and feel a little more comforted. I'll always accept you, especially since you've been so accepting of me.

I'd give anything to call you right now and tell you out loud how wonderful you are. I'm very tempted to hop on a flight just so I can come hug you and tell you for hours on end. If I'm being honest, I feel like the most real version of myself when I'm talking to you too. I think that's why I felt the need to come out to you so much. I'm saying it one more time, and then I'll move on.

I'm so happy for you. I'm proud of you. And I love you. Thank you for trusting me.

The timing between these letters is getting much better, I think I only sent mine a week ago, so this is much better. The holidays really fucked us over, didn't they? Tell your mum there's nothing to be suspicious of with our letters, just two happy people enjoying each other's presence like they did in the olden days. Maybe a little too much, but I don't see a problem with that. I love our letters. ~~I love us.~~

And if it were a competition, I'd win. I miss you more, idiot.

But yes, the holidays, the gala. It was lovely, really, but the conversations are always a bore. Hence the champagne. I only had maybe three glasses... okay, maybe five. I don't drink very often, usually only at fancy parties like that, but it's fun. Your head gets all fuzzy and your cheeks get all warm, everything is ten times funnier, which is why I was a giggling mess. Have you ever had alcohol? I'd love to see you tipsy, I reckon you'd be adorable. I'm just imagining you at the party with Wil and I, laughing at literally everything. You'd probably end up leaning on me all night, because I doubt you'd be able to stand on your own.

*I'm glad you liked my suit. Yes, I'd love to see you in one, I'm certain you'd look absolutely enchanting. If you have one, please send me a polaroid of you wearing it. As for the reason we were there, my father owns a business that owns smaller businesses. It's a tree of companies that he's the CEO of, all a bunch of marketing firms and magazine/newspaper companies. My mum owns one of the magazine companies under my father's branch, so they work together a lot. What do your parents do?*

*It's nice because they get to spend a lot of time together at home and at work, pretty much spending all of their time together. It kind of sounds like the perfect future, doesn't it? And don't worry, you won't have to wait until next year to come to a gala. We have a few every year, and there's one in June for pride month. All of the donations and proceeds that are earned from that one go towards charities and foundations for the LGBTQ+ community. Seeing how you fall under that 'B' in the category, and I fall under the 'G', I'd be honoured to have you join. We'll be graduated by then, and I can fly you out here. Bring your suit, baby.*

*You will be able to meet Wil and some of my other classmates as well. And don't worry, if you're not out to more people by then and aren't ready to come out, you'll simply be attending as my guest. Those classmates, by the way, think the 'D' on my golden pin stands for my surname... Imagine if they knew it was actually for you. Gracie does pick out nice gifts, doesn't she? It's nice to wear something that reminds me of you every day to school, besides the bracelet of course. I suppose she might have gotten her hands on the sweetest letters, although I adore all of them, and you, so I can't guarantee what she read.*

*I must say that Emma picks out excellent gifts as well. These stickers and new stationery are quite lovely. Do give her my appreciation, your letter is very beautiful. Especially with all of these stars doodled everywhere. My original gift from you was just supposed to be one little star in the sky, baby... not an entire galaxy doodled in the margins. (I adore it, please never stop being you.) Andrew got you a football? Sounds like an asshole trying to be passive aggressive. Make sure to throw it weird so it hits him in the balls. And a new mousepad? I didn't know your previous one was galaxy themed, I'm quite fond of galaxy themed things. (Like the star you gave me.)*

*But speaking of presents.*

~~*Oh, this is about to be a jumbled mess. I'm a mess, you've made me a mess.*~~

*This hoodie is more comfortable than I could have ever imagined. Yes, I'm wearing it right now. Can you blame me? This is the closest thing I can have to ~~having your arms around me~~ you hugging me. It is much bigger on me than I thought. When I'm standing upright, it falls almost midway down my thighs. The sleeves are long and bunched up around my wrists, and overall it's just insanely warm. And it smells like you your cologne. I don't think I'll ever be able to take this*

*off. I'll probably sleep in it every night until I can actually hug you in person.*

~~*Is that weird?*~~

~~*It can't be weird if you sent it to me, right?*~~

~~*God, wearing this feels amazing. I am forever stealing your clothes.*~~

*I promise to take excellent care of your hoodie, I won't let anyone near it. This is just for me. It's my piece of you that feels most comforting, and I want to wear it at all times.*

*Thank you for not wearing Axe body spray, by the way. Your Dolce & Gabbana is lovely. Is this "Light Blue" by them? I recognize the scent, I used to wear it before I upgraded to my current cologne. I kind of love that you wear it, it's always been one of my favourites. Kind of funny that at one point we might have used the same cologne.*

*Does Andrew really wear Axe, though? I mean, from the polaroid you sent it's obvious he's the hotter brother, but if he wears Axe...*

*Kidding, you're more attractive. You already knew that, I just like making you nervous. (And I know damn well you rolled your eyes there.) You said I always make you nervous, I've decided to take that as a compliment. Don't worry, I think I'll only ever need you too. Need. That's an interesting word, isn't it? I've never pictured myself as someone who "needs" another person... but with you... I can't describe it. I feel like I do in fact need you. You make me inexplicably happy, and I think I've needed that in my life for a long time without knowing it. Until now.*

~~*Hell, I sound in love in that. I might be, but that's beside the point. Fuck.*~~

*I'm changing the subject.*

*It's alright that you didn't want to go to the New Year's party. However, I doubt you could be awkward, even if you tried. You're so very much yourself, something I adore about you. Joshua, you haven't mentioned him before. A football friend? Have you known him long? You should try to catch up with him, I'm sure he'd still be a good friend even though you quit football this last season. Isn't the American Superbowl coming up? Maybe you could watch it with him and avoid watching a game with Andrew.*

*A silly drunk kiss though? I heard those are the most fun. Or are the movies I watch lying to me again? I watch a lot in my spare time, can you tell? But yeah, no I just wasn't feeling it with that boy. He was cute, don't get me wrong... I don't know. ~~He wasn't you. I wanted him to be you.~~*

*Saving all of my firsts for you, huh? Even my first kiss? How bold of you. And here I thought you were just flirting with me for fun. Sounds like someone is getting attached, Dreamie.*

*From what you've described, kissing sounds kind of nice. Ha, nice. You did say that a lot. It feels warm and your thoughts get all jumbled... does that happen even with the small ones? Forehead, cheek, neck...? I guess you're right, it would be better to kiss someone with experience. So I guess if you're offering...*

*~~Yeah, I saw what you crossed out. You can just show me. Please.~~*

*Don't worry, I'll choose wisely when it comes to my first kiss. Someone kind and loving, someone that actually cares about me. Someone tall and handsome, preferably someone that makes me smile like an idiot whenever I hear his name.*

*~~You. I choose you. If you'll have me.~~*

*Audrey is a nice name, was she a good kisser? Sorry, that's probably weird to ask. Seeing how she's your ex. Sorry. ~~Fuck.~~ I suppose you being bisexual does mean you find double the people attractive. I'm curious what your type actually is. What do you look for in someone you're interested in? Obviously brown hair and brown eyes, shorter than you, british... teasing you, again. It's funny to make you flustered. Your handwriting gets all shaky and your letters kind of swirl together more when you're nervous. It's cute. Is that a first for you?*

*I make you "feel like this" as a first? Tell me more. ~~Please tell me I'm not crazy, that I'm not the only one feeling this. Please.~~*

*I guess while we're on the topic of firsts, yes, I'd love to have all of my firsts with you. First hug from an American, first time holding hands, first time climbing a tree. I'll indulge you and tell you the firsts I have had already. The first time I smoked was a cigar with my father, it was gross. The first time I drank alcohol was when I was fifteen, it was wine at a party, it was kind of good but I remember not liking the burning feeling at first in my throat. My first time committing a crime was with Wil, we spray painted his band's name in an old tunnel filled with graffiti. My first time swearing out loud was at Wilbur as well. He'd been teasing me about something stupid and I*

*called him a 'fucking arse'. He couldn't stop laughing afterwards, said he was proud of me for finally using foul language.*

*What about you?*

*What's this? You're giving up on marrying Wil already? Damn, he's going to be so disappointed when I tell him. I'll call him and give him the bad news for you. Unless you want to write your phone number down, then I can have him call you so you can properly break up with him. Kidding, don't put your number down. I will, in fact, break the rules if you do.*

*A friend date with him, though. He'd adore that. We go out all the time, usually just to the beach or around the city to get food and see movies at this theatre that only plays independent films. He's rather fond of pizza, since you asked. My personal favourite food is probably steak and chips (fries). What's yours? If you're going to be a good housewife, you'll need to know how to make a steak. Seeing how you're American though, I am going to assume based off of stereotypes that your father taught you how to make steak.*

*But you're right about marriage, it's strange to think about now. I don't know what I'd want exactly. Sometimes I think about a big wedding with insane decorations and flower petals all over the floor. Something extravagant that my parents could go all out for. But honestly, I think I'd like something small. I think it would be nice to go to those cliffs in Ireland and have a small ceremony with our families and a minister. We can all have champagne after it's over, and then we can go on our honeymoon.*

*That just sounds like I decided that I'd be marrying you, doesn't it? Well... fuck. You did say you'd make an exception for me when it comes to your wedding. And you have said you'd propose to me in Paris before you actually ask me out. I'm purely going off of your own assumptions about our future. Whatever.*

~~*It sounds nice though, thinking about marrying you one day.*~~

~~*God, fucking hell, Jesus Christ. What am I saying? We've never even met. This is crazy, I'm insane. I've actually gone mad. I don't care, it sounds nice.*~~

*I'm going out of order here and jumping all over the place, but I'm going back to the topic of cooking. I looked at local classes around the university in Virginia, and there's cooking classes we can sign up for. It's only \$30 a month per person, and the money goes to funding the city hosting the classes and such. We can sign up when we move there.*



*Are you sure you're okay with Virginia? The university looks really nice, but my applications aren't due for two weeks, so I can keep my options open. I know you said you'd follow me anywhere, but I don't want to force you away from your family if you want to stay close to home. Don't look at apartments without me, I want to do that together. We can find our perfect little place to live together.*

*I'll be studying computer science. Coding, programming, the works. It turns out getting Amelia's bullshit out of my life gave me more time to work on my own projects, and I've been excelling a lot more quickly than I thought. I've completed all of the extra credit work that my professor was able to provide, and now I've taken to online challenges and such. I like it, it makes me happy.*

*Yeah, it was the letters. I don't think it was so much the way you talk, but more that you called me 'Georgie'. I admitted that she was right that I like boys, because she threatened something like spreading the letter around the school. I decided letting her hold my sexuality over my head was better than letting everyone see what was written by you for only me to see. I already summarize a lot of our letters and take a lot of stuff out for my literature class. I like to keep the other stuff private. Just for me. Just for us.*

*I hope that studying with Skye goes well. You're not going to look dumb, you're actually quite intelligent. Don't drop out, even if it would mean seeing each other sooner. Skye will be a good help, I'm sure. Do tell her I say hello, I'm glad you two are friends. Please still tell me if you fall for her. ~~Please don't fall for her.~~*

~~*I like you. A lot. I'm selfish and I don't care that I am.*~~

*What the fuck, as well. Positive, of course. Ignore the following.*

~~*Oh my God, Dream. I could only read bits and pieces of what you crossed out but oh my God.*~~

~~*You really think about looking at me before kissing me? You've thought about kissing me at all? Please kiss me, please be my first kiss, God, I want to kiss you. Yes I want to see all of your freckles everywhere, you're fucking beautiful.*~~

~~*Of course I'm attracted to you. How can I make that any more obvious?*~~

~~*God, I want to be in your arms right now. This distance is killing me, baby.*~~

*You don't have to ignore all of that if you don't want to. We're not good at ignoring things crossed out, are we? I miss you so goddamn much. You're right here and I miss you. I'm wearing your hoodie, smelling your cologne, I'm warm... and I miss you.*

*I haven't gone on Hypixel since I last played with Sapnap. I don't want to abandon the server, but I get nervous. I went to log on one day, and I checked my friends list when I did. He was online playing, and I immediately logged off. Yeah, he could mediate I guess, but what if he didn't? What if I couldn't stop myself and I broke the rules? And now I'm curious about your MC skin. Mine is dumb, just a guy in all blue with white goggles on.*

*Crandall... Yeah, you're right, bad name. Charlie would be cute though. Clayton is adorable as well. Am I getting closer? I'm surprised I guessed it right in my list somewhere. Regardless, I'm still calling you Dream. Or baby. Do your parents call you 'Dream', or do they call you by your actual name?*

*I have told my parents about you, actually. I talk to Wil the most about you, and to Gracie. But my parents know who you are, they know you're important to me and that you make me really happy. Have you told your parents about me? Or am I just the guy you write to for your class? It's fine either way I suppose.*

*Your polaroids were cute, by the way. Your family on Christmas was cute, even if you're hiding your face from me with that present. Granted, your face is probably the most beautiful present there is, so I can't be too upset. You look handsome in that jersey too, baby. I heard your team won their season too! Congratulations to them! I know how excited you must be.*

*As far as the polaroids that you'll be receiving from me go, I have three for you. The first one is of my wall, as you requested. You can see the star certificate framed by a few of my other achievement awards, almost all of your polaroids are on there too. The only ones that aren't up there are the one of your hand and the one where I can see your eyes. Those two are in special places. The second polaroid I'm sending is of Wilbur and I after his most recent gig at a pub. And the third is of me wearing your hoodie. Apologies for the flash reflection in the mirror blocking out part of my face, but I wanted you to see what it looks like on me.*

*I wanted you to see how much I love it. ~~How much I love you. Fuck.~~*

*I don't want to end this letter. I want to talk to you forever. I feel like I say that every time, but it's true. I miss you and I'm happy to miss you, like we discussed. I look forward to the day that I won't have to miss you, because we'll get to wake up and go to sleep in the same place.*

*Thank you for keeping that hug for me forever, I can't wait to actually hug you. I can't wait to have all of those firsts with you. I might be awkward or nervous, just a heads up. You make me nervous too, don't worry. I just like to pretend you don't.*

*This hoodie is so comfortable, and I'm rather sleepy. I already said I am going to sleep in it, I'm just reminding you again.*

*Do apologize to Emma for our recent lack of formality in our greetings and endings to our letters. I just... Sometimes starting a letter with 'Dear' sounds too proper. I'm rather fond of starting my letters with 'My Dream', because believe it or not, my statement of you being my dream still rings true.*

*I miss you, so much. I fucking miss you, please let the rest of this semester move as quickly as possible so I can see you. I just want to be near you already. Please.*

*- Your now very comfy favourite boy, George.*

*P.s. - You're not dumb, I think I just needed the push from you to say it back.*

*P.p.s. - Of course I said it back, you're too important to me not to. I'll even say it again.*

*P.p.p.s - I love you, Dream.*

---

Delicate and careful fingers traced over the lines of messily drawn stars and different shaped stickers. Dream's words from the beginning of the letter stuck in George's mind more than he thought they would. He hadn't lied, he really hadn't expected Dream to come out to him. He even read over the admission multiple times, making sure he wasn't making things up in his mind.

There were other things throughout the letter that were crossed out, but it was lighter this time. There was a newfound boldness appearing in the way they were speaking to each other. It was experimental, something teetering on the edge of dangerous with the thrill of *maybe* lingering between the spaces of letters with simple lines striked through them.

It made him *feel* like he wasn't alone. It made everything about what they had suddenly become more realistic.

He thought he might have been insane before. Planning out a future with someone well over four thousand miles away that heavily revolved around the other's company. There was a comfort in the solace of their letters. Their own little world they'd started to build together that, piece by piece, was coming together in a matter of months. He glanced at the date on his computer screen. January the twentieth.

Four months away from graduation. Maybe sooner. Two days prior, he'd spoken to his headmaster about graduating early. With his merits and performance in school, he'd been told it was a possibility. He was told he could take his finals as soon as March, and accept his diploma should he pass without having to stay throughout the remainder of his secondary school year.

He could leave. He could see Dream sooner.

With the 'submit application' button glaring at him from his computer screen for the university he'd filled out an application for in Virginia, he pulled away from his desk. The sleeves of Dream's hoodie fell over his hands as he pulled them to his face, inhaling deeply as he shut his eyes and pictured himself in the perfect world they'd made together.

It was what he wanted. He wasn't someone selfish, he never had been. But this... This was the one thing he *actually* wanted for himself. He wanted a future where he could wake up smiling at someone because he was absolutely in love with them. He wanted kisses that tasted like strawberries and that would tint his cheeks the same shade of the sweet carmine juice. Even the thought alone sent a gentle warmth surging through his face.

With a sigh, he stood from his desk and made his way down the dark hallway and stairs until he found himself in the doorway of the kitchen. At that time of night, he expected to be alone. But standing there rolling away at flour coated dough was Nanny Beth. She looked up at him with a kind smile, lifting a powdered hand to wave him in.

"Having trouble sleeping, George?" she asked sweetly, reaching for a cloth to wipe her hands.

He moved into the kitchen, seating himself on a stool at the island she was working on. "Writing Dream back, thank you for putting his letter on my pillow again."

“It was Gracie, actually. We went to the shops today and picked up the mail on the way in. As soon as she saw that green envelope and package, she beamed with joy. I don’t think I’ve ever seen her run as fast as she did to go deliver it to your room.”

He smiled gently at her, watching her pull a glass from their cupboards before filling it with water and setting it in front of him. Cold liquid traveled down his throat, diluting the burning sensation in his heart and face as he set the glass down and took a deep breath.

“Can I ask you something?” he questioned. Nanny Beth simply smiled at him and nodded as she picked her rolling pin back up to resume her work with the dough. “Why did you never marry?”

She let out a small laugh, shaking her head lightly as she continued to work. “I did, my love. I married a beautiful man that loved me more than I could have ever asked for. He was kind and caring, and we had two lovely children.”

George paused, furrowing his brow as he watched her smile fall slightly. “Can I ask what happened?”

“Cancer. It was fast, took him without much pain. Our children are all grown and off living in other countries. My son is married and lives in America, and my daughter lives on a vineyard in Italy with some of her friends. I do miss him, I miss him every day, but there’s not a day that passes that I’m not thankful for the time that I *did* have with him.”

Hearing the words ‘*I miss him*’ sent a pang of something new surging through his chest. He knew it was a different kind of missing someone, that missing Dream was incomparable to Nanny Beth missing her deceased husband. But for a moment, when the air stilled in the kitchen and he watched her set down her rolling pin, he felt comforted.

“I’m sorry you lost him, and I’m sorry for never asking about him before. I just... I never saw a ring.”

“It’s on a necklace,” she started, wiping her hands again before reaching for a silver chain strung around her neck. She pulled on it, revealing a small silver band with a diamond resting atop it that had been hiding under her apron and blouse. “I keep him with me everywhere I go. It seems like you keep your Dream with you as well. Is that hoodie his?”

“Yeah...” he found himself whispering as he pulled his arms into himself, hugging the warm material around his body, “yeah he sent it to me.” He didn’t feel ashamed for feeling soft in the way he was speaking, having this part of Dream wrapped around him, and having Nanny Beth smile at him like he had just delivered the happiest news of his life was something genuine, sincere.

“In all of the years I’ve known you, I’ve never seen you this happy. Can I give you some advice?” she asked.

He nodded, pausing for a moment as he felt a small tug on his sleeve. Turning his head, he saw a sleepy and messy headed Gracie blinking up at him as she rubbed at one of her eyes. He reached out, smoothing out her hair as he handed her his glass of water.

“Bad dream?” he asked softly as a stray drip fell down her chin. She nodded quietly, setting the glass back down before knocking her forehead against his arm. He giggled lightly, moving to wrap his arm around her. “Let’s get you back to bed.”

“George-” Nanny Beth interrupted, catching his attention as he stood back up from his stool. He smiled at her, waiting to hear the bit of advice she’d promised.

“Don’t let him go. Let yourself be in love, it’s worth it.”

## Chapter End Notes

note from kat:

hi, can we hear some love for nanny beth? fun fact, her character is designed a lot around my gram who taught kindergarten for 26 years. She's probably my favorite person in the world, and she's constantly in the kitchen making treats for the families that live in her neighborhood. she didn't lose her husband to cancer, but she is a survivor of cancer herself, and is doing great and i love her so damn much <3 I hope you're all enjoying the fic, and i promise our boys will get to see each other eventually.

comments and kudos always appreciated!

socials:

[kat's twitter](#)

[tad's twitter](#)



# admissions

## Chapter Summary

It took a moment longer, hands curled up in his lap as he chewed on his bottom lip.

“As you two probably know, I gotta tell you something...”

## Chapter Notes

hi! it's update time!

[fic playlist](#)

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

*Hi Georgie,*

*Stop making me blush 10 seconds into reading your letters, baby.*

*This is so sappy to start off with, but I wish I could've told you that in person so bad. (Could've used a hug.) I feel like it would've been so much easier, but this is the best we got. For now. So I can't complain too much.*

*It feels... good? Which was like, surprising, cause I didn't know I was keeping this bottled up for so long, and it was all so sudden. I don't know, I just feel relieved and happy that I told you and them. I feel like I'm properly open and myself now. Without holding this inside of my head all the time. I'm doing okay too. I don't think I'll be telling anyone else anytime soon, but I'm fine with you three knowing. It's what matters most to me.*

*You've already done more than enough, idiot. You're supporting me, and saying all these sweet words, and you're my best friend. You don't have to do anything else. I'm just thankful for you being here and always listening to me, and essentially helping me. You always do the most for me, baby. Stop shedding so many tears for me. I want you smiling, idiot, not crying... and I could never ignore them.*



*So if you're wearing my hoodie right now. ~~I hope you are.~~ Wrap your arms around yourself, I can't be there with you, but we can pretend I'm giving you a big hug.*

*~~God how the fuck do I explain that you're the reason I figured out I'm bisexual?~~  
~~XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX~~*

*Uh, I'm not really sure? I don't know how to explain really, sorry. But I just know I don't care about who I date or kiss? Like, I don't care if it's a girl or boy, ya know? Gods, I hope that makes sense. Your reasoning makes much more sense I think. Like, you crushed on a guy, but I guess, like, you are gay, so like, it's obvious when you like boys and not girls? But yeah, I hope this is making sense to you cause I feel like I'm just piecing words together here.*

*Thank you for giving me that strength back. Really.*

*I mean, I am told I can be flirtatious by nature. I'm not sure why, I just like to say what's on my mind, and I guess it can seem flirty? But it definitely has had me a little confused at times too.*

*I'm definitely happy with myself, like, I accept myself. It was just a little scary for a while while I was figuring this out.*

*You helped me a lot. Don't ask how, you just did, okay?*

*~~I wanna tell you.~~*

*A call would probably make this perfect. We could both say this out loud to each other and cry or I don't know, say we support each other. Anything really.*

*One day maybe.*

*I hope soon.*

*I love you too*

*God, my face is so red whilst I write this. I feel so dumb. I guess you'll think it's cute, or whatever, cause it's fun to fluster me I suppose.*

*But yes, we should move on quickly before I spew something I'll cry about later.*

*I'd assume the conversations are boring, yeah. Just boring people talking about boring business ideas? I bet you'd make my first gala a night to remember though, right? Make it fun for me, baby.*

*I'm not too much of a drinker, I used to drink when I was on the football team, but not any more really, cause, you know. I'm a bit of a mess when I drink, so I think you'd definitely enjoy me that way. Flushed cheeks, hella clingy, I'll probably make you collapse if I leaned on you cause you're so small. Ready to catch me, baby?*

*Hm, maybe I'll send a photo of me in a suit. I'll have to dig it out from the back of my closet. I should probably find it anyway with prom sneaking it's way up too fast.*

*Oh wow. He's a whole ass CEO? Sugar daddy vibes. Kidding. Maybe. Aw, that's sweet that they work together, work partners and all. My parents don't. My moms a real estate agent and my dads a dentist. Wildly different career paths they went on there, huh? They love their jobs though, so can't complain there.*

*Yeah that does sound lovely. Being able to work alongside your life partner. Sounds like a dream.*

*Damn, fly me out for a gala huh? Send a private jet. I want the football team to cry. (Kidding... maybe.) I'd love to attend though. That's so great your parents are so supportive and kind like that. I don't even know how my parents would react. Especially Andrew. I won't lie to you, I'm afraid to tell them. Like, I don't care about it, but I'm still scared. I guess I basically don't wanna know the answer ever. Cause at least right now I know there can't be a chance of them hating me? Sorry, this is getting sad again, I didn't mean to drop this on you. I guess it's one of the things bothering me. Like, I wouldn't mind Wil knowing or your classmates, but I'm just afraid of my family, aside from Emma I suppose.*

*I should tell Patches and Jay and see what they think.*

*I bet if you told them they'd think it was cute. I think it's cute. A little part of me is always with you, including the bracelet.*

~~Kinda. like you're mine.~~

~~I want you to be mine.~~

~~Fuck, I'm so...~~

~~Gods.~~

*I'll let Emma know you liked the supplies. She was worried she picked it all to be too much of my taste, and that you wouldn't appreciate it then. She'll be super happy that you like it all! I couldn't help drawing the stars, I was just thinking of you endlessly and you're like my little shining star.*

*So cheesy, fuck.*

*I wanna give you the universe. Can't hurt to give you a few more stars, baby.*

*But yeah, the asshole gave me football, and don't worry, his balls are my next target. I'll make the excuse of being out of practice if he whines about it. I bet my dad'll laugh. Aye. I'm glad you like the galaxy too. It's nice. I don't know why he's got such a problem with everything I do.*

*Ah, yes, the hoodie. I'm so glad you liked it, baby. I was worried when I was sending it. I didn't know if you were joking or not, or if it would be too weird. But I said "fuck it", and shipped it off. Emma had to give me a final shove, literally, cause I was like standing in the door and she said I was a pussy. (Ouch.) But she was right.*

*I buy them a little oversized for myself, so yeah it'll definitely swim on your tiny self. That's cute that you'll sleep in. I hope it makes you feel like I'm there for a little while at least. I sprayed my cologne on it a couple of times so it could last longer, but I suppose you could just buy more of my cologne too. I hope it just smells like it, and not bad from the postage or whatever. I was literally wearing it until the day I was gonna ship it cause I didn't know if I'd send it or not.*

*Gods, I'm so rambling this letter, sorry.*

*Definitely not weird if I sent it to you, idiot. It's yours now technically I guess, until you get back to me. Sooooo do as you please. If you wanna sleep in it, sleep in it. If you wanna shower in it, shower in it. Maybe don't do anything weird in it, but I mean, I wouldn't find out I guess.*

*It'll be cute having you trailing around in my clothes though. People are gonna think you have a boyfriend or something. I guess it'll keep the assholes away from you or something.*

*I trust you. I know you won't let harm come to it, and Amelia better not touch it or she's going bald.*

*Yeah, it's "Light Blue", good job on your cologne knowledge, Georgie. Oh? That's funny how your old scent is mine now. Kinda meant to be.*

*Cute.*

*Ew. I cannot believe you just said "attractive" and "Andrew" in the same sentence. Gross.*

*Don't use your ability to make me nervous, baby. That'd be rather mean of you. And I'm so sweet to you. I sent you my hoodie, all these pretty letters, and a star. And this is my treatment?*

*~~I need you.~~*

*~~I know I do but I don't know why.~~*

*~~Or maybe I do...~~*

*~~Fuck.~~*

*~~The stupid L word keeps popping in my head.~~*

*Please ignore that, but I want you to know you make the happiest person on this god forsaken planet. You're really important to me. I always repeat that, I know.*

*And why? I could be very awkward in real life. These letters are just easy to write. It's always so easy to speak to you. It's so freeing and you're so you.*

*Joshua I've known since I was a kid, I think. We played and joined football together. We were really close, and still are, just hard without like football and all the graduation stuff we need to prepare for. Maybe you are right, though. I should try and catch up with him. I guess without realizing I keep myself away sometimes. I don't wanna interfere in someone else's life. Which is dumb when I'm practically forcing my way into every step you make. But I just know I want to be with you.*

*I don't want to be away from you.*

*It's such an odd feeling I've never felt before.*

*Only with you.*

*It's always you.*

*Gods Georgie, you're so brilliant. I love you and your brain. I'll ask him to watch the Super Bowl with me. Definitely. I'll let you know how it goes. Perfect plan to avoid Andrew and catch up with Joshua.*

*I mean, drunk kisses can be fun, but special first kisses are even better. The ones you can remember. The ones that make your cheeks go pink when you think back to how you felt, and how your lips tingled after the kiss. Or how they held your hand or held your hips or just held you close. Sure, drunk kisses are nice, but the sober ones are even sweeter.*

*Sorry. I gushed a little there. I just think a drunk first kiss isn't as cool. What if you drank so much you don't remember the next morning? I want you to remember it, idiot. You won't know how your first kiss happened when people ask for the story if you were drunk for it.*

~~*Or maybe I'm just being selfish and saying this cause I want to be the first, and I don't drink often.*~~

~~*Gods, I never know what to do when I read your crossed out parts. What do you mean you wished*~~

~~it was me? How could you wish it was me? I don't believe it, fuck.~~

~~I want to believe it. Should I?~~

*I'm glad you didn't kiss him.*

~~Of course I'm attached to you, idiot. You're so loveable. Nothing but loveable.~~

*I just want to make sure your first is the best possible, baby. Now if I'm the one who can give you the best, why not me, hm?*

*Kissing is probably my favorite part of dating. I know, how lame, I guess. But it's nice. I like it. Always made me happy. Soft pink lips and blushing faces and just... it was the best.*

~~Of course I'm offering. It's all I want.~~

~~I'll show you.~~

~~Fuck.~~

*That's good, though. Choose someone who's gonna treat you like you deserve. Like, he'll give you his jacket when you're cold, or pick you up when you're tired. Make you hot chocolate, get you snacks when you're tired from studying. You deserve nothing but the best.*

~~I want to be that person for you. Fuck.~~

*Nah, it's okay that you're asking. I don't mind. She was a good kisser, yeah. I guess it's one of the things I miss, aside from just her as a person. It's strange, like, I don't have feelings for her, but I guess I miss the attachment. I miss knowing I had someone for me like that.*

~~I want you to be that person for me.~~

*Funny story though, I just remembered cause Valentine's Day is creeping up on us slowly. One year Audrey and I got caught kissing in the locker rooms when we ditched class. The coach walked in and I think he thought we were doing something much more risqué. I've never seen a man turn around so fast, and he walked straight into the door that had closed behind him!*

*It was so funny, fuck. But, you got any plans for Valentine's baby? Anyone you wanna send a card or some candy to? Valentines could be a good day for a kiss? But of course, I'm waiting here too.*

*Pft. Yes, of course Georgie, you are my ideal type. Starry eyes, short and pretty, brunet, and the prettiest hands... Cute accent with the cutest fashion taste...*

*Fuck off, okay? My ideal type is just someone who'll accept me as is, and just love me I guess. I'm not picky, really. Aside from, like, I guess I don't want someone taller than me, cause that'll freak me out. But then again, love is love.*

*I- it may actually be a first for me, you're right. I don't think I've ever shaken so hard whilst writing something. I know my writing is messy, but it's on a different level when you... when you say those fucking words.*

~~*You make me feel like my world's on fire and it'll only cool down once I have you in my arms. It's so strange. Someone I've never spent a day with makes my head spin 24 hours a day. You make me feel like I'm floating sometimes, and it's the best feeling I could ask for.*~~

*I hope that's readable. I don't think I could send it if I didn't scratch it out.*

*My hands are shaking again. Gods, it's so dumb how my body reacts so physically. It's so annoying. I bit at the back of my pen again. I think I need a new pen.*

-

*Okay, I switched my pen so I don't end up with ink covering the inside of my mouth.*

*Continuing on from my meltdown.*

*I suppose I'll answer in the same order you did. I've never smoked a cigar before. British things, or maybe only fancy ass Americans do it too. Glad you didn't like that. I'm not sure if I could handle you smelling of smoke. I imagine you smell sweet with the mix of your cologne and strawberries. Don't ask why strawberries. It just makes sense in my head.*

*First time I drank alcohol was with the football team after a game we won. We snuck it into the change rooms. It was odd. My head was all spinny and I felt like I was on a different planet for a bit. Woah, woah. My George has committed a crime? Public vandalism? How destructive of you, baby. That's pretty hot though. I don't think I've done anything illegal, but I was a bitch of a kid to my parents. I got a speeding ticket though! So that's my crime. When I come to London you should show me the graffiti. I wanna see what you created. I think I've been swearing since I was a kid, not gonna lie. I learned from Andrew and his friends. My brother got grounded for it, which is funny.*

*Mmmm, Wil's not worth the trouble.*

~~*You are though, I hope you know that.*~~

*Gods, as much as I want to write my number down on this paper, I won't. I know you wouldn't be able to resist, and I would stare at my phone obsessively waiting day and night for a number from England. I'd wait until I start losing sleep over it.*

*So it's better not to. But I hope you know I nearly did.*

*I'm glad he'd adore it. I definitely will need one so I can gather all your secrets and all the information he has in you. Gotta prepare for the blackmail early on, you know? Pizza. Good taste. Steak and fries for you though, hm? Baby's got expensive taste. But yes, of course I know how to make steak. Those stereotypes are so accurate sometimes. What about you? Do you love your fish and chips?*

~~*You said "our" families when talking about the fucking wedding, George. Are you trying to kill me? Are you trying to drive me insane? You're making me think of things I can't have.*~~

~~*It hurts.*~~

*That sounds lovely. A nice ceremony near some cliffs. I think I'd be deathly scared, so I'm not sure, but I'd try for you. I'd dare to die from a heart attack on the wedding day though.*



*Haha... It does sound like that a little. That you've decided to marry me... And I did say I wanted to propose in Paris. I wonder what it all means.*

~~*It sounds absolutely perfect, George. I think we're both a little crazy.*~~

*Wow, only 30 bucks a month? Not bad Georgie, not bad at all. Those could be really fun. I'm down to go if you wanna. We can bond even more, and we can find out who's the worst cook.*

*Yes I'm okay with Virginia, baby. I wouldn't say yes if I wasn't okay with it. I swear I'll go anywhere you want. Don't worry about my family. You said yourself that we can visit them, and I'm sure Emma will FaceTime me every single day and want to visit our humble abode. So I'm not worried about losing touch. My parents are great with keeping in touch with Andrew, and he's in the same city still. Virginia is perfect if that's where you wanna go.*

*Alright, alright, I won't look without you, but my moms an agent. I'll ask her to look at the best stuff for us, or at least recommendations on where to start. If that's okay, baby.*

*Computer science. It looks like we're gonna fall down your parents path, huh? Matching careers, except you'll be at a higher level than my little certificates. Not that I care, don't worry. I'll be proud of you endlessly.*

*I'm glad you're going for what makes you happy. It's all I want from you.*

*Georgie really stung her, huh? Well, fuck her, I won't stop. You're my Georgie. She's still the biggest cunt of the century. Don't care if she learned her lesson or not. She made you cry, and that is unforgivable.*

*I have good news to report though. As always, you were right. The studying sessions have been going really well. Skye is super sweet and so helpful. She gets that I get distracted and that it takes a hot second for me to understand concepts sometimes. She's super nice about it, and I think my grades will actually improve a little now. I showed her a polaroid of you actually, and she found you really cute, so I'm not wrong about you being cute. She says hello by the way, and I even included a polaroid of us :)*

*I won't fall for her, but yes, I will tell you if it happens, idiot.*

~~I already fell too hard. XXXXXXXXXXXX~~

*Positive what the fucks.*

~~Of course I think that, baby. I didn't lie a single time. Please let me be your first kiss. I'd stare at you forever. It's why I carry your photo in my wallet. I can't believe that to be brave, I have to scribble over these before sending them. We're ridiculous, but I love us for it.~~

*Yeah... I think you are right. We aren't ignoring our crossed out words anymore. You think that means something? Maybe we should stop scribbling over them... no pressure, of course. But it's not like we ignore them anymore...*

~~I think everything's just coming into view now...~~

*I'm so glad I sent you my hoodie. It makes me happy, I don't know why. This sounds so weird, gods. I just like that you have something from me when I can't be there in person. I think that's labeled as possessive, but we are gonna ignore that. So shhhhhhh. Has Wil said anything about it? Or is he just quiet knowing it's mine.*

*Sapnap is always playing. Even more than me at this point, because I'm writing to you so often now. In fact, we're on call right now. Idiots playing instead of studying. Hm, I mean he could have a moment of weakness and send my user to you. But I trust him. He wouldn't make this any harder for us... hopefully.*

*Yours isn't dumb. It sounds adorable. Uh, like I mentioned last time, mine is just lime green (so yellow to you), but I have this like white blob character on the bottom half. So the face is technically on the body, and I have no face. I would show it to you, but then you'd know... or I guess. I dunno. Fuck. This is hard, what the fuck?*

*Hmmm, Charlie is cute. Well, technically you have it. My name's Clay, so without the "ton" part. Clay is nicer than Clayton by lots. But yes, please do call me Dream. I much prefer it. My parents call me Clay, mainly. They call me "Dream" playfully if one of them gets the mail before me and sees your letter. Emma calls me Dream, pretending to have a British accent to tease me, and Andrew uses it in an annoying way.*

*But I only want you to say it. It's for you. Only you.*

*Important to you, huh? I'm glad your parents know that. Let them know I'm not at all sorry for stealing you away to America. I deserve my much needed George time. But I'll let you visit them, of course. But you're mine when you set foot on American soil, baby.*

*My parents know of you, yes. They know you're my pen-pal for school, and that we've become close, practically best friends now. I guess they wouldn't assume more, since I'm straight in their eyes.*

*NOT THAT I think we're more...*

~~*No I lied, I want there to be more. I'm selfish.*~~

*Thank you. I'm glad you liked them. Emma insisted on sending one of all three of us. She says she's the prettiest, but you can't tell yet cause I'm faceless to you. So you can't pick. Don't boost her ego.*

*The Oklahoma game was fucking awesome! I lost my voice for the day cause I was yelling so hard. It was a blast though! I watched with my parents and Andrew. Emma's not a fan yet, but we'll convert her soon.*

*Three polaroids? I'm too damn lucky, baby. Thank you. I missed your pretty face. The wall looks great. I should send more things for you to hang up. Maybe me and Patches can hunt down stuff together. You and Wil look amazing as well, but gods... the hoodie photo. Can I ask for a photo of you where I can see your face while you're in the hoodie? Not to be greedy. It looks huge on you, though. You didn't lie about that.*

*I love you too... I'm not gonna cross it out this time.*

*Not too long now. A couple more months, and we'll have our little apartment and be able to wake up ~~next to~~ close to each other in the same place. We won't have to wait for weeks to hear from each other, either. I could take a few steps and jump on you, or ruffle your hair, or just swipe you off your feet to cuddle you. Patches will be able to sit in your lap, and then I'll drag you both into my lap. We could watch movies until 4 am and just... it'll be so perfect, baby.*

*You're good at pretending then. I thought I was the only one left with a cloudy head and nervous butterflies when I read and write the letters.*

*I want to see you now. So badly. What if I just left that number in the letter? Would you call before reading the rest of the letter? Would you stare at it in disbelief? Would you call me and hang up when you heard my voice? Fuck, I want to do it... but I won't.*

*I'm sorry. I want to break the rules there. It'll just be even better when we meet. It'll be worth it, I think. Waiting to hear your voice.*

*I hope you had the sweetest dreams in my hoodie.*

*Don't worry, I'm sure Emma won't be too upset after I tell her what you replaced it with. She lives for sappy stuff. She's in that part of her life where romance is what she thrives for.*

*I miss you so much. Sometimes I wanna go to sleep and fast forward to when I graduate. I'd be the first ticket outta here, and I'd show up at your doorstep without a second thought.*

*I hope school is going well, don't study too hard, and remember to have fun. Maybe do some more graffiti with Wil.*

*- your happy dream :) <3*

*P.S. I said it earlier but I love you too. Again.*

*P.P.S. I hope you like the photos, baby.*

---

The letter was finally finished, and he felt more vulnerable than usual. The letter was littered with things he would usually cross over, or not write at all. But this time he had told himself it would be fine.

It was George. George who teased him and said he loved him.

George *loved* him.

His teeth sunk into his bottom lip as he examined the letter, the chosen polaroids sitting beside it. There were way more butterflies than usual this time.

It looked like Patches could tell though, as he felt something brush across his leg. By his feet she was peering right back up at him, pawing at his pant leg and purring softly. The usually quiet cat was making much more noise, somehow sensing his anxieties.

“Hey pretty girl.” he cooed softly, picking her up and placing her on his lap.

“Damn, Dreamie. Don’t make me blush while I’m playing Val.” Sapnap's voice broke through to ruin the little moment, making Dream glance up with a small scoff.

“Yeah, yeah. You're the prettiest here, Sap. We know.” he teased right back, gently petting Patches who had her paws up against his chest. She was staring intently up at him, nudging her nose at his shirt occasionally. It almost looked like she knew that something was bothering him.

He moved up closer to his computer, glancing at the time. He had a little while before the post office closed, so maybe he could send it today as well?

“Hey, Sap. I’m gonna hop off for now. I’ll text you later, m’kay?” he asked to confirm as he closed the minecraft tab.

“Off to send your lover another letter?” The teasing voice broke out again.

Another scoff left his lips, “Bye, Sap.” He huffed, leaving the call as the other began to cackle into his microphone.

Silence filled his room aside from the occasional little sounds of Jay swimming in it’s little tank and Patches’ soft purrs.

He sank back into his seat, green eyes pausing at the different polaroids on his wall and his collection that was only growing. By June, he’d probably need a box dedicated to things George

had given up along with the letters. It would probably be his most important box, next to his computer setup.

But Patches seemed eager to grab his attention as she continued to cling to his chest. He groaned, “Why’re you so clingy today, baby? Did Emma not hug you?”

It was odd seeing her so attached to him. She was such an independent cat. Did he really seem *that* distressed? Well, he supposed this was why cats were so nice sometimes. Even Cat was like this for George. The little memory of how George had come out to him came to mind. It had been adorable when he thought about it, and George had said Cat supported him wordlessly.

Would Patches do the same for him?

He glanced down to find Patches staring right back at him still. “Is that what you want baby, want me to come out to you?” he asked softly with a little smile on his face.

Maybe it was what he needed as well. To be able to say it out loud to himself. Maybe it would help a little more for telling his parents too.

Despite knowing it, he was still sheepish about it. Whenever he even thought about it his hands seemed to shake with nervousness.

“Okay. Let’s do this.”

He hopped off his desk chair and set Patches down onto the floor, right beside his desk. He caught a glimpse of Jay, another idea coming to mind as he moved the fish closer as well. With that, he plopped down onto the carpet.

Staring at his two pets, the nerves seemed to swim their way up into his stomach. These were just his pets. It’s not like they’d say hurtful things or hate him.

It took a moment longer, hands curled up in his lap as he chewed on his bottom lip.

“As you two probably know, I gotta tell you something...” he stated softly, “I already told Emma,

Sap... Oh, and George! Sorry you two have to be last, kinda. Next time I'll tell you first." The rambles were hard to stop as he glanced from Patches to Jay.

"Speaking of George, I know he's a relatively new part of my life but I feel like I've known him for years, and I haven't even heard his voice yet. He's so amazing though. He's the sweetest and cutest person. He's so caring, and he wants to move in with me. He said he found a university in Virginia he wants to attend, and I'm going to move in with him. Don't worry though, Patches. I volunteered you as the cat who's gonna live with us, so you're coming."

There was no response aside from a *meow* of acknowledgment, which was good enough for him.

"I feel like he pulled me out of that dark tunnel I was stuck in. Like, I quit football and nearly dropped out of school two years before I met him. I didn't know what I was doing, but with George it all feels so right. He encourages me to do things and it just feels so right."

"I feel... I feel strongly for him. Sometimes I'm scared it's love... I'm not even out of school, and I know how love feels. It's insane..." he whispered, "which means, well you can guess, I'm bisexual. I like boys and girls."

And just as predicted, nothing happened. Patches didn't say anything, and Jay didn't do much of anything, aside from swimming around. Insteadb Patches purred softly and made her way into his lap, licking his hand before curling up.

He couldn't help but smile at the sweet action from his pet. "Aw, baby. I love you too..." he cooed, scooping her up into his arms and pressing an obnoxious kiss to her head, which had her meowing a little louder.

"So that's why you quit football?"

His blood ran cold as he heard the voice, bringing Patches back into his lap and twisting around to find Andrew standing in his open doorway.

How his brother felt was hard to tell. His face brought out a mix of expressions, and Dream couldn't put his hand on one.

"I, um-" he sputtered for a moment, trying to wrack his mind for an excuse of some sort that would

work. “I’m- I wasn’t... I was joking?” he managed out, weakly.

He was stuck staring at his older brother while silently cursing himself for the shit lie he had just blurted out.

Andrew blinked, seemingly awkward himself while running a hand through his hair. “You- Clay... I- Are you actually bisexual?”

How did he answer that? Dream knew this would be hard to just wiggle out of this conversation. Near impossible, even. So he gulped, looking down at his lap where Patches was happily purring away, face pressed against his thigh.

George would tell him it was okay. He would tell him Andrew would support him, or at least try and understand, if he were a good person. And he didn’t believe his brother was *that* much of an asshole to be homophobic.

Gods, he wished George was there. Everything would be so much easier.

He swallowed the lump in his throat, looking back up to nod his head slowly. “Yes... I- Yes, I like boys...” he whispered, “But if you’re gonna say something rude, just go. I don’t wanna hear it.” The words were harsh but honest. He didn’t need rude words when he couldn’t even have George there with him to hug him.

But there were no rude words and no awful expressions of disgust.

Instead, Andrew moved further into his room and sat down across from him on the floor. A hand reached out to gently scratch at Patches head, and happily leaned into it.

*Betrayal.*

“Listen... I- I know I’ve been harsh on you lately, but I wouldn’t ever make you feel shit about who you like, kid. I guess being an asshole, I didn’t give you much else to expect, and I’m sorry for that.”



An apology? He was getting an apology *and* acceptance?

George had been right. It was okay.

“I just... I don’t know. I already disappointed you with football... I thought this would just make it worse. Liking boys, being bi.” he whispered, “I didn’t think you were homophobic, but I just... I was scared.” He hadn’t even thought about Andrew knowing, but of course this is how he slipped up. Slipping whilst he was coming to his damn fish and cat. They couldn’t even talk, yet he had managed to out himself telling them.

Andrew sighed softly, “That’s another thing I should apologize for. I was really harsh, I was just worried about you losing interest in what we shared together, and with going to college... I didn’t want us to be those siblings that didn’t do anything together. But yeah I don’t know, I guess I fucked up there.”

“You definitely did.” Dream huffed out, eyebrows furrowed. All *that* for being worried that they wouldn’t get along? “You’re such an idiot. I still like watching football, I just didn’t want to play anymore. It was getting to be too much, and you guys were putting it all on a sports scholarship I didn’t even want.”

“Yeah, I know. I guess I was jealous too. You’ve got the talent to get that scholarship without a problem. I never got that chance, so you giving it up just upset me.”

That was fair. It was a wasted opportunity, he knew that, but he would’ve never been happy with going into college just because he had that scholarship. “I guess it was dumb of me not to say anything either. But I was afraid, so I just quit because I didn’t want to be convinced into going.”

“Fair, fair. I probably would have done that. So I’m glad you did what you wanted. I’ll get over myself, don’t worry. I’m sorry I didn’t support you with what you wanted, Clay.”

This conversation had been long overdue one.

He managed a smile, pushing back all his nerves. “It’s okay. As long as you realized now. Thanks for apologizing, and I’m sorry for being a dick right back at you. That was kinda petty.”

“Mmmmm... Kinda deserved it though.” Andrew mumbled out with a small laugh. “But back to

the bisexual thing. Was that a recent thing?"

Dream nodded slowly. "Yeah... uh it's only been a couple weeks of like *knowing*, knowing. If that makes sense. I just kinda got a crush... and here we are after realizing I'm bisexual."

"So, do you have a boyfriend then?" Andrew pondered next, eyes clearly filled with curiosity.

Not this again.

Dream narrowed his eyes. "You don't get to know. Maybe buy me dinner?"

"Oh come on." The older whined, eyes scanning his bedroom before pausing behind Dream. "Oh, is it that pen-pal you've been writing to? I knew something was up when you kept snatching those letters."

"Shut up! It's food with information, or no food and no information!" he huffed out, not budging one bit as the older began complaining of how he's used only for his money. And for once, he actually felt relaxed when spending time with his brother.

## Chapter End Notes

note from tad:

Hello hello once again !!!!! I hope you all enjoyed the latest chapter :))), Andrew and Dream are finally getting along hehe, I was tempted to make him not the nicest for awhile but I think Andrew deserves a redemption arc, just a little. Anyways god this fic drives me crazy in the best way. I'm so excited for all the future chapters we have written and will write. Thank you again for all the continuous love and support for our fic and 20k SOON WOOOOOOOO <3333

comments and kudos make us smile, dont forget to user sub!

socials:

[kat's twitter](#)

[tad's twitter](#)

## wants & needs

### Chapter Summary

He knew it was selfish, he knew it was somewhat unreasonable seeing how they'd never met in real life, he knew so many things that could go wrong about it all... But he knew even more adamantly what he *wanted*.

### Chapter Notes

hi all, day late on the upload but here it is! see yall in the end notes!

[fic playlist](#)

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

*Dear Clay,*

*Hmmm... It's cute. It's a good name for you, I can envision it... kind of. Yeah, no, let me start over. It just doesn't feel right.*

—

*My Dream,*

*Hey baby, this is much better. You really do have a cute name though, I can't believe I got it so close in my guessing! I promise to only call you "Clay" when I absolutely have to. Like if you end up in the hospital and I need to find you, or at our wedding or whatever. (Did I make you blush again? It's fun to know I can at the beginning of our letters. Don't worry, I'll come back to the wedding topic later.)*

*I'm going to be repetitive again, but I really am so proud of you. I genuinely haven't stopped smiling since you came out to me. I don't know, it just feels nice to know that I'm not alone. Like... How do I explain this? It feels nice to know that I'm not the only person in my life like this. Does that make sense? Like, of course there's millions of people out there that are part of the*

*LGBTQ+ community, but it's kind of nice to know that someone that means so much to me, someone that I adore more than anyone else in the world, is similar to me in this aspect.*

*I just really appreciate you, and I appreciate you feeling comfortable enough with me to come out to me. I know it's scary, hell, I still get nervous going to school most mornings. I think your family would love and accept you, at least I hope they would. If they don't, then our home is open to you, and my family is going to be your family one day anyways. At the end of the day, you'll always have me, and I love you.*

*If I tell Wil, he's going to tell me to tell you he's proud of you. He'd also agree that you should tell Jay the fish and Patches. Animals are great to come out to, mostly because they can't say anything back. Plus, you feed them, so they'll always love and accept you no matter what.*

*God, I wish you could have told me in person. I would have hugged you as tight as possible and never let you go. I'd probably have cried a lot more than I did when I wrote my last letter because I was so happy for you, and I would have held your face and wiped all of your anxious tears away. I am wearing your hoodie, again, and I promise I just gave myself the tightest hug I could have without you actually being here. It's so comfy, Dream. I literally wear it 24/7 unless I'm at school. At school I have to wear my uniform.*

*Speaking of which, I have some news. I've been working with my professors and my headmaster, and there's a very big possibility that I might be graduating early. Classes have been going really well since I haven't been doing Amelia's course load, I'm ahead and have completed all of my assignments for the rest of the year in every single course, and my performance marks are all pristine. I promise I'm not gloating with all of that, I'm just saying that if I can pass the exams I'm taking early in March, then I'll be graduated.*

*Which means... I could see you.*

*It kind of terrifies me, thinking about it. Not seeing you, that's not the scary part. I think I'm more scared of the idea of stepping into the real world of adulthood as soon as I graduate. I mean, it's kind of a lot. There's university, and moving, and going to school with harder classes that are definitely going to overwhelm me. But I'll have you. I'll finally get to see you and be near you. That's the only thing that makes it less terrifying.*

~~*It makes me want to just take the exams now so I can go and never look back.*~~

*Before this, I thought I might not be able to see you until June, or that the first time I'd see you would be flying you out here for the LGBTQ+ gala (should you still care to come to that). But*

*now... now it might be much sooner.*

*Yeah, yeah, rich fancy people talking about boring shit all night. But I promise Wil and I will make it fun for you. I know you said you don't really drink anymore, but if you want to, we can steal bottles of champagne and sneak off with it. Your cheeks will get all flushed and you'll get clingy? That sounds perfect, honestly. Now I want to see you all drunk and giggly. I promise to catch you.*

*My father does not radiate sugar daddy vibes, you weirdo. You're actually an idiot. And don't you dare say anything about me offering to use my trust fund to fly us around the world. That's different... But yes, his company does have a private jet, and yes I could fly you out here on it. Shut up.*

*That's cool that your parents have different career paths though. Your mum is a real estate agent, huh? Do you get to tour cool homes with her? And your father is a dentist. Did you ever have braces? Does he nag you about taking care of your teeth? I'm sure with football you may have had some kind of experience with damaging your teeth. Oh my God... that's why you won't show me your smile, isn't it? You have no teeth. Oh my God... you wear denchers. I might have to call all of this off.*

~~*I don't know if I can have my first kiss with someone that wears denchers.*~~

*No wonder Andrew is the hotter brother.*

*Oh, come on, I'm not that mean to you. It's all in good fun, you know that. I also know that you calling me "mean" is you teasing me right back. Trying to earn sympathy points, baby? I'm not budging easily. You're an idiot. That's it, I'm not moving in with you. You heard me, I am going at this whole "adult life" alone. I can't believe I'm going to end up living in a shitty dorm with some hot baseball player with a nice ass and who is probably straight. God... I can't believe you'd do this to me, Dream. Maybe I'll go find that boy from the party and kiss him too, just get it over with.*

*There, payback. Don't threaten hanging out with Wil just to get blackmail on me, I have no more secrets. That was all so mean, I'm sorry. Forgive me? I should scrap this letter and start over, but also, I think that whole part will make you laugh. I think you know me too well to know that I would never actually say any of that. At least I'd like to think you do.*

*You're just so fucking easy to talk to and joke around with. I feel like I could literally tell you anything and you'd quip right back at me. I think that's something that excites me the most about*

*the future with you. I don't think we'll sleep for the first few days we're in the same place together, because I'm just going to keep wanting to talk to you. Even until it's 5 a.m. and we're both absolutely delirious. I think I'd probably end up falling asleep next to you.*

~~*It would be nice to wake up next to you, though.*~~

~~*I want that.*~~

*It just excites me about everything the future has. It makes it all less scary, which I've already said. I just know that as long as I have you, I'll be okay. So do me a favour, don't leave me. If you have to for any reason, just promise you'll come back. In return, I promise to stay too, or to take you wherever I go as long as you want to go with me.*

*(I submitted my application to that university, by the way. Wish me luck?)*

*I promise we can look at apartments in Virginia as soon as we're in the same place, however of course I'd appreciate your mum's input. Does she know we're moving in together? Or at least that you'll be moving out of state? I don't want to make a bad impression by being the person that swoops in and takes you away from your family. It'd be preferable that they at least kind of like me. Plus, I need your mum to help me improve my cooking if those classes don't work out. I'd like to be able to actually make a nice Sunday meal with you when we live together.*

*You might be right though about people thinking I have a boyfriend if I wear your clothes everywhere around campus. Seeing how big this hoodie is on me, I'm sure the rest of your clothes will be the same. I don't mind, I'm still stealing them anyways. And a future like my parents where we're both kind of going into the same field? Sounds kind of perfect. Damn, people really are going to think you're my boyfriend, huh?*

~~*Which... Yeah I don't care anymore, I want that. We could be together, we could be boyfriends. I'd actually love that. If you want that too, which it kind of sounds like you do.*~~

*And, I mean, yeah it does kind of sound like we're saying we're going to marry each other, doesn't it? Listen, it sounds kind of nice. Just a small wedding on those cliffs in Ireland with our families there. Even Andrew, I'm sure he'd still be happy for you. I promise it won't be on the edge of the cliff, so there's no need for anxiety there. I'm not going to let you die on our wedding day, we can even stay away from the edge so you don't freak out. You still have to propose to me in Paris though. No excuses there.*

~~Don't ask me, I don't know what it all means. I'm just saying it sounds kind of nice. We already talked about still traveling together and living together when we're old and grey. So, why not get married when the time comes? I don't know what I'm saying. Fuck. It just means we want to spend the future together, is that so bad?~~

*You crossed it out, but I could still read it. I need you too. I hope you know that you also make me the happiest person on this godforsaken planet. You're so fucking important to me, Dream. God, I just want to give you the world and then live in it with you. You're so wonderful, and incredible, and just... You're my dream.*

~~You always will be.~~

*So I won't say no to you giving me the universe and even more stars, so long as you promise to keep being the brightest of them all for me.*

*Yes, I'm wearing your hoodie because it's as close to you as I can get. It's warm, I actually took a nap in it and woke up to your letter. I literally wear it whenever I'm not at school, and yes, Wilbur has noticed. He says it looks cute on me, that I look happiest when I'm wearing it. And, believe it or not, I actually still have some of my old cologne (your cologne) to spray on it when I need to put it through the wash.*

*I don't do anything weird in it, idiot. You're disgusting. Unless you consider thinking about you weird. Because I do that a lot. You might be all I think about.*

*I highly doubt you're awkward in real life. Granted, you might be awkward when we first meet. I might be too. Either that or you'll pick me up like a mad man. Did you learn that from your football buddies? Picking people up and throwing them over your shoulder? No wonder you don't drink anymore, they seem like a riotous crowd.*

*Really, Dream? You got caught making out with your ex girlfriend in the changing rooms? That's just... unsanitary. You really are fitting more into those stereotypes I see in all of the movies. Don't tell me you were drunk then too? You do know that drinking underage is also a crime, so there's more than just your speeding ticket.*

*I suppose you're right, though. I don't think I'd want to be drunk during my first kiss. I'd like to hope it would be something worth remembering. You... YOU want me to remember it? Like, you're saying you want to be the person I'm kissing? You said that in what you crossed out too. You barely drew lines over those words, Dream.*

*You said my first kiss should be with someone that gives me their jacket when I'm cold, someone who will pick me up when I'm tired, someone that will make me hot chocolate, someone who will bring me snacks when I'm studying... You've also: given me your hoodie (which I'm wearing because I'm always cold), you talk about picking me up all the time, you have offered to make me hot chocolate and hold me in my windowsill, and you've offered to learn how to cook to be a "good housewife" for when I'm home from class and need to study and do my homework.*

*It sounds like you're asking to be my first kiss, Dream. If you could read what I crossed out in my last letter like I could in yours, and that's why you're offering... Then it sounds like we're on the same page.*

*So, yes. Will you be my first kiss? I probably won't be good at it at first, and I'll probably giggle a lot because you're going to make me all flustered. But I don't think I can think of a single person in the world I'd rather have my first kiss with than you. Not even some hot celebrity. I'd rather have you.*

*God. Fuck. I'm taking a risk here by not crossing that out, Dream. I think you'll be able to tell by how shaky my handwriting just got there.*

*I feel like I can't breathe right now. It is taking everything in me not to take a sharpie to that entire section of this letter. Please, please, please tell me I'm not crazy. Please tell me I didn't read anything wrong. If I did, I'm sorry. I just...*

~~*Fuck.*~~

*I wish I could come out there for Valentine's day. I'd ask you to be my valentine if I could come out there. What would we do for a nice date? I'd like to do whatever you want to do. Since I can't be there, Wil has agreed to be my platonic valentine. He'll give me a lovely kiss on the cheek and I'll probably sit in his den and listen to him play his guitar. His bandmates are all single, so maybe they'll do a little concert for me.*

*I'll be wearing your hoodie though, don't worry. I'll still have you with me as much as I possibly can at this point. Maybe I'll play Minecraft that night, see if Sapnap is online. Is he single? Or has he snatched up a pretty girl at this point? What does he look like? All I know is that he's a pro at bedwars and that I will definitely kick his ass in chess.*

*Your Minecraft skin sounds kind of cute, by the way. I'd like to see it.*



*Dreamie, baby, you're going to hate me for saying this. My father has a business thing in America the day after Valentine's day. He flies out that morning and will be there for a week. Even worse, apparently it's in Orlando, Florida.*

*Tell me not to get on that plane with him, Dream. Tell me I shouldn't do it.*

*He told me I could join him if I wanted to, but if I do then I'll miss some deadlines on school stuff and I won't be able to graduate early. So either I fly out and see you in less than two weeks, but then I won't get to see you again until June. Or I wait, and I graduate in March (should I pass those exams), and then I get to see you in something like two months and get to stay with you longer. I can't decide. I asked my father about it, because of course I talk to him about you, and he said I should ask you.*

*Thank you for talking to your parents about me, by the way. It's kind of funny that they mock my accent when they deliver my letters to you. Even if they think you're straight and think I'm just your pen-pal.*

~~*Not that I'm saying we're more either... Unless you are. I don't fucking know. You didn't cross that out dark at all.*~~

*I'm your ideal type though, huh baby? Well, lucky for you, I love and accept you for who you are. Plus, I'm not taller than you, so there's an added bonus for you. Double plus, I actually like that you're taller than me.*

*You think I smell like strawberries along with my cologne though? I don't think I've had strawberries in... you know what actually? I had strawberries yesterday. Dammit, Gracie made chocolate covered strawberries to put on the homemade cake she and Nanny Beth made. You might be right. There's a polaroid, I'll talk about it later.*

*Your firsts are weak, Dream. Never smoked, only drank with your hooligan football friends, and a speeding ticket. I was expecting some excitement there, baby. Don't worry, you can have more fun firsts with me. I'll take you to see the graffiti, and we can add more to it. You can steal champagne with me at the galas, and we can travel the world and go a bunch of new places together. Let's avoid the smoking one though, the cigar was gross, like I said.*

*I guess there's going to be one new first for you, kind of. If you kiss me, it'll be my first kiss, yeah... But, it'll be your first time kissing a boy.*

*Unless you've already done that now. Which is fine, that's okay if you have, no judgement here. But if you haven't, then maybe save that first for me?*

*I kind of wish you had written your phone number down. Still don't do it, but I wish you could. If I saw ten numbers written down on your letter, they would have caught my eye before any of your words, and I would have called you that second. I wouldn't be able to wait, not with it burning a hole through the page like that. I think I'd cry the second I heard your voice too. I don't know, Dream, you just make me feel so much.*

*All of that talk about the future when we're going to be living together, it's so close but it still seems so far. I want it, all of it. You waking me up and jumping on me, ruffling hair and cuddling with you and Patches. I want to sit in your lap and watch movies until we're too sleepy to keep our eyes open and wake up the next morning still on the couch. I just want all of that. I want to be near you.*

~~*You said Emma is in the part of her life where she's obsessed with romance when you talked about all of that. Is that what this is? Is this romance, is this love? I know I love you, I know that much.*~~

-

*Like you said... soon.*

*You keep a polaroid of me in your wallet? That's cute, I actually keep the one where I can see your eyes in mine. I have the pin with the 'D' on it, I have my bracelet from you, I have your hoodie, and I have that picture of you. They're some of the most important things in the world to me besides our letters, because until I can actually have you near me, they're the closest I can get.*

*Soon can't come soon enough, baby. I fucking miss you. God, I miss you.*

~~*We could stop crossing things out, but where's the fun in that? You make my world feel like it's on fire too, you make my head spin, you make me feel like I'm floating, you make me feel everything. All I ever want is to be exactly where you are.*~~

~~*I want to see what you look like when you wake up in the morning, I want to know what it feels like to be held close by you listening to your heartbeat as you fall asleep, I want to know what your freckles look like up close. I want... Ha, Dream... I want to put on fun music and dance around the kitchen with you in our apartment while we make pancakes on Saturday mornings. I want to have an entire wall in our apartment covered in pictures from all of our adventures. I want to have a*~~

~~million plants and be able to find Patches sleeping in whatever rays of sunlight she can find coming through the windows.~~

~~I want to hold your hand, I want to hug you, I want to kiss you. I want to know what secret you have up in that tree of yours, because I have a feeling that if you want to wait to show me in person, that it has something to do with me. I want it to have something to do with me in general. I like that I'm stuck in your head, because you're stuck in mine.~~

~~I want to kiss every single freckle on your face and tell you how incredibly beautiful you are. I want so many things. I just... fucking hell. I've never wanted anything, anyone, like I want you. I want you. I want to be with you, I want you to say you meant it when you said you wanted me to be yours.~~

~~I don't want you to hurt. I want you to be selfish.~~

~~I want you to want me like I want you.~~

Feel free to ignore absolutely none of that. If I don't get a letter in response from you this time, I guess that means... well... I'm going to choose not to think about that.

What I am going to think about, however, are these polaroids you sent. First off, you look incredible in a suit. You're quite handsome, you know. Even if I can't see your face in this picture, I still think you look quite attractive. Second, your wall is so lovely. I kind of love that almost all of my polaroids are up there with the sign I got you. And lastly, you and Skye are really cute in this last one. You're an idiot for covering your face with your textbook, but Skye is very pretty. Do tell her I say hello as well, and please thank her, for me, for helping you out with your coursework.

~~Thank you for not falling for her.~~

This suit though, you have Prom coming up? Like, your senior prom? Do you have any plans for that, or a date for it? I bet you're in the running for prom king, you're charming enough. Still promise to be my knight in shining armour though?

I will be including three polaroids in this letter as well. The first is of Gracie with the cake and strawberries she made, that's Nanny Beth with her in the photo. I actually had a really nice talk with Nanny Beth the night after I wrote your last letter, she's a very kind woman. The second

*polaroid is of Wil and I in that tunnel with the graffiti we did. You'll notice a familiar smiley face in the tunnel as well, I may have added that just for you. Look at me, out here breaking the law again. I'm a rebel, baby, keep up.*

*And lastly, per your request, another photo of me in your hoodie. I made Wil take it for me when he was over yesterday. I tried to pose cute, hence the sweater paws with my hands all bunched up under my chin and my big smile. I smile a lot because of you, I hope you know that.*

*I am fucking terrified of sending this letter, Dream. I'm scared that I read everything you've ever said to me incorrectly, and that you'll hate me by the time you reach this part of the letter. I hope you don't, but I've never done or said anything like this before.*

*You're really, really fucking important to me.*

*Please tell me I didn't lose you here.*

*I miss you, I love you, and I miss you more.*

*- Love, George <3*

*P.s. - I'm sorry if this was all too much, you just make me feel braver than I actually am*

*P.p.s. - In hopes that you don't hate me, I hope you also enjoy my beanie I'm sending you with this letter. It's one of my favourites, and I recall you saying you like wearing hats.*

*P.p.p.s. - I love you. A lot.*

---

Trying to push down the anxieties of everything he'd written, he pressed the golden stamp into the cooling blue wax, ultimately sealing his words forever behind the protective barrier of the envelope. There were plenty of times before where words had been crossed out by both of them, too dark to even comprehend or make out with pulling the paper as close as possible to his face.

But this time... Dream's letter had confessions with simple solitary lines barely dragged across them. They were fully visible, words promising to want exactly what he wanted to. Promises of the future together, words of want for marriage and things he thought he couldn't have, asks to *please* be George's first kiss. The thought alone sent a chilling sensation down his spine, littering his skin with goosebumps as his brain felt foggy.

Dream had said it hurt to think about what he couldn't have, but all George wanted was to give him everything. He'd rambled about it enough, barely crossing over anything and everything he said he'd wanted. He meant it all, he *wanted* everything with Dream. He wanted the future, he wanted the world... he wanted so many things. And it was becoming clearer that Dream wanted it all too.

And yet, something cautious still stirred within him. He couldn't quite decide if it was because he'd been so blunt and detailed about what he wanted, and the fact that this was the first time he'd ever said anything like that to anyone. He thought it might be because part of him still couldn't believe Dream was a real person sometimes, *his* person. The person that meant the most to him in the world, the person he could see himself spending the rest of his life with, the person he'd fallen head over heels in love with.

It had never seemed to be a possibility for him before, romance, love. What was portrayed in movies was always something unattainable, something within grasp because two people could look each other in the eye and see the fire reflecting within the other. They could reach out and touch, feel the electricity spark between their fingertips as they wanted for nothing but the other. They could hold each other close...

There was a heavy feeling sinking in his chest, and before he knew it, his vision was blurring. Why was he crying? There was nothing to be sad about. If anything, writing everything he was feeling without fully crossing it all out felt relieving. He felt... relieved. Dream would finally know how he felt, how he *actually* felt.

Anxiety always got the best of him, however. So letting the tears fall was nothing new, he was still scared it would be too much and that he'd be left in the dark. But he had hope he wouldn't be. Hope that Dream meant what he'd said and only faintly coloured out.

"Why are you sniffing?" Wilbur asked from George's bed, pulling his foggy eyes away from the sealed letter.

"Just..." he started, breath catching in his throat before he could let any other words escape. Wilbur moved to stand, quickly rushing to wrap his arms around George's shoulders to hold him tightly.

“Look, you read out what he crossed out to me. You told me what you wrote back. George, he loves you. Stop being so worried about all of it.”

“I’m try-trying not to w-worry. I just—”

“You’re just scared, I know. I know...” Wilbur soothed him as he held him tightly. “Love is scary sometimes, and that’s okay. The worst part is, you’re only scared right now because you love him *so* much. He’s lucky to have you, Gogs.”

“I just... He has me. I just don’t know if I have *him*.” he whispered, hating that his tears were seeping into the sleeves of Wilbur’s jumper.

He wanted Dream to be his, only his. He knew it was selfish, he knew it was somewhat unreasonable seeing how they’d never met in real life, he knew so many things that could go wrong about it all... But he knew even more adamantly what he *wanted*. Dream made him feel excited, he made him crave adventure and a future full of opportunity. He made it feel a little less broken, and like it was okay to fall in love.

“You have him. He crossed some things out that I read to you, and I’m going to read them again. He would have taken a harsher line to it all if he didn’t *want* you to see it.” Wilbur said calmly, reaching a hand forward to grab Dream’s most recent letter.

Three pages were smoothed out to all lie next to each other on top of George’s desk, and he watched a slow finger drag across the handwritten words until Wilbur found exactly what he was looking for.

“You’re making me think of things I can’t have... It hurts.” he started, moving his fingers onto the next portion he was looking for.

“I want to be that person for you. I want you to be that person for me.”

“I want there to be more. *I’m selfish*.”

George took a deep breath, letting himself laugh out loud as he continued to cry. Wilbur pressed

his cheek against George's, his own smile lines folding in on the brunet's as they laughed in unison. It may have been out of delirium, or the pure ridiculousness George was realizing he'd held regarding the entire situation.

Dream wanted him. He wanted there to be more between them. He *asked* for there to be more, he *asked* to kiss him, he *asked* for that future with him. Dream wanted him.

Dream wanted *him*.

## Chapter End Notes

note from kat:

oh heyyy there! looks like my boy finally grew a pair and stopped beating around the bush on at least one thing! how do yall think dream is gonna respond? these next few chapters are some of my favorites, and you'll all see why soon :] thanks for the love and support! can't believe we're gonna hit 20k hits here shortly, you guys are amazing <3

comments and kudos make us insanely happy!

socials:

[kat's twitter](#)

[tad's twitter](#)

# selfish

## Chapter Summary

It felt relieving, but terrifying at the same time.

George would know everything, and now he had to play the waiting game. Even though it was a short wait, nothing like winter, it was still scary.

## Chapter Notes

young love, amiright? see y'all in the end notes <3

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

*Hi Baby,*

*Okay, I swear I'm not ignoring any of the other stuff you wrote first, but I'm too excited to reply in order-ish right now.*

*Are you serious? Are you serious you could get to me early?! I've never been so happy that you're so smart. This would be fucking everything if you could come early. We could get everything set up and move in the beginning of summer, which would be perfect because we can enjoy our summer months before your university starts in the fall. Oh Gods, George, that would be literally amazing. Of course no pressure, it's okay if you can't come early, but Gods if you do- You can stay at my house too. My parents would love to meet you, and Emma will love teasing us both, and Gods it would be so good. Sorry I'm, like, rambling and my writing is probably awful right now. But I'm smiling so hard as I write this.*

*I understand how you feel. It scares me too, but like I feel less scared knowing it'll be with you. Like, we won't be starting this alone which is reassuring. I'll be there with you during all the hard stuff, I promise.*

*Please take them. I want you to. A little selfish, I know, but I want you to get to me faster. Of course I could come to you too. I would spend that money in a heartbeat, and don't think I wouldn't*



*please.*

*Of course I would want to come in June even if you can't come here early. I'm not missing a single chance to see you early. I could find out if I can graduate early with the minimum requirements if needed.*

*But with whatever happens, I'm just excited to see you whenever I can, and I'm never letting go of you when we finally meet.*

*Okay, back to not rambling about my excitement.*

*You scared me with that other start. "Clay" is a name you should only use when you're mad or something, but then again you could never be mad at me, right? I think you should call me "Dream" on our wedding day too though. It's special and the only thing I wanna hear from you, baby. You using Clay on the wedding day would be ick.*

*Of course you made me blush, idiot. You're you. You always do. You make my heart speed up and cheeks glow red every time I pick up your letters. Emma loves to tease me for it.*

*No, I understand. It feels so good knowing someone so important to me is also in the LGBTQ+ community. Like, I'm sure there's people out in school, but I don't know any of them so I really only have you. Which I don't mind at all when you're the only important one.*

*I actually have good news too! It's about the coming out thing. I actually funnily did come out to Patches and Jay after I sent that last letter. It went well I'm pretty sure, they both still love me, but in the process... I, um, accidentally came out to Andrew? My door was open and I didn't realize he was home, and he heard it all. But it went well. He was so nice about it. He apologized for being a dickhead and said he supported me. He doesn't care that I like boys and girls. And gods, that was so reassuring, baby. I was so worried, but knowing at least my siblings will have my back is nice. I'm not sure if I'll tell my parents right now, but for now I'm pretty content with this group of people knowing.*

*I'm glad I'll always have you and your family too. They seem like the sweetest people, and I wanna meet them one day soon. Gotta reassure them I haven't captured their son forever in America. We should plan a Christmas trip for this year back to England. So I can have the best Christmas possible. It'll be a blast . I'm getting a little ahead of myself, but I can't help it.*

~~*You make me wanna plan the rest of my life with you.*~~

*I'm glad you gave yourself that hug from me. Don't worry, the future is full of much better ones with the real me. I probably would have cried hearing you cry, and we would just be a mess on the phone. Lame you can't wear the hoodie to school too though.*

*Well, I mean, I don't drink currently, but I'd love to drink with you. Sneaking off with champagne (and you) sounds like a lovely time. You say that now, but when I'm actually clingy it'll be hell, maybe. But I'm glad it makes you want me more.*

*Your dad 100% radiates sugar daddy energy. Like, come on. Rich CEO, private jet, probably has a huge fancy watch collection. That's all sugar daddy energy and you can't tell me otherwise. Alright, I won't say anything, but don't lose all your savings for us. We gotta save up together too, and I'll throw in my money when I can. You pay for the trips, and I'll do the food and stuff we'll need there. I know they could. Ha.*

*This actually reminds me that I'll have to quit my old job. Imma miss the old place, but I'll find a new one in Virginia I suppose.*

*Oh yeah! When we were younger she'd take us to these huge houses made by amazing builders. Pools and huge closets. It was sick. We still go sometimes but not as much since Emma's got after school stuff, I'm graduating, and Andrew obviously has college. It's tricky to get us all together for a long period of time, but it's definitely cool seeing amazing houses.*

*Nope. I'm a perfect teeth kid. Never needed braces. My dad's real proud none of his kids needed them. So don't even joke about me having fucked up teeth. It's funny though. He doesn't nag me anymore cause he ingrained good oral hygiene into all his kids since we could hold on our toothbrushes. Occasionally if he knows I didn't come out of my room, he'll tell me to get up and at least brush my teeth.*

*But no, I didn't lose teeth to a football. FUCK OFF. I don't have a fucked up smile, Georgie. I just wanna show you my smile in person, idiot. I DON'T HAVE DENCHERS. You're awful George. Gods. I may have to end this for this slander you're spreading with my name. My dad'll be upset.*

*What, you wanna go ask Andrew to move with you to Virginia and raise plants with you? Hm? Should I send you his hoodie and ask for mine back, baby? Bet you can't part with my hoodie, but you can tease me like this.*

*You're so mean to me! Look at these threats about my brother being "hotter." You treat me horribly.*

*What the hell!? At least MY threats are about Wil, your friend. You're out here threatening to move in with a random hot stranger, not to mention a baseball player??? Those guys are nothing compared to football players, baby. I thought you liked that I'm taller and bigger than you. Broad shoulders and bigger hands. A big ass has nothing on all my good qualities, gorgeous. I bet party boy has got a pancake ass and twig arms. He's not attractive enough for you. Trust me. If you didn't fall head over heels at first glance with him, it's not worth it.*

*Oh wow, now you come here trying to apologize after all that, hm? I'm not that easy George, especially when you brought other sports into this. I'm shaking my head as I write this. I hope you know. But yes, I did laugh. It's fun bantering like this. Makes me all giddy for our real life conversations.*

*You're not wrong on that. I don't think I'll ever want to sleep when I'm with you. I'd wanna hear you and your British accent all day long. I wanna annoy you and ask you what color things are, because you'll probably glare at me and try to hit me, but it'll be a light hit cause you don't wanna hurt me cause you LOVEEE me.*

*It'll be adorable.*

*It would also be adorable to fall asleep talking. I wouldn't complain one bit.*

~~*We should just get a one bedroom apartment.*~~

~~*Or a studio apartment at this point...*~~

*I'm never leaving you. I wouldn't dream of it.*

*(You have all my luck. I'm giving it to you all for this application. Just like I gave you my strength that time.)*

*That's perfect though. If you come to me early we can search for the perfect apartment and drive up there on a long weekend or something, and then be able to move in as soon as I graduate. She knows vaguely that I want to move out. I've mentioned it here and there. You won't make a bad*

*impression, baby. Don't worry. I'll be sitting them down and telling them everything. Don't you worry your cute little head off. Oh my gods she'd be happy to help. She adores cooking, and you wanting to learn would make her day.*

*Sunday dinners, Gods that sounds perfect.*

*And so domestic.*

*~~I love it.~~*

*Well, at least this will keep the overly annoying people away from you? ~~Not that I want anyone near you. Selfish, I know.~~*

*~~Boyfriends. Fuck...~~*

*~~You want to be my boyfriend?~~*

*~~Gods.~~*

*Well at least we know Andrew really will be happy for me. And yeah, it kinda does. Okay, as long as we stay away from the cliff's edge, I wouldn't mind a wedding like that. It sounds perfect honestly.*

*~~Anything with you is perfect.~~*

*Of course I'll propose in Paris. I'm romantic like that. I won't let you down on that.*

*I think it means we want to spend forever together. Maybe it means it's kinda like soulmates? I think I believe in soulmates at this point. I've never connected with someone this much before, aside from Sapnap. But this is so much more and it makes me so happy.*

*I want to say so much. It's getting hard to hold back.*

*I'll never stop being the brightest person in your life, don't worry. Even if you wanna move out in the future or go to a different college, I'll support you with whatever decision you make for yourself, because you should be happy and live your life to the fullest.*

*That's cute. You're gonna make the smell of my cologne last forever hm? Do you want more? I don't mind sending more if you want a shirt or something for when it's too hot for a hoodie. Or maybe that's weird. Sorry, I'm getting ahead of myself I think. I just want to be there somehow with you. So bad. I guess it'll be another thing for Wilbur to tease you about.*

*I'm not disgusting! Weird can be anything! You could be eating tuna out of a can or licking a bench or something in my hoodie. Those are all weird things, idiot.*

*Thinking isn't weird though. Cause I definitely do the same. So unless we are both weirdos?*

*Okay, now I want to pick you up as soon as I see you. Throw you over my shoulder type of beat, I'll carry you around happily. Cause you're finally in my arms. Football buddies... maybe. Maybe I did, but again, I'm younger than Andrew, so I was definitely thrown around by him when we fought when we were younger. He's still slightly taller than me now, and when we were younger he was the giant sibling between us. Yeah, football guys can get a bit wild. Especially when we win a game.*

*Why're you judging?! It was my first relationship and I was adventurous, okay? It's not... that unsanitary... I WAS NOT DRUNK. Are you really gonna lecture me about underage drinking when you steal champagne from rich business men parties and smoke cigars? Also the graffiti thing. You're not any better than me, baby.*

*I know I didn't really draw dark lines over those... I didn't want to hide behind the lines for once. I want you to know... I think.*

*I would not complain if I was your first kiss... like... I wouldn't mind if you picked me. I'm a pretty good kisser, so I've been told, and you deserve the best in my opinion. And of course you should remember your first kiss! It's your first kiss. You gotta have something to tell your, like, future family and the people you meet in college! It's good info to share and people are curious!!!*

*I in fact did say all that...*

~~Fuck.~~

~~Am I reading that right?~~

~~You really want me to be your first kiss?~~

~~Fuck, George.~~

~~First the boyfriend talk, and now the kiss... I feel like I should stop being scared of what I want to say.~~

Are we really on the same page?

Are we?

Gods, George.

Yes. Obviously it's a fucking yes, baby. I'd love to be your first kiss, cause you deserve the best and I think I can give you that, or at least I hope to. I don't care if you're not good, I don't care if you are awkward or you giggle between the kisses. I bet you'd be the prettiest person to kiss. I bet your eyes would be so bright and you'd be all shy with soft red cheeks. You'd be all nervous and cling onto me I bet. I'd love to be the one who flusters you during a kiss. I bet you'd be so cute.

I'm so glad you didn't cross it out, baby. I think I would've lost my mind if you did. I wouldn't know if you'd want it or not, and I'd ask myself a million times about what I should do.

You're not crazy, baby. I want to be your first kiss. I want to be every kiss you have after that... If you'd let me. It's okay if it's only a first kiss. Not really, but I'd find a way to be okay. I wouldn't want to force you or make you uncomfortable or anything. But I want to be someone for you. Something more than what we are.

If you'll want me.

*Fuck, my hand is like shaking whilst I write this. But I don't wanna cross it out. I don't because I want you to know all this.*

*I want to kiss you.*

*Valentines? It's three days away now. Gods, I think I'd take you to the nicest restaurant I could take you to and get us tickets for Disney if you'd like that. Or we could go on a picnic and enjoy the nice weather if it's nice. Or we can stay in and watch movies in my bed and order as much take out as you'd like.*

*I'd happily take you to do anything you want and buy you anything you want.*

*Gods, I wish I could have you for Valentine's Day. I think I'm just not going to cross out anything now because I need you to know, and I want you to read all of this.*

*It's nice you have Wil though. I hope you enjoy all the nice music from him and his band. Sounds like a lovely day.*

*I'm not sure how I'll spend mine. It'll probably be an ordinary day and me and Emma will share chocolates we got from school, or if our mom brings us any. Chocolate is always the happy bonus of that day. So much sweet sugar.*

*Good you'll have my hoodie on. Wilbur better know his place. I'll have you in my arms soon.*

*Pft, Sapnap wishes he had someone. He's not dating anyone, no, but I think he's got a crush on some girl, but he doesn't do anything because he's too shy. He'll probably be playing minecraft, so give it a shot. Sapnap's got fluffy brown hair that he always hides under a hat currently cause he hates his new haircut. He's got hazel-greenish eyes. I gotta say he's got some of the best eyebrows in the world, and some scruff on his face but no full blown beard. He's pretty cute, not gonna lie. But don't worry, you're prettier, baby.*

*Don't get too cocky about the chess thing, babe, or it'll be so sad when you lose.*

*My Minecraft skin is bleh. We should take screenshots together on Minecraft when we're allowed. It'll be cute I bet.*

*You are very right. I hate you for this. How could you do this to me?! You're making me choose? What the fuck George? Of course I'm not actually mad, don't stress, but gods you make this so hard.*

*Your dad is coming here. Orlando, Florida... and asked for you to join him.*

*Fuck. Why are you doing this to me?*

*Why?*

*Okay, after thinking about this smartly, as much as I want you to say yes to getting on that plane to come to me... I can't. Because the dread of having you for a week, but only for 1 week, and having to watch you leave again... It's going to hurt way more than just losing one opportunity.*

*So don't come.*

*Don't come because I'd rather have you forever than for a week. Pass those important exams, and come to me for a long time.*

*Okay? I'm sorry if this isn't the answer you wanted, baby. I guess it's a little selfish actually picking. I swear I'd love to have you for Valentine's Day, but I don't wanna risk you missing some important deadlines and then you can't come to me early.*

*So, stay for now, okay?*

*Don't thank me for talking to my parents about you, idiot. You're so important to me of course I would.*

*I'm not crossing this out. Fuck it.*

*I want to be more.*



*Okay fuck, moving on quickly.*

*Of course you're my ideal type. You're so... I don't even have words anymore cause I've used them all too many times most likely.*

*You're beautiful, and sweet, and kind, and so smart, and I will stop here before I get carried away again. And I adore that you are shorter than me as well.*

*Ha! You had strawberries. I don't know, your presence just reminds me of strawberries. You're sweet and I bet you blush so pretty in real life. I wanna see it so bad. A homemade cake? Gods that sounds yummy. I wish you could send me a piece. That would've been lovely. The photo looks so good too, Nanny Beth and Gracie look nice as well.*

*And speaking of blushing. Thanks for sending my requested polaroid. You look so pretty. I was right! See your cheeks are all red. Fucking adorable. I called it.*

*My firsts are weak? Why're you so keen on being mean to me? Jeez. I think I'd rather have these first with you anyways, or Sap. Smoking with you sounds fun (only once, maybe), and doing graffiti as well. But I'll do anything with you if you ask. Gods I'm so in love. I don't think I should be agreeing to this so easily, but anything for you, baby.*

*Oh! That's a good point actually. You'll be my first kiss with a boy. So technically we are each other's first with one of us having slightly more experience. I'll make it perfect, don't worry.*

*And no, I haven't kissed any boys yet, nor do I plan to, because you will be my first.*

*I wish I could write my number. I want to. It's not like our teacher would know, but then again, do we want to ruin the first moment we get to hear each other in person? Fuck. I don't know anymore. I'm so tempted.*

*I'd hug you so close if I could have you in my lap. We could fall asleep cuddled up on the couch and it would be perfect. Do you like horror movies? I can't remember if I asked you or not.*

*I said I'd stop crossing out things And I meant it. I'm not going to cross out anything.*

*I think it is romance. This has to be romance at this point, right? It has to be, because I love you. I'm too sure of it. It's almost scary.*

*Yeah. I do. It's a little embarrassing now that you know... but fuck. I don't know. I like knowing that I have you close in some way. But fuck, you keep one of me too? The one of my eyes? That's so cute, gods. The D pin is kinda funny when you think of it. You're silently telling everyone you're taken or something.*

*Which reminds me. The beanie. You sent me a supreme beanie. Thank you so much. I love it. I'll send a Polaroid of me wearing it, don't worry.*

*I want you, George. I want you.*

*It's the only thing I'm sure of in my life. I haven't been this sure since I quit the football team.*

*I know I want you. I know I love you and that you're all I want. But it's so scary. I've never felt so strongly before. All I want is to be able to have you here and kiss you until we both need to take another breath. I think you literally took my heart with these letters. My whole heart is yours now. I love you so much.*

*My secret in the tree - of course it's about you. Everything in my life revolves around you.*

*I want you George. I want to be able to hold your hand and take you out on dates here. I want to introduce you to Sapnap as my boyfriend. To Emma and Andrew. And my parents even. I'd even tell Skye.*

*I know this is crazy. I know we have never met each other. I know it's crazy to fall in love with someone who I've never met, but I know how I'm feeling. You've made me so confused at times, but everything is so clear at the same time.*

*I'm shaking as I write this again. Fuck. I feel so stupid, but I want you and I want to be yours. I want to be no one but yours.*

*I wanna kiss you silly whenever I can. Press kisses to your head and face, be able to sleep in the same bed as you and just be able to be with you.*

*I'm being selfish right now I think.*

*I want to be yours. You'll be mine, right?*

*Right?*

*I wouldn't even dare to ignore any of it. I refuse to.*

*Thank you for thinking I'm handsome. I felt pretty good in the suit, not gonna lie. It fits me pretty well. I wanna be able to see every single one of your polaroids aside from the one on my desk and the wallet one. I'm glad you liked the photo of me and Skye too. And of course the textbook. I'm not slipping anytime soon, baby. I'll let her know that you called her pretty and that you appreciate her tutoring your dumb boy.*

*Cause I'm all yours, Georgie.*

*Yes. Prom is gonna be coming up soon. Senior prom, baby. I have absolutely no plans aside from asking Skye to go with me as a friendship date kinda thing. I don't want to take any actual date unless it was you. Running for prom king, huh? Maybe I should. It sounds like I could potentially kill it. If you were here I'd invite you up on stage for my win, baby.*

*I appreciate the smiley face in the tunnel. Leaving my mark in a country I haven't even stepped foot in. Keep up, huh? Well take me to those tunnels and we'll color the whole thing baby, maybe kiss a little too. Who knows?*

*I hope you aren't scared by the time it comes to you. You don't have to be scared because I've never been so sure of something in my life.*

*I love you so much.*

*I adore you.*

*I want to be all yours.*

*You could never lose me. You have me forever, baby.*

*- all yours :)*

*P.S I meant every word*

*P.P.S don't doubt any of my words, please.*

---

This was it. This letter held everything he'd been holding back for weeks, or months, he didn't know. But seeing it written out on paper finally for George to read and reply to felt entirely different.

It felt relieving, but terrifying at the same time.

George would know everything, and now he had to play the waiting game. Even though it was a short wait, nothing like winter, it was still scary.

There were so many possible ways for it to go, but all he wanted was the positive answer of George wanting him back.

Maybe he should listen to his advice and think positively.

But it was hard. There was a small fear in the back of his mind that this could all go wrong. That he was imagining this all. That it wasn't meant to be and somehow he'd lose George. It was hard to stop the tears from creeping up into his eyes too as he sat curled up in his desk chair.

He had always been open with his feelings. He wasn't one to hide them. He had told his parents he disliked school, told the football coach he didn't want to play anymore because it didn't feel enjoyable.

But admitting his feelings like this. In the form of a letter. He had never thought this is how he would've found the love of his life or how he would confess.

With Audrey, it had just happened. They had kissed and it made sense to ask her out because he liked her. Except he watched it fizzle away just as quickly as he had realized his feelings for her.

It had been a scary moment then too. Sitting her down and saying they should break up in the softest voice he could've mustered.

He had never uttered the words 'I love you' to her. It seemed like too much. The words had carried too much weight back then.

And now, here he was admitting it to someone he had never met but felt closer to than anyone else. He had admitted that he loved George, that he wanted to be with him, forever.

Words that felt so heavy a few years ago had fallen from his thoughts so easily when it came to George.

It felt overwhelming.

But the sound of his door swinging open had him tensing up. His hands flew up to his face as he turned, quickly wiping the tears that had escaped onto his cheeks.

"I think your brother let me up. You didn't tell me you had a hot brother- Clay...?"

Skye looked confused with a mixture of worry as she stood there, bag in hand. He had forgotten their planned study session as he had written the letter. Time had slipped away so easy when it came to George.

He glanced at the time, the six o'clock p.m. glowing brightly at him. Had he really sat here for 3

hours writing this letter?

“Hey. Sorry- fuck, I totally forgot we had this, sorry.” he forced out, pressing the palms of his hands against his eyes for a second, silently willing the tears away.

His words were met with silence as he moved his eyes away to see Skye looking past his head.

*At his polaroids.*

His cheeks flushed darkly as he realized everything was out in the open here. From his polaroids to the ‘dream’ sign, to the overflowing box of letters and all his supplies.

George was everywhere in his room.

“Are you alright?” her eyes drifted back to his own.

The words were soft, caring, and it almost made him want to cry again. It wasn’t even a bad cry. He just felt so much and George wasn’t there for him to tell.

Dream pressed his lips together, nodding. “Sorry... I- I was writing to George. I got carried away.”

And he couldn’t be more thankful for Skye who smiled and walked over. “Do you wanna talk about him, or the situation? We can study later, y’know.”

The word yes had never tumbled from his mouth faster.

“It’s... Gods it’s so stupid I’m even crying...” he rushed out, rubbing at his eyes again as she sat down on his bed. “I just like him so much I get sad, you know...?” The words almost fell into a whisper at the end.

It was the first time he had ever said it to someone else in person.

He'd said it himself countless times. When it was the dead of the night and he had to whisper it to himself to make him believe it.

Except it wasn't the only thing that had slipped out.

It took a second, as he registered the look of surprise on Skye's face. The raised eyebrows but the knowing smile.

He'd admitted to loving George to Skye.

His cheeks turned a soft pink as realization settled in and a smug expression spread across her face.

"Like, huh? I knew it!" she sang out eagerly, "I knew it but you kept denying it!" she huffed next, shaking her head, "you should've just told me, you idiot."

Dream simply rolled his eyes but couldn't help but grin as he saw the positive reaction from his friend. Skye was happy for him. She was happy he had admitted it.

And *Gods* did it feel good. It felt good to say it out loud to someone else.

"I wasn't sure back then..." he muttered a little sheepishly, running a hand through his hair.

"Yeah. Totally you weren't." she murmured with a shake of her head, "Do you know how fond you look when you read his letters, Clay? You have the softest smile on your face, and your eyes practically light up the minute I catch you daydreaming. And it's always him, isn't it?" A soft tone fell into her voice, "It's always him you're thinking about."

Maybe he had never been good at hiding how he felt. Everyone seemed to have a hint of it. Maybe he should stop burying it away.

"Yeah. It is. It's always George."

Skye smiled right back at him as he admitted it softly. “Now, come on.” He watched her move as she plopped down onto his bed, patting the spot next to her. “Talk to me. What's got you all sad? Unless it's happy tears?”

He felt himself sigh, glancing at his letter pages to pick them up before moving onto his bed next to her.

Reading back his own letters was always something else. It was looking at the doodles in the margins of the pages and seeing his writing get messier when he got too shy. It was reading back sentences that didn't make sense and needing to change them.

These letters were nothing but raw love, in a way.

“You know, there was a chance of him coming here early? Like earlier than he plans. His dad is coming to Florida...” he whispered, staring down at the papers in his hands, re reading the part where he had written for George not to come to him.

The need to back track and ask him to come was strong.

But he didn't want to lose George as soon as he got him.

“I told him not to come. Because I don't want to lose him again. I know I'll see him again. But I feel like I'll just want to go with him back to England, ya know?” he mumbled, looking up to meet Skye's eyes, “I don't want to be apart from him if I get to see him. I think that's selfish. I'm so selfish when it comes to him...”

But of course Skye was understanding. “That's not selfish, Clay. You're in love... if I had someone I loved across the ocean, I'd want them to.” A hand came up to squeeze his shoulder. “If you don't want him to come here this soon, it's not selfish either. He'll understand. He asked you for a reason.”

George had asked him, but what if he had expected a ‘yes’?

“And what if he doesn't like my response?”



“You two will push through a little argument like that if it comes to that. You both have to be ready to see each other, Clay. Not just him and not just you.”

Skye was right. At least he liked to think. This would be nothing and they both had to be ready. In a way, he was already ready to have George in his arms. Letting him go would be the issue at hand.

He bit at his bottom lip, letting himself fall back on his back, smiling softly as Skye followed his moves so they were laying down side by side.

“Love is so scary.” Dream whispered softly, “It makes you do crazy things. You know, I’m moving to Virginia with him. He’s studying there and we’re gonna get an apartment.”

It was one of the things he looked forward to the most. Having his own home with George would make it all so real.

“Fuck, that’s cute, Clay.” she hummed out turning her head to face him, “Do I get to meet him too, or you gonna keep him all to yourself?”

Maybe he did want to keep George to himself. But instead he shook his head, “Nah. I’ll introduce you to him when he comes here. Don’t worry. I wanna show him off to everyone.”

“Everyone, huh? Gonna gloat about your pretty boyfriend?”

“Oh shut up. We aren’t dating... yet...” he added softly, laughing as Skye hit his shoulder lightly, “Hopefully soon though.”

“Ugh.” He glanced over hearing the sound of disgust coming from his friend. “You’re so lucky you got a cute little boyfriend all for yourself. I bet you’d take him to prom too if you could, wouldn’t you? While I’m going to be stuck with some gross last minute date.”

The memory of George pushing him to run for prom king was clear in his head. The other had been so excited for him. So confident for him to win, and he wanted to win even more for him.

But without George, there was no real date, unless...

With a quick movement he sat up, an idea coming to mind, “So you don't have a date, right?”

Skye frowned, shaking her head, “Nah, no ones asked yet.”

“Well...” he paused, mulling over the idea, “Why don't we go? As friends of course! But it'll save us both from awkward dances with random people.”

Thankfully, Skye seemed all over it, sitting up and clapping her hands together. “That's perfect! Oh my god, I could actually have some fun at this prom.”

He grinned, slight excitement thrumming to him.

“You might wanna add in the letter that your prom date won't put your relationship in danger. Just in case George is one to get jealous.” Her teasing voice broke out as his side was prodded with a long nail.

“I don't know about George... but I will. Do the British have proms?” Dream shot out abruptly, “There was this guy who seemed into him... gods what if he asks George out to their prom?” he asked, alarmed, eyes wide.

But he fell into a pout as Skye dissolved into giggles, cooing over how cute he was.

“It's a genuine question!”

## Chapter End Notes

note from tad:

hello hello :)))) first off I'd like to say thank you thank you thank you so much for 20k HITS !!!! <3333 I never thought we could get there so quickly but here we are. I'm so happy so many people r enjoying our fic, leaving so many lovely comments

and not to mention kudos. This fic has been going since Septemberish and soon it'll be 2022 and we'll still be posting, which is insane to me. But aside from that looks like George and Dream are finally getting somewhere with all their jumbled up feelings hehe ;))), buckle up everyone there's a lot more coming at you <33

comments and kudos greatly appreciated <3

socials:

[kat's twitter](#)

[tad's twitter](#)

# alone

## Chapter Summary

Even as the bed dipped next to him and a soothing hand was rubbing circles against his back as his vision blurred, he felt alone.

## Chapter Notes

[fic playlist](#)

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

A fresh cup of tea being set down on the nightstand would have normally pulled him from his dazed state. But all he could focus on was the steam that was rising from it, dancing in on itself as it evaporated into the surrounding air. It taunted him, threatened to be filled with more life than his drained body could ever hope to feel.

Three weeks.

It had been three weeks since Dream was supposed to have received his letter.

Three weeks since the expedited posting should have delivered it at his door. Three weeks since Dream would have read the question asking him to be George's first kiss. Three weeks since Dream would have read the lightly crossed out confessions of what kind of future George wanted with him. Three weeks since he never wrote back.

George wasn't home, he couldn't stand to be there. His wall was still covered in polaroids that detailed the life of a boy he fell in love with too quickly. His desk drawer had a box in it filled to the brim with bright green envelopes and wilted blades of grass, filled with letters he'd read over hundreds of times before falling asleep with them next to his body on his lonely bed. A windowsill with a dried rose pinned in it that he would drag his fingertips over if he was there.

Three weeks.

He hadn't received a response, he hadn't received any letters from Emma to tell him Dream was in the hospital and that he'd write as soon as he could, he hadn't received anything. He tried a few times to log onto Hypixel, but Sapnap was never on to let him know if Dream had decided to hate him or not.

Wilbur's bed had been his home for the past week and a half. Wake up, be forced to eat breakfast, school, back to Wilbur's, listen to band practices while completing assignments, back to Wilbur's bed, cry until he fell asleep, repeat. It had been a dreary and endless cycle, and yet he still did it all wrapped in a hoodie that didn't belong to him even when it was meant to.

It was supposed to mean something. It was all supposed to mean everything. He thought he was delusional, for a while, having had created this entire narrative that Dream was someone he simply *wanted* him to be, when he was someone else entirely. Someone that would fall silent at the drop of too many words that were crossed out and terrifying to say. He didn't feel scared anymore, though. He just felt alone.

He felt like a lonely piece of paper with words full of nothing but devotion left to be crumpled up and tossed against the carpet, easily forgotten until someone would clean him up and throw him out. He felt like there was nothing that could smooth out the creases permanently letting ink seep into his soul, there was nothing to mend torn edges that could still slice deeper than a harmless papercut. He *was* alone.

Even as the bed dipped next to him and a soothing hand was rubbing circles against his back as his vision blurred, he felt alone. "George, I'm sorry." Wilbur's voice was soft, but the apology felt repetitive.

He didn't speak, simply blinking to let the tears that pooled fall against the stained pillowcase.

"I know... I know it hurts. But, seeing you like this? It's been three weeks, George, and you're still wearing his hoodie. He's everywhere around you even without you being home, it's not helping anything. I know you loved him, but—"

"I didn't love him, Wil. I *do* love him. Present tense. I think I'm *in love* with him, and that's why this hurts so fucking much." he snapped back, interrupting Wilbur as he turned over to face him while sitting himself up with a heavy sigh. "You know what I said in that letter."

"I know, I know... But seeing you hurt like this is just— George you can't keep doing this to

yourself. It's been almost a month." Wilbur's hand went for George's own, but he pulled them away, letting his closest friend resort to resting one against his knee.

There was a light vibration against the bed, repetitive, a phone call. George eyed Wilbur's phone, seeing his manager's name flash across the screen before the call was declined.

"I'm not ready to let him go, even if he doesn't want me back." his voice was meek, words choked between the sobs he was still managing.

Wilbur let out another sigh, glancing at his phone once again as it started buzzing repetitively for the second time. He declined it again, looking back to George. "Okay... Okay. So you give it one more week. If you don't hear from him within the next week, you give me everything of his. Every picture, every letter, every little thing he's ever given you. You give me the hoodie, and I ship it all back to him. Deal?"

George felt himself hesitate, his tongue ran dry as he thought about the possibility. He'd been accepted into the school in Virginia, he'd been awarded a scholarship that would cover the majority of his education in the future, he'd already told his parents about moving to America and moving in with Dream.

He didn't want to admit that Wilbur was right, that he wasn't doing okay. He didn't like thinking about a future that didn't involve the blond boy that lived across the ocean that he'd fallen hopelessly in love with. He didn't want to consider getting rid of the letters, or the rose, or any of the words that were scribbled down and meant for him and only him. He didn't want to be wrong about everything that had *felt* so right for so long.

He opened his mouth to respond, to force the words out that he never thought he'd have to say. An agreement. But he couldn't focus with Wilbur's phone buzzing incessantly for the third time in less than a few minutes.

"Will you just fucking answer that, please?" he found himself saying. It was another excuse to not let go. Not yet.

"Yeah, hey... What? Wait, no, slow down... Who?" Wilbur started as his manager's voice filtered through the other end of the line in a muffled jumble. George couldn't make out what the man was saying, but he saw the look on Wilbur's face drop as his eyes widened.

George lifted his eyebrows in suspicion, wrinkling his nose as he silently asked *what the fuck is he saying?*

“Are you sure that you have that name correct?” he asked, pausing for a moment as his grip on George’s knee tightened. Wilbur paused for a minute, dropping his jaw as his eyes darted back and forth, his manager’s voice rambling endlessly as he listened with intent. He met George’s eyes for a moment before he nodded. “Yeah, put him through.”

Confusion. It shook George’s head unintentionally as he tried to decipher what was happening. Wilbur was acting like fucking Bon Jovi was being transferred to his end of the line, or like his band had been booked for Madison Square Garden. There were endless possibilities, a million different scenarios that could have caused the exasperated expression lining his face as he gulped thickly. His manager’s voice died out to silence, and George felt even more confused as Wilbur swallowed and waited. Another voice took the place of his manager’s loud and gravelly one, and George didn’t know what the hell was happening until –

“Dream?”

Three weeks. Three weeks of silence, and now George’s heart was beating out of his chest as he watched his best friend utter the name that had been haunting him since the day he sent his first letter. The name that was tattooed invisibly on his heart, the name that had made him cry from unintelligible mourning, yet blissful happiness time and time again. He moved a hand forward to hold onto Wil’s as he listened to his friend speak.

“Yeah, yeah this is Wil– Yeah.” he paused for a moment, listening. George could barely hear Dream’s voice, he couldn’t make out what he was saying, but he could *hear* him.

“What? No he’s... Oh my god. Wait, no slow down, hold on for a second.” he paused again, smiling as he met George’s eyes. He pulled his hand from George’s grasp, bringing it to cup his face and rub small circle’s against George’s skin, wiping tears along with his movements.

“No, no he’s right here, he’s okay.” George’s phone buzzed against his thigh, and normally he would have ignored it, but Gracie’s name on his screen was pulling on him too strongly.

A picture of an envelope covered in at least twenty stamps, looking completely bent and beaten up as if it had traveled through countless hands and postal carriers until it landed on his pillow. He felt his heart in his throat as he realized it was a letter he didn’t recognize, a letter he’d never seen before, a letter that hadn’t ever been opened. He lifted his screen and faced it towards Wilbur so his friend could see.

“Dream, he just showed me a picture Gracie sent him. From the looks of it, your letter got lost in the post. It’s on his bed right now.” he paused again to smile, laughing lightly as George smiled for the first time in weeks under his touch.

“Yes, I promise he’s not hurt or in the hospital. I’m not gonna lie, mate, he’s been a wreck be—yeah, exactly. Do you... Okay, are you sure? I can ask him. Yeah? What about one minute? No... Let me at least ask him.” he said through his end of the phone, dropping his hand from George’s face to grab his hand again. He pulled the phone’s speaker away from his mouth, meeting George’s eyes.

“Do you want to break the rules? I’ll give you thirty seconds to say whatever you want to him.” he asked George, eyes openly peering into George’s soul as he spoke.

He considered it for a second. Considered hearing Dream’s voice, saying hello to him, letting Dream hear him cry as he figured he wouldn’t be able to make himself speak. He smiled to himself, letting himself giggle. Even more so as he heard Dream laugh on the other end of the phone. It didn’t count, hearing him laugh through the static of a phone call that he wasn’t technically on didn’t count.

He shook his head, speaking soft enough to know that Dream couldn’t hear him. “The rules.”

Wilbur nodded, rolling his eyes as he chuckled to himself. “He said no, because of the fucking rules. Yeah... Of course you agree with him. How about this, let me at least give him a message for you.” Wilbur paused once again, nodding as he squeezed George’s hand.

“He says he misses you, he says not to be scared of what is in the letter... He says he loves you.”

He hiccupped on a laugh at that, letting the tears that were falling turn from sorrow filled to that of nothing but pure happiness. He wasn’t wrong, he hadn’t been wrong to wait. Dream was worth waiting for. “Please tell him I love him too.” he whispered softly.

“He said he loves you too. He’s wearing your hoodie, by the way. Yes, Ha— Yes, it looks very cute on him. I promise... Okay, yeah... Really? Ha— yeah, it was nice to meet you too, mate... Yeah, no he never shuts up about you... Of course— I will, cheers.”

Wilbur pulled the phone from his ear, disconnecting the call with a smile on his face. Before



George could even manage a thought, Wilbur lurched forwards, wrapping his arms tightly around George with enough force to push him down against the mattress in a fit of laughter. George hugged him back, still unable to fathom what had just happened.

“This hug is from Dream, if that wasn’t obvious.” Wilbur said, voice muffled into the material of the hoodie pooling around George’s figure as he hugged his friend back.

“Thank you, Wil. Can I ask what else he said?”

Wilbur pulled back from the hug, leaning over to his nightstand to grab his keys before tucking his phone into his pocket. “He asked if you were hurt and that’s why you hadn’t written him back. And then after explaining everything, he said what I told you. At the end there, he asked me to give you the biggest hug possible and to tell you he loves you. He also said it was nice to meet me and that you need to read his letter as soon as possible. He also made me promise to tell you that he’d never leave you, and that he was looking at flights to come out here tomorrow if I hadn’t answered.”

Three weeks. If it had been one more day... He felt his heart drop at the thought.

“Thank you, Wil.” he said with a final sigh, pulling his hands to his face to wipe away the remnant tears that still painted streaks down his flushed cheeks.

“Don’t thank me yet, I still have to drive you home so you can read that letter.”

---

*My Dream,*

*Fuck, hi. I missed you... So fucking much. I genuinely don’t think there are enough words in the English language to describe how terribly I have missed you. I’m going to get to responding to all of... everything... that you wrote, but I have to tell you how mind blowing this entire fucking thing has been.*

*I’ve just gotten home from Wilbur’s house, I heard your voice (kind of) through the phone, or at least the muffled and very staticky and distant version of it. I heard you laugh, Dream. I heard you, you’re real. You’re actually real, and somehow you managed to call Wilbur to find me. He said on the drive home that his manager told him you had been frantically emailing him until he*

*responded to you. He said he'd sent you his phone number and you called to explain that you hadn't heard from me and were worried, and that that was the only way you could think of to contact someone in my life to make sure I was alright.*

*Dreamie, I have been fucking distraught for three weeks now. I thought after my last letter that you hated me. I refused to believe it, but those thoughts filled my head and fucking haunted me non stop. I've been so worried that I fucked absolutely everything up, that I read into everything wrong... But no. The postal service decided to fuck us over.*

*Based on the stamps I'm seeing, your letter got lost somewhere in America, and hopped a flight to Egypt, and then from there it ended up somewhere in New York City. From there, it made its way somehow to Northern Ireland, and some old lady's fancy handwriting redirected it back to my home. Dream, holy fuck.*

*I love you, so fucking much. I'm going to say that way too much in this letter, but I need you to know that. I love you. God, I love you. Before you called, I had been an absolute wreck. I had tried my best to focus on school and studying, but whenever my homework was done and whatever... I'll admit, all I did was cry and sleep. I let my brain convince me that you'd left me, left all of this. That I'd scared you off. I know you and Wil didn't talk about it too much, but I was kind of a mess.*

*I wore your hoodie every day, I've been sleeping at Wil's for the last two weeks almost because being home just made me think of you. And at the time, it hurt to. I've written so many letters here, my wall is covered in pictures of your life and your letters are everywhere. I didn't want to give up on you, I didn't want to just let this all stop, because you mean so fucking much to me. Right before you called, Wil made a deal with me that I never agreed to. It hurt to even think about, so I'm not going to tell you what it was, because I don't think I could have ever carried through with it.*

*I promise, I'm all yours. You have me, forever. Thank you for keeping your promise of making sure I'm okay when you hadn't heard from me. I was scared to write you a second letter when I hadn't heard back because of everything I'd said... I was terrified, Dream. But now I just feel stupid. I'm going to actually respond to the rest of your letter now, but please know I never would have given up on you or let you go. Please believe me on that. Please.*

*I love you.*

*Okay, now onto my actual response, because I've been shaking and crying for weeks and now those tears are finally happy again and I just want to talk about everything wonderful and positive.*

*Yes! Graduating early! Hopefully, of course. I have loads of good news there for you, actually. First off, my exams are scheduled to take place in a few weeks, so those should hopefully go well. If I pass, then I'll be graduated and I can come see you and maybe the first time we meet will be at your graduation. I don't want to disrupt your studies and distract you from your own remaining months of high school. If I'm going to take you with me to uni, I kind of want you to be able to say you graduated and can leave all of high school behind without any regrets.*

*And, drumroll please... I got into the University of Virginia!! It's in Williamsburg, and from what I've seen, the area is absolutely gorgeous. I got a scholarship too that will cover the majority of my studies as well, so that means more of my trust fund gets to go to our travel plans and our apartment. Yes, of course you still get to pitch in per your request, but I have the acceptance letters to prove that this is actually happening. I'm going to be there, in America, with you.*

*I'd love to come out as soon as possible, like I said I will probably try to be there for your graduation, so I'll need to know the date for that so I can be there for your big day. If graduating early works out, I won't have to don a cap and gown and sit through the ceremony for my own class. I'm actually kind of glad for that, I kind of dislike everyone I attend school with other than Wil. It's okay for you to be selfish there, I just want to see you and be with you.*

*We can find the perfect apartment, with your mum's help of course, and drive up to visit it before we move in. I'll have to ship a bunch of my stuff over from London once we decide on a place, but it'll be so worth it. Speaking of which, maybe you could come back here with me during the summer to help me pack it all up? I could show you around, take you to one of Wil's shows, introduce you to Gracie and my family. And then we can go back and start our life officially. Are you sure your family would be okay with me staying there for a little bit before we come back here? I don't want to intrude or make them uncomfortable at all.*

*Is there a spare room in your home that I would stay in? Of course I'd want to stay with you, but I just don't want to make your parents uncomfortable. Especially if you haven't come out to them at that point, you know? I don't know, we can figure that all out when the time comes I suppose.*

*Speaking of you coming out, I'm glad that Patches and Jay the fish took it well! I told you animals are great listeners. And Andrew as well? That's... Surprising. In a good way though, of course. I'm glad you two had a heart to heart and that he was kind and accepting. And he apologized for being a dick to you? What kind of simulation are we living in? It'll be good to meet him, I promise that even though I joke a lot, I'd never choose him over you. I'm all yours, you're all I want. You're all I need.*

*Coming back here actually works out well, so we can go to the gala in June. Are you sure you'd drink with me? You don't have to if you don't want to, but I would fancy seeing you all drunk and*

*blushy. Especially in a suit. God, you look fucking incredible in a suit.*

*Yeah, yeah, my father is a CEO with a private jet... blah, blah, blah. He does NOT have an expensive fancy watch collection, idiot. – He has a first edition novel collection. They're books, it's different. Fuck off. Not sugar daddy vibes, I'll hit you for that. Your mum's job sounds fun, she gets to see all kinds of extravagant homes. And your father being a dentist doesn't sound too terrible, honestly. Dental care is very important, and as you can tell from your various pictures of me smiling, I do not fall into the stereotype of Brits having bad teeth.*

*I'm glad you don't have denchers, that was quite funny to tease you about though. You got sooooo upset, baby. It was cute. It's cute when you're defensive. And don't worry, we'll find you a lovely little job in Williamsburg once we're settled. You do know, I hope, that you don't have to work when we're there. You can take your online certification classes and focus on your programming if you'd like, my trust fund will happily cover our living expenses. But I also know that you want to pitch in, so whatever you'd like to do, love.*

*God, it's so crazy thinking about it all creeping up so quickly. Soon enough, we'll be waking up in the same place together. Yes, by the way, we can get a one bedroom or a studio. Fuck crossing things out, I don't care anymore. That sounds fucking perfect.*

*Fuck off, by the way. I don't want to date Andrew or move in with him or wear his hoodie. I don't want to actually room in a dorm with some pathetic baseball player, you got so defensive there. Again, cute. I could never leave you for anyone else, baby. I love you too damn much. Plus, you being tall and broad is quite attractive, I don't think I could get anything better than you. You're beautiful, Dream. If I do happen to meet some random baseball player, I'd kill to see you spar with him. I'd root for you, obviously.*

*I'm glad I could make you laugh, though. You made me laugh when you called Wil, for the first time in weeks, actually. It felt good. Everything about you feels fucking incredible. Just knowing that you're real, that you exist... That you feel the same way as I do. God, Dream.*

*Of course we'll never sleep once we are together. You think you'll be listening to my accent the entire time, but I'm going to be fucking entranced by yours. You forget that, to me, you're the one with an accent, idiot. And I can't wait to listen to it endlessly. I already adore reading your letters and imagining what your voice sounds like, so hearing it in person will only be a million times better.*

*We'll probably annoy your parents when I visit with how much we'll be up talking. But, I will abandon you to take your mum up on those cooking lessons. Does she wear decorative aprons? I'd like to steal the most ridiculous one I can find just to cook and bake in. I don't know, it sounds fun. Yes, Sunday dinners, only the best for you. It is quite domestic, isn't it? What should we*

*make for our first night together in our apartment?*

*I suppose as long as you're still agreeing to propose to me in Paris, that I'll be quite alright with people thinking you're my boyfriend when we move to Virginia. Seeing how I'll be wearing your clothes all the time, and living with you, and spending all of my time imaginable with you... and loving you, and kissing you, and being kissed by you.*

*Having you be my first kiss sounds absolutely fucking incredible. God, I can't wait to kiss you, you make it seem so wonderful. I will 100% be a flustered mess, mostly because I believe that the moment it happens, I will be the happiest I've ever been. I don't want to kiss anyone else, I only want you.*

*So yes, you can be my first kiss, and every kiss after that. Forever. So long as you still want that with me, because that is all I want with you. When we're dancing around the kitchen, when I come home from classes, when I'm in your lap while we watch movies.*

*I don't know how fond I am of horror movies, by the way. You may have to protect me during them, because I'll be hiding my face in your chest or neck the entire time. Do you like them? I'm quite fond of romantic films, or independent ones with beautiful story lines. We can come to an agreement or switch off on the movies we watch those nights.*

*Regardless, I want to kiss you. Through the good and the bad, all of it. I wish I could be with you right now, or that I could have been transported through that phone call somehow.*

*I am going to end up talking about that endlessly if I don't stop myself now. You really don't mind that I'll be inexperienced? Flushed soft cheeks and giggling mess and all? You're right, I probably will cling onto you. I'll probably do that regardless if you're kissing me or not. I just don't ever want to let you go.*

*Of course I want to kiss you forever.*

*Anyways, how was your Valentines? Did you and Emma enjoy all of that chocolate you were talking about? Mine was spent at Wil's, like I said. I was just wearing your hoodie and reading back through some of your old letters and looking at your polaroids while they rehearsed some of their newer songs. I, in fact, got three cheek kisses for Valentines. Platonic, of course. His mates were a little drunk, it was quite hilarious.*

*Those date ideas sound wonderful, baby. Any of them, as long as I'd be with you. A fancy restaurant and Disney... A picnic out by that tree of yours (of course I'm even more curious about the secret up there now that I know that it has something to do with me)... or just cuddled up next to you in bed whilst watching movies and being in your arms. Genuinely, any of that would have been fucking perfect.*

*I'll be in your arms soon, I promise. As soon as possible.*

*Even if I couldn't get on that flight. I wanted to. I wanted to so badly. My father asked me at least three times that morning if I was sure about not going with him. The second he actually left, I almost called him to have his car turned around so I could go with him. I would have been able to see you and be able to touch you. You're right though, I'd only get to spend a week with you and I don't think I'd be able to leave you again after that. For now, your hoodie will suffice.*

*I think I have enough cologne of yours to last me until I can see you, but I suppose if you'd like to send any more of your clothing items, I wouldn't oppose. Just like you said, the pin makes it look like I'm taken if people knew what it stood for. I like that. I like knowing that I'm yours, should this letter be the decisive factor in us both wanting more than what we are right now.*

*I want you. You are all I want, Dream. I'm writing all of this and my handwriting is going to be shaky purely because I'm relieved you don't hate me and that you feel the same. I just... Fuck. Yes, to literally everything. Yes to the first kiss and every kiss after that, yes to being together, yes to being yours, yes to the future together. Yes. To literally everything. Yes. Please. I want you and nothing but you. I love you.*

*So don't talk about me ever leaving you or going off to move out and find some new adventure. I don't want any of that without you. Wherever I go, you're always welcome to join me. However, I don't know how I feel about you picking me up and carrying me everywhere. Especially not over your shoulder. I'm not a bag, baby. Of course you picked that up from your football hooligans, and Andrew.*

*Did you wrestle with them as well? Did you wrestle with Andrew? I reckon I could take you.*

*Step 1: Sneak attack, from behind.*

*Step 2: I'm small, I can climb on you or wiggle my way out of your grasp*

*Step 3: You're stronger and bigger than me, so ultimately you will pin me down.*

*Step 4: Distract you by kissing you*

*Step 5: You'll be distracted properly, so I flip us over and BAM! You're pinned down, and I proclaim myself the winner.*

*I may have extra steps that I'm not revealing, and don't say I just gave you all the answers to ultimately beat me... You'll never know when to expect it. I'll get you.*

*Does Sappnap call you 'Dream', by the way? I think you said a while back that he does, but I'm struggling to remember right now. He's handsome, by the way. The polaroid you sent of him was very cute. Of course you're cuter, but he's a handsome guy. Do tell him I said that. I also don't care if I'm being cocky about beating him in chess. It will happen. I still need you to root for me, however.*

*I guess you don't need to write your number down anymore though. Wil has it now. I suppose if anything did happen to me, he could call you and tell you. So save it, will you? Just in case. But I'm going to be selfish here and say please only use it in case of emergency. If you were to start calling and texting with him on a regular basis, I'd become extremely jealous.*

*Slightly jealous that I can't be your date to your senior prom as well. But, I suppose Skye will be a good replacement. I'm glad you two are good friends now, how is all of that studying going? We haven't spoken in almost a month, so I feel like there's so much of your life that I need to be caught up on. You should run for prom king though, even though I can't be there. I want to see a picture of you wearing that crown. And in a suit, again. Like I said, I'm selfish.*

*We both are, but if it's for each other, I don't see an issue with that.*

*I'm in a weird state of limbo right now. The last three weeks have felt somewhat detrimental, and I'm kind of scared that I'm dreaming again and that you never wrote me back. That you never wrote everything that you did. I have your words right here in my hands, but God... I just want it to be actually YOU already.*

*I want everything you talked about. Falling asleep on the couch together, letting you hold my hand and taking me to introduce me to everyone as your boyfriend, going on dates whenever we want.*

*Letting you kiss me until neither of us can breathe any more and we have to part for a minute. That made me think about what it'll be like to just be held in your arms with my forehead pressed to yours. I think I'd give in too quickly and just kiss your face a million times until I eventually made it back to your lips. It makes me want to see that smile of yours even more, but I can wait to see it in person.*

*God, and waking up in the same bed as you? I want to fall asleep with you every night and wake up with you every morning, right next to you. I already agreed to it earlier in this letter, but a one bedroom or a studio apartment is sounding a little bit more perfect for us.*

*I don't think there's anything wrong with wanting to spend the foreseeable future together. Sure, discussing marriage is a little premature, but we can dream big... right? Should we make it to that point in our lives, and should you actually propose to me in Paris, I hope you know that my answer will always be yes. It kind of does feel like soulmates. I just— I feel like I was meant to meet you. Because I can't imagine my life without you.*

*Even if I'm cross with you, I don't think I'd call you Clay. I think I could only call you Clay when I am feeling entirely and wholeheartedly in love with you, and need you to know that I mean it more sincerely in that moment than any other. I stole that idea from a movie I watched based on a famous novel. *Pride & Prejudice*. It was the name given to you by the people that brought you into this world, because they loved each other just that much. So, I'll use it in those moments when you need to be reminded most that you'll never lose me.*

*I'm yours, forever. Of course I'll be yours, I want to be yours. If you want to be mine, baby.*

*I love you. I've missed you terribly, and I'm going to miss you more after I send this letter, but at least you know it's coming now.*

*Neither of us officially asked it yet, so I suppose I'll be the one with balls this time around. I also have gone this entire letter without crossing anything out, and that alone has felt more freeing than anything in the world. So, I'm asking it.*

*Will you be my boyfriend? Will you let me love you that way?*

*I suppose this is the part of the letter where I have to say goodbye for now. You already know I don't want to, but if I keep writing, I'll end up continuing on about how much I want you and everything imaginable in the future with you, and by the time you receive it, you'll be graduated from high school.*

*In closing, your polaroids were adorable. Of course the one of Sapnap I've already spoken about. You look cute in my beanie, it's a good fit on you, even if you pulled it over your eyes like a dork and drew a smiley face on the back of your hand to cover your actual smile from me. Whatever, you're adorable. Fuck you, still.*



*I hope you enjoy the ones I'm including. The first is from Valentine's Day of Wil and his bandmates and I, ignore the flushed cheeks on us all, I may have had a bit to drink as well. The second is of me sleeping in my bed with Cat on my chest, he tends to be most comfortable there. And finally, a polaroid of this absolutely mangled envelope that finally arrived to me today. I wanted you to see just how much it went through to make it here. I think the fact that it even managed to arrive after traveling so much is a sign that this is something good.*

*We are something good. Something I want to keep. Because all I want is you.*

*I hope you're well, baby. I hope you know how much I've missed you and know that I am absolutely fucking in love with you. You make me feel so many things, but I don't feel scared or lost or confused anymore. Everything just seems really clear now. Which also means I can finally send you a few more songs to add to your playlist you've made for me.*

- "Please Notice" by Christian Leave
- "Angel Baby" by Troye Sivan
- "Talk Me Down" by Troye Sivan
- "ILYSB - stripped" by LANY

*I love you, Dream. Always.*

*- love, yours truly, forever, George. <3*

*P.s. - sorry for not breaking the rules on the phone call, I promise I did really want to talk to you*

*P.p.s. - even if you get crowned prom king, you'll still be my knight in shining armour, right?*

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Tears were impossible to control. For the first time in weeks, they were present because he was so undeniably happy. Being back in his room and not feeling the ever present gloom of a grey cloud overhead to match the weather from the past few weeks.

He moved to his window, fresh letter in hand as he seated himself and held it to his chest. It was the first clear night in weeks, and he was finally able to see the twinkling of the stars overhead. Even if the one Dream had given him for Christmas wasn't in view, he thanked the stars for guiding the lost letter to him in the first place.

With a gentle kiss placed against his newest response, he pulled a blanket over his shoulders so he could fall asleep staring at the stars, dreaming of the one person he loved more than anything in the world.

## Chapter End Notes

note from kat:

ha ha... hey guys :) so this chapter looked a lil different, huh? sorry for the jump scare with this chapter not starting with a letter, but we all know that hurt/comfort tag had to come into play somewhere! Tad and I have been so excited to share this chapter with you, and I can promise that the next few upcoming chapters are gonna start excelling this story a lot more as well! thanks for the love and support and over 20k hits, we love and appreciate yall so much! <3

comments and kudos make our day! (feel free to yell at me for this chapter lmao)

socials:

[kat's twitter](#)

[tad's twitter](#)

# together

## Chapter Summary

“Are you feeling okay now? I know you’ve had a tough time the past few weeks. I know I can’t do anything, like keep you company or hug you since I’m so far. But I hope you know I’ve got your back man. It was hard seeing you like that.”

## Chapter Notes

[fic playlist](#)

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

*Hey baby,*

*I love you. I love you. I love you. I love you so much. I just needed to get that out immediately so you’d know it the second you get this letter.*

*I didn’t think it could get any worse than the winter months, but it did. The past few weeks were hell for the both of us, but gods I’m sorry. I know I’m not even in control of the mail, but I’m so sorry I put you through that. Or at least stupid America did.*

*Yeah... I think I drove his manager a little insane. I just didn’t know what to do. I had considered sending another letter. In fact, I wrote a bunch and scrapped them all because if you didn’t respond to the last, then why the next ones? Gods, I’m an idiot for not just calling the mail company or assuming it got lost. Instead I just drove myself crazy until I figured out Wil’s manager’s contact info from the Lovejoy stuff. (Say sorry for me by the way, I think I went a bit overboard with the emails.)*

*But I’m not sorry for sending them that much because it got me through with Wil, and gods, baby... I heard your giggle too. I heard your fucking laugh and I can’t even explain how much relief I felt hearing even just a faint giggle. And when Wil said you were okay and weren’t hurt or lost or— I don’t know. It was so relieving.*

*I love you so much.*

*I could have never hated you, George. You're the fucking love of my life and I know that for sure now. This all made me realize exactly how much I love you. I was about ready to buy a ticket to London.*

*Stupid ass postal service. But thank gods for the sweet lady who realized who the letter was for you. She saved us a whole lot more heartache.*

*I'm so sorry, baby. I wish I could've been faster or just been able to reach you somehow. I'm such an idiot for not being quicker with something. Hearing that you went through all that makes it hurt even more. It hurts to hear you cried. I never want that to happen again. You deserve to smile every day of your life, or you can cry when I can at least hug you close.*

*You could've never scared me off, especially not after everything you said to me.*

*Sending you that hoodie was my best decision. At least you had it whilst you cried. A little piece of me. I was there in a way. I hope your room isn't awful to look at now that you've heard from me. I hope it's lovely to you again. I hope you can look at the things I've sent and all our letters with a smile instead of sadness.*

*It's okay if you don't want to tell me. I frankly never want to think about this situation again.*

*I love you more.*

*And I promise that right back. You have all of me forever. I'm yours, I promise you that until the ends of earth. It wasn't stupid of you, baby. You'd send an emotional letter and never gotten my response. It's okay to be sad and emotional, gorgeous. It's okay, but now you don't have to be sad anymore, okay?*

*But right, yes, there are happy things to talk about! The good news!*

*Pft, you already think you'll have all my attention that easily when you get here?*

*Well...*

*You're not wrong, I'd probably skip school to take you out.*

*I guess it is the responsible thing to come for my graduation, but you don't always have to be responsible technically... but alright, alright. You choose when you wanna come see my pretty face I suppose.*

*But I wish you all the luck on your exams. Not that you need it. You'll ace them all and pass with flying colors and finally come home to me.*

*I call it home because I think I'll really feel at home with you. I feel like it'll just make me feel so complete.*

*But holy shit. I TOLD YOU YOU WOULD GET IN!!!!!! See, you had all the luck I could muster up. And with a scholarship?! You're raking up all that money Georgie. Congratulations, seriously. I'm so proud of you and so happy. Fuck, this is gonna happen. You're going to come to America. You're gonna come to me. We're going to live together.*

*And of course I'm going to pitch in a little. At least for groceries and anything I can, idiot. You can't stop me. I suppose I'll let you use the trust fund for the trips... but I'll buy you dinner every night we travel.*

*You wanna be there for my graduation? It isn't that big of a deal... if you can't make it, that is. Are you gonna film me going across the stage all happy? I wouldn't mind it. It would be cute seeing you waving and cheering for me. My personal cheerleader, hm? Honestly, you should be there, I feel like I studied and graduated thanks to you. You just brought out this new energy in me. You made me want to actually try and finish school and be able to spend the rest of our lives together.*

*Hm, sad I won't see you in a cap and gown though. You should get one anyways and bring it with you to America. We can take photos together cause, come on, you'll wanna see the photos at some point in the future maybe. Just a suggestion. Or you should take a photo with Wil too when he graduates.*

*Oh hell yeah! That sounds perfect. We can drive up there and check it out and see what we like best and all that.*

*I'd love to go with you! Seeing Wil perform in person and seeing your whole family would be absolutely perfect.*

*And yes, duh. My parents will adore you. You wouldn't be intruding. They know about you, and Andrew and Emma will back me up anyways. Hm, good point, but we got a while before you come. I think I want to come out before you come, but we'll see. We have time. Mainly because we don't have a spare room that can be used as a bedroom. The old spare is kinda an office space for my mom. Andrew's is empty when he goes to college, but I'm not putting you in his room. At most I'll take the floor and you'll take my bed... but ideally, we could both use my bed. If that's okay with you.*

*Yeah, Andrew being nice about it was a surprise, but I suppose I shouldn't have deemed him unsupportive cause he's a bitch about football. A wild simulation for sure that fucked with us for the past month.*

*Good, because you are all I want.*

*Oh yeah, the gala. I almost forgot. That works out amazingly then. Of course I'd drink with you. Just cause I don't right now doesn't mean I'll never. I don't mind some champagne with a pretty boy like you.*

*We'll both look incredible. Trust me, especially together.*

*First edition novel collection? Goddamn that sounds just as expensive though. You can't keep denying it, baby. It's definitely sugar daddy vibes. Like, come on. Even you technically have those vibes with that trust fund. Just saying...*

*Yeah, her job's a blast. Wish we could get one of those sick houses she sells though. Me and Emma always got so jealous of the houses. I know Emma once refused to leave one of them and Andrew had to throw her over his shoulder. It was pretty funny.*

*It's not cute! It's offensive! My teeth are beautiful and you shouldn't tarnish their reputation.*

*I know I technically don't have to work, but I'd like to, I think at least. If not I could always quit or whatever. I'll definitely finish my certificates and stuff though, don't worry.*

*You better root for me. I'd beat a baseball player easily, don't doubt it for a second, baby. But good, no leaving me ever now. You're stuck with me.*

*I felt the same. It was so reassuring to hear your laugh. I didn't think I'd ever hear it so early. But even with the static and everything in the way, it was so pretty. I know it'll be even better when I hear it in person.*

*It was like confirmation of you being real. Like, I know you're real. I know I love you, I know I want you, but this... being able to talk to Wilbur. Hearing your giggle, hearing Wilbur acknowledge you was fucking everything. It was so relieving.*

*It's weird to think about me having an accent in your eyes. That makes no sense. Americans have such boring voices, and like, British accents though... they sound like, I don't know... hot, y'know?*

*Yes, I can't wait for you to slap your hand across my mouth when I don't shut up during your study sessions. You'll be so fun to annoy in real life. Not that I'll be that annoying... maybe.*

*Well, they can deal with it because I will talk to you as much as I want. I wanna hear everything you have to say about anything. Rude you'll abandon me though. What the hell? Why can't I join you on your cooking adventure? I can help! And yeah she has loads of aprons for you to choose from, don't worry.*

*The best, hm? Well you'll have to beat my mom's Sunday dinner so we'll see how good you get, baby.*

*First night? Wouldn't we be too tired to cook the first night? Unless you plan on doing no unpacking or furniture building. I was thinking of just ordering take out unless you wanna cook. Maybe something simple like pasta? Or we can do steak, but that would take longer if we do it with homemade fries and what not. But we got a variety of options.*

*Sometimes when I read your words it's almost unbelievable you're saying what I've wanted to read for ages. I don't even know how I'll handle hearing it in person when reading these words make me tear up so easily. Don't make fun of me if I cry, okay?*

*I promise to make your first kiss everything you'd want, okay? Hopefully I wasn't overly cocky*

*about my skills.*

*Of course it's what I want from you, baby. I want to be able to give you all the kisses you'd dream of. Every hug, every handhold and anything you ask for. I want to be able to give it to you. Though I think you can handle the expensive stuff.*

*I'd love to protect you from horror movies. I'm okay with most of them, so I'll hold you close and cover your eyes if you need it. Or we can just kiss during the scary parts. Kiss until it's over and we have to watch the dumb main characters make stupid decisions, which'll kill them.*

*I think I do prefer action or adventure movies. Mmmmm romantic ones aren't usually my thing, but I can make an exception for you, if you'll watch my favorite movies too.*

*This is why we need teleportation stations and stuff. We need them now, science is letting us down. We could have met months ago if science wasn't so slow. But oh well, what's a romance without any pain and hardships?*

*Not that I want it.*

*I'd rather have you in my bed right now.*

*Don't stop, idiot. Keep talking. Keep rambling about how much you want to kiss you cause I want to kiss you just as much. I want to kiss you until we only see each other for days. I don't care if you're inexperienced. I don't care if you bite my lip on accident or step on my foot. I don't care if you use too much tongue or drool on me. I bet it'll be perfect no matter what.*

*Cause I'm kissing you.*

*Valentines was enjoyable. Me and Emma munched on a lot of candy and Andrew had a date for once. So we had it all for ourselves thankfully. Though I guess, technically, I won't have Valentines alone now, when you get to America, hm? You'll keep me company now, baby. Excited?*

*I'm glad you had a lovely time with Wil and his bandmates, but I'm glad you were wearing my hoodie. Keeping me in mind, hm? I did too in a way, cause Emma kept saying I was staring at my wall too much whilst we tried to watch a movie. Whoops? I'll give 3 times more kisses next Valentines. I'll beat them easily.*



*Perfect then. We can do all of them when you come to me finally. We can have every single idea and then others. We can go to fairs and arcades. I'll win you every prize I can until our apartment can't take anymore. And don't worry, you will see the tree in due time, baby. Be patient!*

*I guess now after those tortuous three weeks it would have been helpful for you to have come to America. We could've avoided a lot of sad feelings cause I woulda clung to you and not let you leave me. But I guess some things happen for a reason. Maybe the universe had been testing our love in some shitty mean way.*

*It was still a good decision cause now you can finish your exams and hit the deadlines you need in order to graduate early.*

*Well... since you don't oppose... I'm sending you a shirt, and don't worry, I sprayed my cologne on it a few extra times. Just in case it fades a little. It's just a simple one, it'll be big on you overall, but just something for you to have when it's too warm for a hoodie or you feel like switching it up. I hope you like it!*

*Another thing to show you as mine if you wanted that.*

*And you're all I want George. You're all I dream of at this point.*

*Okay, okay. I'm sorry for even mentioning the word leaving or moving out or starting a new adventure. And like from the start, I'll follow you anywhere as long as you want me. So don't worry.*

*Hm, alright not a bag, but what about bridal style? Put a hand under your knees and one around your back, is that better, Princess? I am your knight after all.*

*Hey, we aren't hooligans? Or at least not all of us. Me included. I am not a hooligan, Georgie. Don't be mean.*

*Yeah, we ended up rough housing a lot. It was kinda common especially with tackling and all that in games. Andrew did too, yeah... he found great joy in throwing me around and tackling me. Pretty sure I got some scars from those. I'll show you when you come to me.*

*You think you could take me? That's an awfully brave statement. I'm just kidding, I'm sure you could put up a good fight.*

*Those steps seem a little familiar though. Distract me with kissing, huh? Well that could actually work now. You're really gonna weaponize my two favorite things? You and kisses? Fucked up baby, but I guess we can give it a shot. See how you'd be in football.*

*And you have extra steps? Well shit, you're prepared, Georgie. Can't wait for this to happen.*

*Sap does call me Dream, yeah. It's my Minecraft name and discord name, so it's always been around. He calls me Clay sometimes if I'm not listening, but that's about it. I'll let him know you complimented him though, I'm sure it'll go to his head way too fast. He's seen you as well, he thinks you're pretty cute too.*

*How about I root for both you and be like the middle guy? Cause I think Sappap will kill me if I side with you, but you'll kill me if I side with him. Please spare your favorite boy from uncertain death?*

*Aw, damn... I can't become besties with Wil? I was planning on texting him day and night for all the inside scoops. I'm kidding. Don't worry. His number is saved but will only be used for emergencies. I will not abuse my power. I promise.*

*Trust me I wish I could take you. It would make prom entirely more enjoyable, not that Skye is bad company. Studying is going really well. I've been acing my tests much more often and it's been great. But speaking of that I actually am running for prom king! I signed up last month. I'm actually kinda excited, but it would've been better if you could see me win in person, but oh well. I'll make sure Skye takes lots of photos for you so you won't miss a single thing.*

*Oh wow. That's actually lovely. I guess you should use my name in times of affection and love. I won't complain as long as you don't abandon "Dream".*

*I know I made you wait the whole letter for this reply, but I couldn't help it. I had to let you see everything else first before responding.*

*I think I've been yours the minute these letters became more than just words on paper.*

*At some point these letters no longer contained our day's activities or mundane tasks. Instead we started pouring all our love and souls into our words. From all those polaroids to the pressed flowers I sent you.*

*They all became so much more, and I knew I loved you so many letters ago. It was just so scary.*

*I'm sorry if I dragged you on for so long. I should've sorted my thoughts out 10 letters ago.*

*Because I've loved you for so long.*

*Yes. Yes I'll be your boyfriend. Without hesitation. I hope if you cry now it's only tears of joy because you should never be sad. I think I'm about to start crying. This makes me so happy. I've waited so long without even knowing and I just-*

*I love you so much, and right now I wish I could kiss you. I wish I could hold you. The world is so unfair sometimes, isn't it? Made us meet each other but is keeping us apart with a whole ocean.*

*I'm practically drowning in my own love for you now. And I want to give you all this love so desperately.*

*I'm your boyfriend now, and if that proposal in Paris goes well... well you know what it'll mean.*

*(Ignore the tears stains on this page, fuck.)*

*Your polaroids are lovely. My collection is growing amazingly. Your flushed cheeks look adorable, don't worry. The photo of you and Cat as well. But gods. My poor fuckin letter. It looks like it's been through hell 10 times. I'm sorry it got to you so imperfectly. I hope the letter inside was still intact and not too torn up, the photos as well.*

*But yes, I suppose it's a good sign too. After all that shit it still made it to you.*

*I included a photo of the empty chocolate boxes me and Emma ate for Valentines, and you can see Patches curled up in the lid in one corner. It's the cutest photo and I couldn't resist sending it to you. The rest are little surprises, or well, you'll probably have seen them if you look at the photos*

*first.*

*I love you so much. I never want those three weeks of misery to return ever again. They were brutal and you don't deserve that. And now with being your official boyfriend. I'll make sure of it.*

*The songs by the way are absolutely lovely. I added them all and I swear next letter I'll have more recommendations for you, but for now listen to "Comethru" by Jeremy Zucker. It's such a good song and reminded me endlessly of you.*

*I hope this letter shows you how much I missed you. I doodled a lot of daisies on the page and I included a drawing of one I did a few weeks ago.*

*I love you so much and I hope your exams go well and that you pass with flying colors, and that I can have you here as soon as possible.*

*I love you. I love you. I love you so much baby.*

*(Gotta end it with the same amount of love.)*

*- love, your dream :)*

*P.S. don't apologize, I felt the same, baby*

*P.P.S. I'll be your knight forever and always even as a king*

---

Thinking back to the second that call had gone through almost felt unreal. It felt unbelievable that he was hearing Wilbur's voice from his phone that wasn't music for once.

A wave of relief had gone through him when Wilbur had said George was fine. That he wasn't in the hospital or sick from an awful illness that was so bad he wasn't able to write.

In reality, his letter had gotten lost and sent both of them in an awful spiral of panic and fear. In reality, George was sitting in front of Wilbur in London whilst he was on call, safe and sound. Sad and distraught, but safe.

He had wanted to do nothing more but whisper for Wilbur to give George the phone. He wanted to crumble and break all the rules, but he didn't want to ruin the special moment that could occur in the near future.

That he had been dreaming of for so long. He didn't want to throw it away no matter how tempting it was to comfort the boy of his dreams.

And George had thought the same as he had let Wilbur ask what George wanted and he had agreed to keep the rules in tact. They both wanted to wait.

It was reassuring. Reassuring that George anticipated their first time meeting as much as he did. Even hearing each other's voices for the first time.

Hearing the faint giggle was enough to send him into a brief moment of tears. For his eyes to sting and lips to tremble. But crying on call to Wilbur, George's best friend, was the *last* thing he wanted to do. He didn't want to alarm or stress George out anymore either.

Looking back at that day, it felt just as unreal. He had heard the sweet sound, but that's all he had.

But now George's letter had finally arrived a couple days later. The wax seal, the cursive writing, it was all so *George*, and he felt loved once more. The letters always gave him that feeling.

The overwhelming feeling of drowning in love.

His response letter sat in front of him. It was filled with words dripping with affection. All his love had flown into each and every word.

George was his, and he was George's.

They were boyfriends.

When he had first seen those words, he had found himself reading them over and over again. George wanted him to be his boyfriend. For real.

It was yes without a doubt. He would've sent a letter of only agreements. The word 'yes' written over and over again but with the previous letters little adventure he didn't want to risk sending a letter like that and having that arrive but never the final one.

He'd written the letter with tears in his eyes but a smile plastered across his face.

It got harder everyday not to just buy tickets and go to London. And now it was even more difficult, but he knew George would send him right back for his graduation if he stayed too long.

It was so hard to hold back.

Especially after this letter.

He leaned back in his chair, a small smile appearing on his face at the mere thought of what had just happened. That he had a boyfriend. It didn't even make it that sad they were long distance because at least he knew George liked, no, *loved* him back.

It was already more than he had expected.

His feelings were shared even miles apart.

His eyes moved to his wall, moving from one polaroid to the other. The photos of George and Cat, the ones with George with Wilbur. Eventually he would be able to add to the wall. Have photos of the two of them there. It would finally be less pretending he was there and finally be there. He'd be able to hang up photos of them kissing and holding hands.

However his daydreaming was interrupted as the familiar sound of a discord call echoed in his house. His eyes fell on his computer, watching Sapnap's familiar profile photo pop up.

Sapnap.

Dream had never been more grateful to have his best friend in his life. It was like how George had Wilbur. Even though he and Sapnap were also miles apart, he felt the same love and importance no matter what.

Why did his most important people always end up so far from him?

When George's response letter never arrived, Sapnap had been the first person he had called. He'd called him in a frenzy of panic and tears. He had no clue what to do and his family was out of question.

But Sapnap had helped him through it. Had reassured him about all of his doubts. Said the letter would come. That George would reply and all would be okay.

His best friend had sat through all of his worrying and kept him company no matter what.

And now he had good news to share.

He accepted the call a moment later, pulling his chair closer to his desk.

A familiar face slowly formed from the pixels. Sapnap appeared on screen, curled up in his own desk chair, a blanket swaddled around his head. He looked tired, but good.

"So what's the big news?" Sapnap asked, eyebrows wiggling.

He had texted the other earlier to call him once he was free.

Dream bit of his bottom lip, carefully picking up George's letter, the mangled envelope included.

Sapnap's eyes immediately widened, leaning forward in his chair as if to get a better look. "It's

here? Shit. I'm glad, God, I didn't think a letter for someone else could drive me so crazy. What did it say? You're okay, right?"

The words rambled out, Sapnap looking at him with concern, but it was out of love. Dream knew that.

So he took a deep breath. It was his best friend. "He- He asked me to be his boyfriend." the words left his lips in a rush, cheeks blossoming red as the words connected in Sapnap's mind and the other was practically screaming in his headphones a second later.

"I fucking told you it would happen! Oh my God. And he asked you first too! God, Dream... I'm so happy for you."

The words were filled with affection. The pure happiness from his best friend had him smiling brightly. "You did... I guess I should actually listen to you, huh?"

"Damn right."

It wasn't even that he didn't believe Sapnap. It had always just seemed impossible to obtain George, but now. Now it was different.

"Are you feeling okay now? I know you've had a tough time the past few weeks. I know I can't do anything, like keep you company or hug you since I'm so far. But I hope you know I've got your back man. It was hard seeing you like that."

Dream nodded his head. "I know. Of course I know. And the same goes for you. It was just hard. I thought I had someone and then it looked like he had slipped right through my fingertips somehow. It was so scary. I didn't know how to handle myself. He became so important too quickly."

"I get that man. It's kinda like us. Like we met out of a game and now you're my closest friend, and we've never even met. I get it. I think I'd go crazy if you disappeared on me. Which, by the way, you are not allowed to do."

The small comment erupted a laugh from him, "Wouldn't dream of it, Sap."



“So? You’re gonna bring him here right? Or I’ll fly there and see you both? I gotta give him the talk, man. Like, break your heart and I’ll fight him kinda thing.”

Dream scoffed, rolling his eyes, “You’re not very threatening, Sap. Sorry to break it to you. I think you’re around the same height too. Shorties.”

“I’m average! You’re the tall weirdo.” Sapnap shot back, nose wrinkled, “I bet George would agree.”

George did agree. Dream knew that but he wasn’t going to share precious information and let his best friend and *boyfriend* team up against him.

Sounded like a nightmare.

“On second thought... I may just keep you two apart.” Dream muttered.

They continued to bicker, the conversation slowly flowing into prom and graduation. It was a much needed talk, the weight on his shoulders finally felt a little lighter.

He hadn’t even noticed how much he had been holding back.

“You’re happy right? He makes you happy, George I mean.”

Dream glanced up again, Sapnap looking right back at him with a soft smile.

“Happiest I’ve felt in a long time.”

“Good. I hope it’s after you met me though...”

He smiled, a laugh leaving his lips. “Hmm, maybe.”

## Chapter End Notes

note from tad:

Hello hello again :))) now I'd say I'm sorry for chapter 25 but ngl id been waiting for it to drop since it was written hehe, hope u guys liked the drop of angst and suspense. But all is well for our boys dw, for now maybe :))) got some Dreamnap content for you it's as well. thank you again for all the love and support and I hope you'll enjoy all the upcoming chapters just as much, I'm very proud of how this story is coming along.

comments and kudos make our day <3

socials:

[kat's twitter](#)

[tad's twitter](#)

## crayon colourings

### Chapter Summary

She pursed her lips, folding the last pair of socks together before reaching into the basket to grab Dream's clean hoodie from the bunch. "So he sends you his clothes because he can't hold your hand?" she asked, turning the sleeves the right way out.

### Chapter Notes

[fic playlist](#)

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

*My beautiful boyfriend,*

*God, that feels so good to finally say. I love you, I love you, I love you, I love you, I love you. I think I could say that forever and never get sick of saying it. I don't want to over do it, or use it too often, but right now I am just impossibly happy and I fucking love you so fucking much.*

*I feel like I've been waiting my entire life to have someone to say that to, to have someone to call mine and be able to feel absolutely content being called theirs. I have watched a stupidly ridiculous amount of romance films that gave me all of these ideas about what love was supposed to be, what it was supposed to feel like. I've read countless books, and scavenged the internet for any ounce of what any of it was supposed to mean.*

*But this... You.*

*It's better than anything I ever imagined.*

*When I hadn't heard back from you in our normal time frame, I was fucking terrified that I'd convinced myself this was something it wasn't. The second week was just numbing, honestly. I fell into a cycle of sleep, school, homework, cry, repeat. I don't even remember anything that happened during that time, I just remember that my father hadn't come home yet from Florida and that I wish I had gone with him. I also remember that Gracie was the one that made sure Wil was*

*taking care of me and had me sleep at his place every night.*

*The third week was when I started feeling too much. I refused to give up on you, because I think even if you hadn't felt the same, I still would have pushed past my own feelings to have a future with you. You were, you are, too important to me. I got attached to you very quickly, and I wasn't ready to let that go. Even if I was hurting. It wasn't so much hurt though. I think it was more just want for an answer or any sign of life and that I hadn't lost you. I knew you'd never lose me, not entirely.*

*You sent... twenty three emails. Twenty. Fucking. Three.*

*No wonder his manager finally caved and got you two on a call. I apologized on your behalf, baby, don't worry. His manager actually thought it was sweet, said he'd never seen someone go through so much trouble for another person. I promise that me crying so much was simply because I love you, and I knew that nothing could ever change that. I know we already talked about this, but when you finally spoke to Wil... Fuck.*

*My heart still drops thinking about hearing your laugh. It's been so hard to comprehend just how very real you are. That you're an actual person that writes actual letters to me and that I've been lucky enough to fall in love with. Like... in a few months... like less than two now... I can actually see you, and touch your face, and watch you smile at me and hear you talk to me. It's just unfathomable at times, and I am still in awe every day that this is my life right now.*

*So stop apologizing, stop worrying that you didn't do enough, stop telling yourself that you're not enough. You are wonderful, you're incredible, you're mine, and I love you. What happened wasn't your fault, and I think those last few letters were some of the most emotional ones we've ever sent up until now, so I think we may have both been a little bit scared.*

*Your hoodie kept me warm, it reminded me that you were there even when you couldn't actually be. My room is my safe space once again, because it's full of everything I have from you, and that is all I ever want. So let's keep talking about happy stuff, okay?*

*For starters, thank you for the congratulations on my university acceptance and scholarships! I don't think I could have done it without your support and encouragement. I just never felt motivated for anything, and now I just can't wait to get the hell out of here so I can come home to you. Because you are my home. No matter where we go, where we travel to or live or whatever, you'll be my home.*

*And speaking of school stuff and seeing you finally, it is officially the middle of March. If my*

*calculations are correct, which they usually are, then the day you receive this letter will be the day I am taking those final exams to see if I can graduate early! So wish me luck, because it might be a tad difficult to focus when all I'm going to be thinking about is passing so I can see you as soon as possible. You graduate in the middle of May, right? Just... making sure I can solidify my plans should everything work out.*

*Yes, of course I want to come to your graduation. I actually have a cap and gown in my closet because they had us order them at the beginning of the semester, but it's just collecting dust in there. Technically speaking, if we plan things out properly, we could be back here in time for my school's graduation. That way you could see Wil and I in our graduation robes together. Plus the gala would be a week or so later, so that might actually be a good plan to consider.*

*I hope going back and forth is okay with you, I promise as soon as we finish hanging out with each other's families and everything that we can go straight to living in our own apartment and starting our life together officially.*

*This is happening. This is actually happening. I feel like we've been making these plans for years even though it's only been a few months... it feels like an entire lifetime. Maybe that ties back to the whole soulmates thing.*

*Yeah, no, not coming to see you too early. I can't have you skipping school to take me on dates, you rebel. And I don't know if you should leave me alone at your home with your family while you're in class, because I reckon Andrew and I would be forced to become friends at that point. Am I still allowed to tease you about him being the hotter brother? If you leave me alone for too long with him, I might just have to leave you for him. It would be a shame to see you as the best man at my wedding with him. Do tell me, would you intervene and run off with me if that happened? It would make for quite the story.*

*That won't happen, don't worry. I don't want anyone but you. Even if Sapnap says I'm cute... hmmm, maybe I should take Sapnap on a Minecraft date. Hah, made you laugh there, didn't I? Don't worry baby, I'm all yours. Forever.*

*It'll be fun to come to your graduation. I will be your personal cheerleader, like you said. Can I borrow Skye's outfit? Kidding, maybe. I won't be able to hold the camera and film you though, I'll be having a death grip on my seat so I don't run up and kiss you the second they hand you that diploma.*

*It's nice to know that your family will like me. I reckon Emma and I will get along very well. She still has to teach me how to braid hair, remember? Maybe she will tell me a bunch of secrets about you. Do you think your mum will show me photo albums of you as a kid? Maybe I can finally see that famous photograph you mentioned of you wrestling an alligator. (No, you are not taking me*

*on a date to see alligators. That's not a date, that's a death wish.)*

*If it's what will make your parents most comfortable, I am fine taking up residence in Andrew's old room, or even on the living room couch. Of course I want to stay in your room, and in your bed, with you. But I don't want to make your family uncomfortable in any way. If you still plan on coming out to them before I arrive, however, I wish you all of the luck in the world. You seem to have a really loving and incredible family, and I just know they'll be accepting. Just like Emma and Andrew were, Patches and Jay as well.*

*When you come here, my parents will be in town in preparation for the gala. Nanny Beth will make a big fancy dinner for your first night, and we'll all sit in the dining room with wine from my father's co-worker's vineyard. My father will want to show you his first edition novel collection, my mother will want to talk your ear off about your American lifestyle and your family, and Gracie will definitely want to steal you away from me to show you all of her dolls and to show you how to make her famous homemade hot cocoa and marshmallows.*

*Just promise to come join me in my windowsill afterwards?*

*I think when you're here, we should definitely go to one of Wil's shows at this pub by the theatre. It's really relaxed there, and they have the most amazing chips that are cooked with rosemary and covered in lime juice and salt. Trust me, it's delicious. We can go back to Wil's afterwards and hang out with the guys, and then late at night, we can walk back to my house. We don't live too far apart, but the walk is really lovely in the springtime rain. Gives me an excuse to have you kiss me in the rain just like in all the movies, too.*

*I know I said a million letters ago that if you came to visit here that we have plenty of spare rooms for you to stay in. But I'm going to be selfish and let you know that I do in fact have a king size bed, and would love to fall asleep in your arms every night. My family doesn't mind, they know you're my boyfriend and they can't wait to meet you.*

*Wil said it's about fucking time that we got together officially. He teases me a lot about calling you. We bicker casually over nothing all the time, and every time I try to out argue him, he just waves his phone in the air and says "Why don't I call Dream and ask him what he thinks?". It's cruel, but funny. I've considered snagging his phone a few times just to call you.*

*His mother works for my father's business, so they'll be at the gala as well. It'll be fun, we get to wear our suits and can walk around hand in hand. They'll give us pins to put on our suit jackets to represent what part of the community we identify as, and another pin with our pronouns on them. And then we'll get to have a really nice dinner and listen to a few speeches (one from my father), and after that we get to steal the champagne and sneak away to do whatever we please. I can't wait to show you and get all tipsy and giggly with you.*

*And once that is all over, we'll pack up everything and fly to Virginia. We will have our apartment, we'll have Patches, and we'll have each other. Nothing to do for the rest of the summer, no plans, no schedule to follow. Just us. Together.*

*God, it sounds like a dream come true. (ha, dream joke.) And I want nothing more in the entire world. My classes for uni won't start until mid August, so we'll have about two months to do whatever we want. That first night kind of sounds better with your idea of ordering in. Honestly, pizza kind of sounds delicious right now. My opinion may change when the time comes, but as of right now, I vote pizza on our first night together in our apartment.*

*We can combine our playlists and put that music on, and we can put together all of our furniture and start unpacking our boxes. And we can take breaks to dance around and act like idiots every now and then. And that first night, we will get to cuddle up in our bed, and we'll get to talk and talk and talk until we can't keep our eyes open anymore.*

*We will have to make some bargains on what movies to watch. You wanting to watch horror films just sounds like you're making excuses to make out with me with shitty background noises to distract me from the gore on screen. Maybe I'll be stingy and simply refuse to let you kiss me, I'll just cover my eyes and hold Patches close to keep me safe. She seems like a good protector.*

*Although making out during a movie I wouldn't be interested in in the first place doesn't sound half bad. (I say as if I even know what making out feels like.)*

*With those two months though, maybe we could take a small trip. Shut up about me also having sugar daddy vibes, I hate you. I just want to show my boyfriend the world and I have the means to do so, that doesn't mean I'm a sugar daddy. Who said you're getting any sugar anyways? Maybe if you win in those fights against made up baseball players.*

*You really have scars? Obviously I want to see them in person, but if you'd like to tell me about them I'd be interested in knowing the stories. I have one on my eyebrow, which you've probably noticed. Nothing cool about that, I just fell when I was a kid and gashed my head open. And then I have one on my chin, that one actually happened because Wil and I got in a stupid fight when we were kids during a football (not your stupid American kind of sport) match, and he may have gone to kick the ball too hard and ended up nicking my chin with his cleat.*

*Did you get your scars from football, or from rough housing with Andrew? Don't worry, I still fully plan on taking you down in a wrestling match, should my distraction tactics work in my favor, but I won't be leaving you with any scars. I will put up an excellent fight, thank you very much. I'm quite nimble.*

*You really want to take me on that many dates when we're finally together though? Even to carnivals? I must say, I've always wanted one of those giant stuffed teddy bears. Those games are rigged though, so if you actually manage to win one for me, then I promise to do all of the cheesy shit you want. We can share cotton candy, we can kiss at the top of the ferris wheel, and we can even do one of those photo booths where we make stupid faces for the camera and then kiss for the last picture.*

*God, I can't wait until we have pictures like that all over our walls. That's funny that Emma caught you staring at all of the ones you have of me on Valentine's day. It's kind of nice to know that you were thinking about me just as much as I was of you. I promise, next year, Valentine's day is just for us, no interruptions or an ocean between us. Your's with Gracie this year though sounds a little more fun than mine was. Granted, I just had your hoodie, but I think that's better than nothing.*

*And now I have one of your t-shirts as well? I'm the luckiest boy on the planet. (Of course it has an alligator on it, you're an idiot.) Thank you for it, though. I already loved wearing your hoodie every day, now I can switch off and wear your shirt. It's crazy that within the next two months, you'll get to see me in these in person. Like, actually standing in front of you while drowning in your clothes.*

*You can finally carry me around, because for some reason you're obsessed with that. I must say I do prefer the whole bridal style carrying that being thrown over your shoulder. It sounds a bit more comfortable. Plus, if you throw me over your shoulder, I still fully intend on kicking you in the balls.*

*Which is what this fucking distance feels like now. Like, now that we're not scared to say how we're feeling, and we're together like this... 4,336 miles has never felt so fucking far. You're right, I wish teleportation existed already. I still don't want to wait 47 years for it, I want it now. I want you now. Like you said, I suppose romance is supposed to come with hardships and some pain, and I don't want it either, but I guess this distance is what brought us so close.*

*It's crazy to think about sometimes. We've wanted to hear these things from each other for so long, and yet we both waited forever before finally admitting it all. We crossed out so many things, scrapped so many letters... Just...*

*Fuck, baby.*

*I have loved you for so damn long. I think it was back right before my birthday that I realized it. I remember that reading your letters made me feel different, they made me feel a lot happier than I*



*had been in years. I remember the day Amelia walked into the lavatory and ripped one of your letters in half, and I remember apologizing out loud to you as if you could even hear me. I think that was one of the first times I spoke out loud to you, imagining you as a real person in my life that I could actually see, and realizing just how important you were to me.*

*I have fallen madly in love with you, and I have done so un-regrettably. I can't imagine my life without you. This past almost year has been the most insane one of my entire life, but I wouldn't change a fucking thing about it. Yeah, there was some shit that went down, but I also got to come out and start being true to myself, I got to figure out what I was passionate about and start figuring out my future, and I got you.*

*You have been the best part of it all.*

*Reading your words about how you knew you loved me so many letters ago, seeing your tears soaked into the ink on these pages, knowing that our polaroids and pressed flowers and everything have meant as much to you as they have to me. God, I fucking love you. It all reminds me every day just how lucky I am to have even met you. Imagine if we had been partnered with someone else. Imagine if you had been partnered with Amelia and I'd been partnered with Skye. What do you think would have happened?*

*I'm glad I got you. I thank every star in the sky, including the one you got me, every night that I got partnered with you for this project. How do you think we would have met if we'd never gotten each other? I probably would have come out to Skye eventually, and had her tell me about any cute guys in her class. Or you'd have gotten Amelia and she would have bitched about you somehow and I would have written you to apologize for her existence.*

*I don't even want to consider that though. I'm glad we got our timeline of this simulation. I'm so glad I got you, I'm so happy I get to call you mine and let people know that I'm all yours. I love that I get to know that soon enough I'll actually have your arms around me and I'll be able to feel your heartbeat when I'm hugging you.*

*I'll get to kiss you, and never stop kissing you. Shut up about me accidentally biting your lip and all of that nonsense, I may have never kissed anyone before but I'm not that clueless. I know how it's supposed to work. Just, go slow with me at first. I want to be able to remember how it feels. I want to hold onto you as tightly as humanly possible and never let go. And I want you to kiss me until I can't breathe anymore.*

*There I go with the wants again. Remember when we'd cross out everything we wanted? You mentioned something about drowning in love for me. It's funny, actually. Before we ever confessed anything, I had a conversation with Wil about how I felt like I'd been drowning my entire life, and meeting you had felt like a breath of fresh air.*

*I still mean that, wholeheartedly. You'll have to ignore my tear stains now, because I mean this with my entire heart when I say it. You have changed my life in more ways than you could ever imagine. I am so in love with you, and I don't think it's even possible for that feeling to ever go away. All I want, all I have ever wanted, is you. And God yes do I wish I was in your bed with you right now. It's Saturday night and I have to study all day tomorrow for my exams, but I wish I could at least wake up next to you.*

*Soon, baby.*

*Speaking of soon, your prom! I'm glad you're running for prom king, you'll win, I just know it. Please do have Skye take pictures (a polaroid preferably). I am still a little jealous that I can't be your date to it, but I'm sure Skye will look incredible in her dress. And you'll look incredible in your suit. Don't proms usually happen like a week or two before graduation? So yours would be in, like, the end of April?*

*We have one here, technically, but I won't be going. With graduating early hopefully in my favour, I'll be avoiding an awkward dance that I'd just be getting drunk at with Wil and avoiding all of the slow dances. I don't want to slow dance with anyone but you, honestly. When we are finally in our apartment, can we be cheesy as hell and put on slow music and turn on the Christmas lights and just dance together? I don't know why, that's just something I've always wanted to do.*

*We're going to get to celebrate so many things together. I'll actually get to celebrate your birthday with you, which will technically be my first time celebrating it. I think my first letter ever sent to you got to you a week after your last birthday, if I'm remembering correctly. What would you like to do for your birthday, baby? We can do anything you want, it'll be your day. I'll make you breakfast in bed, I'll make you a cake, I'll watch one of your stupid American football games with you... whatever you want. I'm all yours that day.*

*I'm all yours every day, but that's beside the point.*

*I'm glad you liked the songs, they are ones that mean a lot to me and consistently make me think of you. I think about you a lot, you already know that. Probably more so now seeing how we're in a relationship. We're doing this whole thing backwards, aren't we. Don't most people meet in real life, do all of the little stuff like hold hands and go on dates and kiss, and then start dating? We're insane, actually. We've already discussed our future wedding.*

*The song you sent is very cute, I hope you know I'm the kind of person to pay very close attention to lyrics. Baby, I wish I could come through, I wish I could just show up and be there for you. I want to, I still regret never getting on that flight. I bet I could have convinced my professors to let*

*me finish my courses online or something because I know I wouldn't have been able to leave you. I don't think I'll ever be able to leave you.*

*You're my home. I already said that, but I mean it. It'll be so interesting when I'm actually at uni. You'll be able to text or call me and just say "come home", and I'll be able to see you within minutes. Jesus, when we're apart for classes and work, we'll still be able to talk to each other almost instantly. Texting, calling... rolling over in bed. You'll be right there and I'll get to hear you and just kiss you because I can.*

*I can't fucking wait.*

*I love you so fucking much. And your polaroids were adorable. The one of Patches in the chocolate box may be my new favourite. I can't wait to take a million pictures of her when we move in together, she's going to be my new best friend, I already know it. The other ones are as lovely as ever, baby. The daisies, the rain, your hand... you. The fact that I can see you in this shirt before you sent it to me, I don't know, it just helps me remember that you're real. And this daisy you drew along with all of your other doodles? You're so fucking adorable, fuck I'm so lucky to have you.*

*I hope you enjoy the ones I've included for you. Three of them, just for you, always for you. The first is of me absolutely drowning in this t-shirt. I just took it, sorry if I look like a right mess, my hair is still wet from the shower. The second is of my mother and father standing in front of my father's novel collection, they wanted you to know that they are excited to meet you and welcome you into our family. And the third is of a page from my unsent letters. My handwriting is kind of messy in it, but it was one I wrote back in November.*

*In case you can't read it, it says, "Dream, I don't know what to do. I'm terrified of coming out and people knowing about me, I'm terrified of how much you make me feel, but I'm even more terrified of losing you. I think I'm falling for you, I hope I can actually tell you that one day. Also, you're hot."*

*Dumb, I know.*

*I kind of love the beat up letter. Even though it took three weeks and a whole lot of crying to get to me, it shows just how much we can go through to show people we love them. That we love each other. It's covered in more stamps from more countries and states than I could ever imagine, it went through countless hands and still made its way between us. I'd go through everything in the world if it meant I got to have you in the end. You're worth it. You always have been, and you always will be.*

*I love you, I miss you, I love you more, and I miss you more.*

*I'm going to bed now, lots of studying to cram in before I attempt these exams. The next time you hear from me, you'll be knowing if I graduated or if I'm stuck in this hell hole until the end of May. Either way, I'll see you as soon as I possibly can.*

*I love you forever.*

*- your very happy boyfriend <3*

*P.s. - did I mention that I love you*

*P.p.s. - you'll always be my knight in shining armour, you handsome motherfucker.*

---

As he finished sealing his letter, George hummed out loud in response to the soft wrapping of knuckles against his door. It was the familiar knock of Gracie, followed by the semi annoyed grunting as she hauled in a basket full of warm clothes fresh from their dryer. He finished placing his expedited postage on the envelope before turning to her.

“Laundry is done, Nanny Beth let me carry the basket up all by myself, even though it’s heavy.” she said with a sigh as she placed it on top of his bed. He stood, moving over to ruffle his fingers through her hair.

“You’re getting strong! Thank you for bringing it up. Want to help me fold some?”

Gracie nodded excitedly, jumping up onto his bed to sit across from him with the basket of clothes between them. The scent of fresh linens and lavender floated between them as he started pulling out t-shirts to fold.

“You don’t have an alligator shirt...” she said with suspicion behind her eyes, crinkling her nose as she eyed the shape of the green creature printed on the material.

George brought his hands up to run over the image worn out with time, something Dream had no

doubtedly worn himself countless times over the years. He smiled softly before meeting his little sister's eyes once again, "Yeah, Dream sent it to me, actually. It's his."

She looked confused, giggling to herself lightly. "If he keeps sending you clothes, then he's gonna be walking around naked. That's silly, why would he send you them?"

He found himself laughing at that comment alone. Gracie was only twelve, and he supposed she probably didn't understand relationships or love in any way, really. He paused for a minute, folding another shirt and setting it on a pile next to his crossed legs before smiling again at her.

"Well, for starters, I promise he has a lot more clothes at his house, so he won't be naked." he started, waiting for her to respond with an understanding nod. "And I guess the reason he keeps sending me some of his clothes is because... Well, because he loves me. You know how we live really far away from Dream?"

"Yes, he is on the other side of the ocean." she replied enthusiastically, pairing his socks together.

"Yeah, yeah he does. Well, normally when you're in a relationship with someone, you get to be close to them all the time. Like mum and dad, they get to spend a lot of time together and hold hands, and they get to travel together and talk all of the time. Because Dream is so far away, I don't get to do that with him yet."

She pursed her lips, folding the last pair of socks together before reaching into the basket to grab Dream's clean hoodie from the bunch. "So he sends you his clothes because he can't hold your hand?" she asked, turning the sleeves the right way out.

"Yeah, kind of. I don't get to hold his hand or hug him, so he sent me his hoodie and now his t-shirt so it can kind of be like he's here to do those things. It's so we can stay close. And so I can stay warm." he added, pulling the hoodie up above Gracie's head.

She lifted her small arms in the air, letting George slide the hoodie over her head as she tried to wiggle her arms into the sleeves. It was already huge on George, but on Gracie it looked like she was wrapped in a giant blanket. He laughed lightly as the material pooled around her, poking her nose before pulling the hood up over her freshly braided hair.

"It's really warm, so this is a hug from Dream?" she asked, letting the ends of the sleeves flop around as she moved her arms to hug around herself.

“Yeah, it’s a hug from Dream. He’s excited to meet you, you know.”

Gracie’s eyes widened at that comment, and she practically started bouncing up and down out of pure excitement, “I get to meet him? Wait... Mummy said he’s your boyfriend. Does that mean you’re going to kiss him?” she paused to ask, practically buzzing where she sat.

He laughed lightly to himself, feeling his heart melt at even the thought of being able to kiss Dream. It was so close, less than two months away, and yet it felt like it wasn’t going to happen soon enough. If he was being honest with himself, he was more excited to just be around Dream in general, getting to experience his first kiss and other tender moments were just an added bonus.

“Yes, I’m going to kiss him. But not in front of you, probably. He is going to come visit here though after he graduates, he’s going to come to the gala in June.”

Gracie jumped off the bed, practically tripping over the hoodie as it pooled against the ground around her. George laughed to himself as he folded more shirts, watching her twirl around in front of his mirror to admire herself in the hoodie before turning back to him.

“I think I might need a prettier dress than this for the gala. Can we wait to go shopping for one until Dream comes? I want him to help me pick out the prettiest one!”

“Of course,” he started with a nod, “I’m sure he’d love that. You’ll have to help me pick out a nice tie for him though too, okay?”

She nodded excitedly, rushing to place her hands on his knee before reaching her arm up, almost hitting him in the face with the sleeve of Dream’s hoodie. “I have something for you, don’t move!” she half yelled out of breath before darting out of the room.

George simply shook his head to himself as he pulled the last shirt from the basket to fold and add to his pile. It felt good to finally talk about Dream in the sense of belonging. He felt his chest explode with warm blossoms at the thoughts alone, and those only sprouted roses deeply rooted in him when he was able to say *boyfriend* out loud in regards to him.

He’d never imagined himself in a relationship, and as he’d told Dream before, it was because relationships were never really or popularly shown for people like him. Seeing two men kiss on screen used to be unheard of, and to that day it was still a rarity. But the way Dream made him

feel, completely and entirely loved and wanted... that feeling was better than anything he'd ever seen in a movie.

It wasn't long before Gracie was running back into his room with a piece of paper clutched tightly to her chest, smiling brightly at him as her cheeks flushed.

"Whatcha got there?" he asked casually, moving a pile of folded shirts onto a shelf in his closet. She hummed lightly before holding the paper out for him to take.

In crayon, there were two semi poorly drawn stick figures. One of them had brown hair and was wearing a giant black hoodie that closely resembled the shape of a rectangle. The other was taller and had yellow hair, clearly coloured in with the same shade of green to match Dream's envelopes. The stick figures were holding hands, and between them were little coloured in hearts.

"It's you and Dream, because he's your boyfriend now." she said shyly, crinkling her nose once again as she looked up at him.

He felt his heart absolutely melt at that, dropping to his knees to wrap his arms around her. She hugged him back, giggling as her arms got stuck between them and all of the excess hoodie material.

"Do you think he'll like it? You can show him when he comes to visit and kiss you."

"Yes, of course," he sighed with a laugh, stopping himself from crying as he held his little sister close, "he'll love it."

## Chapter End Notes

note from kat:

hiiii, look at our boys! finally in love and happy to be <3 i had to give my lil gracie a spotlight this chapter, she's just the sweetest lil thing and loves her big brother to the moon n back! thank you guys for all the love, we're so close to 25k hits and it's insane to me that we've posted over 100k words on this fic. soooo much more to come!

comments and kudos are amazingggggg i love reading what you guys have to say <3

socials:

[kat's twitter](#)

[tad's twitter](#)



## now or never

### Chapter Summary

The sun seemed to agree as well, as it peeked out from behind pale grey clouds. The rain seemed to be done with them finally.

He sighed softly, eyes glancing back down onto their initials. “They’re gonna love you...” he hummed fondly.

### Chapter Notes

sorry for the delayed upload, life has been busy. - kat

[fic playlist](#)

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

*My pretty boyfriend,*

*It's still hard to believe you're really all mine. Makes me smile each time I think about it.*

*I love you so much. I can't wait to be able to say it out loud to you. The days are rolling by so slowly and I'm getting antsy. I don't even know when you're gonna be able to get here and the suspense is getting to me.*

*I'm glad I'm good enough for you.*

*Cause you're my everything. I don't know what I'd be doing right now if you didn't like me back.*

*I'm so grateful you had Wil with you, Gracie too to make sure you're okay. I was a little lost during the wait as well. I felt so lost and unsure, and I thought I'd really messed up, but I still wanted to hear from you. I had to find out if you just didn't want to reply or something bad happened. It drove me crazy. I think I've bitten all my nails to the ends because of the worrying. Emma was nice about it, she tried to help me think positively, which was good.*

*I'm so happy you didn't let me go.*

*Gods, when his manager sent me that number I nearly cried. I was so thankful I don't even think the reply back to him made any sense. I just couldn't give up on you. I knew you wouldn't give up on me.*

*You're mine.*

*That feels so good to hear. To see it in your pretty cursive writing. To know that you want me. All of me.*

*It was terrifying, baby. I'd dumped everything I had bottled up into that letter, and to just not be able to hear from you was gut wrenching.*

*I promise when we finally meet we'll replace the memory of those terrifying three weeks with better ones. With sweeter words and fun things.*

*I promise you that.*

*Are you wearing the shirt too? I thought the crocodile would be cute since we talked about them in our first few letters. I do want to take you to see them, you won't be able to get away from them. I'm making sure you get an experience with them at least once. I promise to protect you, baby. So don't be scared.*

*At this point I'm just repeating myself but as always you have all my luck and I know you're gonna kill it cause you're smart and you already got accepted into the university, so nothing can stop you now. I'm writing this with a huge smile on my face because you're gonna ace your exams, baby.*

*Yeah. I graduate in May. Exams will be in April and then prom and the fun stuff will be left for May.*

*Wait, really? Fuck, maybe you should bring the cap and gown with you! I wanna take cheesy photos with you, I'm sure Emma's gonna want to take tons of them. You should bring them pleaseeeee. Or it'll be even better if I can see you graduate after all that studying and hard work*

*you did! I think I like that idea the best, seeing Wil too of course.*

*Georgie you always say this, I'm perfectly okay with it. I know what I was getting into when I fell in love with you. I know you'll wanna see your family, especially when you're so far away, so yes of course I'm okay with going back and forth. It'll be fun. Kinda like we're a travel couple, ya know? Even for the future! If you ever wanna see your family or they want to visit just tell me and I'll go there with you in a heartbeat.*

*It's amazing how it feels like we've known each other forever. As if we've been apart for years but it's only been, like, eight months. I guess this is what love does for people. It makes you crave someone even more no matter the time.*

*What the hell? It's just school, baby, oh my gods. I'll graduate no matter what now, let me skip school, let me do these thingsssss. Skipping class won't hurt me.*

*I haven't even been able to take you on a date and you're threatening me again. You're such an ass. Why do you want Andrew so badly, huh? Does he write you letters too or something, hm? Are you actually coming to the U.S. for him? Hmmmmmm???? I'm onto your little plan, Georgie. I'm going to have to question him too aren't I?*

*Intervene? If you step foot near that guy I'm picking you up and not letting you go ever. I'll take you to school with me if I have to. I'm not letting you get away with it easily. You won't have it easy, nope.*

*Now Sapnap?! GEORGE. I love you, okay. It's me. Not my dumb brother and especially not annoying Sapnap. Sapnap's also like 5'8" at best, he doesn't have my height, baby. You like it too much to stoop down to Sapnap. I bet you'd be taller than him. Not appealing, nope.*

*I also claim taking you on your first Minecraft date, sorry not sorry. All your firsts are mine, remember?*

*All mine.*

*That maybe is making me consider asking Skye. She'd probably ask if I'm okay if I asked for it.*

*Maybe you should just run up and kiss me? Gotta show everyone I'm the luckiest guy there ya*

know?

*How would they not like you? You're fucking incredible. You're sweet, and smart, and pretty, and you're thoughtful, and you're always worrying about me. There's not one flaw in your whole being. Emma's so excited to make fun of us being all lovey dovey if that's how we are.*

*And yeah, of course she'll teach you. She's already making a list of things she wants to show you, so we'll need to sacrifice a day to her before we go to England. And she has a list of stories too unfortunately. She did this with my ex too. She loves to humiliate me.*

*Oh don't worry, the alligator photo is the first one I wanna show you to prove they aren't scary, and unfortunately she will crack open the baby photos. Please do not laugh at me. But I will exact revenge and make sure I'll see yours. I'll ask your mother personally, or Nanny Beth.*

*(Yes I am taking you to see the alligators :) )*

*I want to come out before you come here. I really want to, and I have a feeling it will go well, but I just need to find a good day for it. Ya know? I'm just nervous. Like if Andrew hated me for it, I could deal with it. It wouldn't matter, but these are my parents. But I will do it. I will. They won't be uncomfortable probably, but we'll figure it out don't worry. I guess if you're forced on the couch we can just have a sleepover type beat in the living room. I don't think I'd want to be too far from you.*

*Gods, I haven't even thought about meeting your family. I hope they'll like me. How big of a fancy dinner will there be, should I know anything before then? Like about your family or your dad's business? I hope not going to college won't disappoint them or something. I want to make a good first impression. I think I'll be the least nervous with Gracie. Maybe I can hide in her room for most of the time. Dolls and hot chocolate are something I'm familiar with. More of my expertise cause of Emma.*

*George if you leave me alone at all when I meet your family I'll have a meltdown. If you're going to the windowsill I'll be right on your heels. Is your house big? I mean, not that I'll need to know if I get to stay in your room. That's all I really need. I won't take no for an answer really.*

*You definitely have to take me to one of the shows! I will force you to if you don't do it willingly. Or I suppose I could just call up Wil and ask him to pick me up for one.*

*A kiss in the rain, hm? I could easily make that work. We can even record it so we can look at how dumb we look soaked to our bones, but I wouldn't mind. Cause I'll be kissing you and that's all I've wanted to do for months now.*

*And I'll finally be able to.*

*Finally be able to kiss you and hold you.*

*Oh wow. I've become a threat now? That's one way to use my phone number. That's mean though, I hope he doesn't tease you too much. You know I'd pick up if he called me right away, gods. I wish we could just call. I'd love to call you after I come out to my parents. I think I'd need emotional support. But I suppose I'll call up Sap when I do it.*

*Don't worry, if he ever calls me I'll say you're right, baby, no matter the argument.*

*The gala sounds so lovely. It's cool that your parents work together. Like accepting and a nice time. The pins and everything included. Your parents really are so cool for organizing something like that. I wonder if my parents would ever go to a gala like that, to show support or something. I hope they would, or well, no pressure, them accepting me and like being happy I'm dating you would be enough for me.*

*It's cute how you already have the whole gala planned out for when I get there. You're so cute, Gods, I love you. I wanna kiss you so much right now. I'll love to get drunk with you, I wonder who's gonna be worse. You or me, or Wil I suppose if he's gonna get drunk with us too.*

*I'll probably kiss you a lot when I'm tipsy and just hold you close. Pre-warn Wil for that.*

*As fun as you coming here for a little and then flying to London is gonna be. I think my favorite part will be finally moving to Virginia in our apartment and having our own home.*

*Two whole months to cuddle you and treat you just like you deserve to be treated. I can't wait, fuck. Pizza is always the superior meal, no matter the evening, so it'll win. I know it.*

*I just realized I get to spend my next birthday with you too in August. Gods, that's gonna be perfect. You, me, and Patches.*

*We'll set up the bed before everything else, okay? So when we get tired it'll be there for us to collapse on, and we can eat our pizza there and use our laptops or something to watch a dumb show. Even if it's just a mattress on the floor. I don't care where we sleep as long as I've got you.*

*Why would I need to make an excuse to make out with you, hm? You saying you won't make out with me if I just ask you? Wow, using patches instead of me???? I'm your boyfriend, dummy, use me! The BOYFRIEND!*

*I can show you how making out feels, baby. It's the best.*

*How can I shut up about it when it's the truth, baby? Like, come on, you flaunt your little money and you wanna take me on trips. From what I know, it's a little bit of sugar daddy vibes, heh.*

*Oh, so no sugar unless I show my strength to you? Interesting bargain you put up. If you wanna see my strength you can just ask, baby.*

*But really, I'm joking about the sugar daddy thing, don't worry. Don't take it too seriously, you're just so fun to tease, and in technical ways it could be accurate.*

*Just a little.*

*Wil kicked your chin?! Sorry I laughed a little at that one, that's fucking gold oh my gods. Yeah I've definitely seen the eyebrow one. That's one's pretty cool in my opinion*

*My scars. Lets see, my knees are pretty scared up from tripping and falling off my bike and being tripped by Andrew as a kid, but I think every kid falls. You probably got scarred knees too. Oh! I have like a weird little dent near my left temple from Andrew pushing me into a wall. I've got a white mark going across the corner of my lip from a football incident. I remember bleeding a lot and I didn't really get why. And I guess this is the biggest one, I've broken my nose during football but healed perfectly so you can't tell.*

*Well I look forward to wrestling you, baby. Lets see who'll come out on top in the end.*

*Obviously I wanna take you out on dates, idiot. I wasn't able to woo you before becoming your*

*boyfriend so why not make up for it after we are official? They aren't that rigged. I'm sure I can easily win you more than one, don't test me. Ooh! I didn't even think about the photo booth. We have to do that even if we don't win any prizes. Photos are our thing! I think I'll kiss you in every picture, you can't boss me around.*

*All we did was eat chocolate, Georgie. Nothing too special. I would've liked it better with you anyways, don't tell Emma though, she'll be upset.*

*And that's exactly what I can't wait for. I won't even have to send you any clothes then. You can have free range of my closet. Though I think there is a jacket you'd like best. My varsity jacket from football. It's got my name across the back... it's pretty nice in my opinion. So if I can wear it sometimes, I'll share it with you, gorgeous.*

*I'm not obsessed. I just think it'll annoy you and it'll be funny. I can just pick you and you'll probably get all whiny. Jeez, okay. No shoulders then, please leave my balls alone. You're supposed to love me, not hurt me, babe.*

*It kinda feels like the distance grew somehow. Like, it's so annoying. Confessing my feelings made me feel lighter, but at the same time makes me crave you so much more than before. Especially because you feel the same.*

*I feel so dumb looking back at everything I crossed out. I half assed some of the crossing out cause I wanted you to see it so badly. I wanted you to see it and say something back to me. Anything at that point. I should've just been out right about it. I should've gotten over being scared. But then again I didn't even know my sexuality I just knew you made me so happy.*

*Right before your birthday? Shit, that was months ago now. You liked me for so long... I think I realized around the same time, maybe late November it really hit me. I realized how much I wanted to be with you and that you made me happier than I had ever been.*

*I wouldn't change a single thing either. Maybe I would send the letter that got lost on a different day. So we could have avoided the heartache, but then again, I wouldn't have gotten to hear your little laugh without it. So even the cons bring up pros.*

*You helped me figure out a lot too. That I don't want to slave my years away in college. That I could do simple certificates, move out, and still enjoy my adult life. You made me realize my sexuality, and that maybe I wouldn't mind getting married if it's to you.*

*The love of my life.*

*That made me smile so hard when I wrote that. You're the literal love of my life.*

*You.*

*Fuck.*

*Partnered with Amelia. Fuckin hell I think I would've lost my mind being partners with her. If she had written about what she had done to you, I would've dropped out of the class or the whole project and hope she failed too. I'd wanna make sure you were okay somehow. I'd figure it out one way or another. Or maybe I'd ask to switch partners and become your partner and find a way to*

*I love you.*

*I bet you and Skye would get along though. You'd be good friends. I don't think I would've been friends with her without you though. I guess there's an alternate universe where you fell in love with someone else. Maybe it was the boy who asked to kiss you on New Years? Or maybe the American one from school. Or if that other boy hadn't moved to Russia you'd be dating him.*

*I'm lucky to have you in this timeline. Though whoever got you, I'd hope they treat you well like you deserve.*

*Cause I'm going to treat you the best I can.*

*Pft, you think Skye would've mentioned me first right away? As one of the cute boys? She'd probably be afraid to inflate my ego more. I definitely would've found a way to get to write to you, like I mentioned earlier. I would've asked if you were okay and if Amelia got what she deserved for hurting you, and then would've fallen head over heels for you just like this time.*

*I'm just teasing you baby. I'm sure you're better than that. I wouldn't mind if you bit my lip to be honest. It would be funny. I'll go slow, don't worry, baby. You can lead us pace wise in case I get carried away.*



*I'm pretty sure I'm still drowning in love for you. It's hard not to when you're my everything.*

*It's funny how we went opposite. My version is not necessarily a bad thing. I was drowning in bad things before but now I'm drowning in what I love.*

*If we were together right now I'd keep you company whilst you studied. Help you stay awake, somehow. I don't know how, I wouldn't wanna distract you... too much. Just a little so you're still having a fun time whilst studying! And then when you're done I would make sure you know you're ready for the test and wish you luck, and then we could've cuddled.*

*But since I'm not there, I'm sending all my luck to you, and I know you'll do amazing on your exams. Emma also believes in you and Sap as well!!! Andrew would too if he knew, so you have lots of good vibes coming to you. Not that a smart ass like you needs them.*

*Don't worry. Even if I don't ask Skye, she'll take them. She will take like 10 and ask me if I wanna send them all to you, and then tease me even more. Yeah, me and her are gonna go look at dresses this weekend cause her friends are apparently too annoying about fashion. We're thinking green maybe for our colors, but we still don't know.*

*Actually, speaking of Skye. Remember when you told me to go hang out with my football buddy Joshua? Well I did! We actually hung out and watched the Super Bowl a few weekends ago. And you were right like always. I should've done this ages ago. He was super nice and it wasn't awkward at all. We hung out and had pizza after the game finished too.*

*But yeah! Prom is two weeks before graduation, so late April is correct. I hope I win lowkey, so I can get praised by you and you can compliment me in my crown for hoursssss.*

*Of course we can, baby. We can have the slow dance we never got on our proms. With each other, of course. I guess I will have to put Christmas lights on the list of things to buy for the apartment, or I'll steal them from our Christmas supplies at home. It sounds adorable. I'd love to dance with you with Christmas lights thrown around the house. I'm sure Patches will love watching us be dumb.*

*We'll have even more firsts than we thought of the first time. I guess you were technically a late birthday present for me. Hmmm, I don't think I'll want anything specific since I'll already have you. Breakfast in bed sounds perfect though. Mmmm we don't have to watch football. We could just cuddle in bed, and you can pet my hair, and I can lay between your legs, and it'll be perfect in my opinion. I'd just want you all to myself for the day, I guess I'll share with Patches a little.*

*Even though it's backwards, I don't think I'd have it any other way. I think this is a stupidly romantic way to get together, and we beat most romcom movies. I bet girls would be jealous of us.*

*We're not that insane, we're just really in love.*

*Don't regret it please. I don't want you to have regrets. This will just make our first meeting even more special because we resisted for so long. No regrets, baby.*

*Gods, stop. You're gonna make me think about this all night. When I wake up you'll be right there in bed. And instead of a letter when I wanna ask you, I can just find you in our house, or text you and I could get a reply in a few minutes when you're in class. Gods, it's going to be incredible. I can't wait.*

*I can kiss your cheeks and lips whenever I wanna. I could hug you whenever I feel like it or ask for a hug when I'm down. I can drag you into my lap or take you out to the beach, or we could walk down to a little convenience store to get some snacks.*

*Patches posed especially for you in that photo. She was eager to pose for you. I think she knows someone else is getting these photos. I'll take a million photos of you two. It'll be two of my favorites in one photo. I wouldn't be able to resist. I'm glad you liked the flowers too.*

*You look so cute in my shirt, fuck. I think I have a new favorite, but honestly I say that every time you send me one. You look perfect. Your parents look really nice though. I see why you're so pretty. I'm excited to meet them too, please tell them that! Gracie too, as well as Cat and Dog. And Nanny Beth!*

*That unsent letter though. You've come a long way then, huh? You've come out to everyone you care about and you didn't lose me. Not even for a second.*

*I love you so much George. I don't think I've ever loved anyone this much. But I'm glad it's you. I wouldn't want anyone else.*

*It's not dumb. It's so sweet and I literally love you so much, and thanks for thinking I'm hot, gorgeous.*

*Hm, I guess the beat up letter does represent us in a way. It really shows our love can get through anything.*

*Gods I love you.*

*I hope you didn't stay up too late studying. I should honestly get on that too. Maybe soon, a few days. I gotta make sure I pass, I suppose.*

*I can't wait to hear from you again. You'll have passed and you'll be even closer to being with me.*

*I love you. I love you. I love you.*

*- your very very equally happy boyfriend who wished you luck :)*

*P.S. handsome motherfucker, huh? Well you're the prettiest motherfucker I know.*

---

It had been a couple of days since his last visit to their tree. The rain had been falling non-stop, and getting sick was the last thing he needed right now.

Maybe it was a little silly how he called the tree, *their* tree. George hadn't even stepped foot in the country yet. But he had etched their initials into the rough bark months ago.

Before they had even become boyfriends.

Because in a way, maybe he always knew they would be something more.

The grass was still wet as he stepped onto it, the sky finally giving them a break from the non stop showers. Despite it being annoying, the rain always made everything prettier in a way.

It was half the reason he wanted to film their kiss in the rain if it ever happened. He was sure George would look practically ethereal. Probably a bit ridiculous, but beautifully ridiculous seemed the better way to put it.

The park was still barren of any other people, little kids stuck inside because of all the park equipment soaked by the rain still. He knew this was going to ruin his clothes, but he was missing George more than ever, and as he had finished the letter, the sun had begun to peek out from behind grey clouds.

So he found his footing on the lower branches and pulled himself up the tree. It took a bit more maneuvering than usual for him to get up, but eventually he made it onto the branch he had written countless letters on.

That he had imagined kissing George on.

A rush of color always came to his cheeks when he thought about it. Thought about when they finally met that they could kiss. He wouldn't be awkwardly shoving his feelings aside.

He settled down on the branch, his jacket spread out underneath him so he could avoid the wet bark a little. It left him colder than he liked, but as his fingertips brushed across their initials carved into the tree, it didn't matter as much.

George made him feel warm.

George was always quick to mention how warm he seemed. How he seemed so bright and everything but for George was the equivalent.

He was the sun in his life. Or stars, since he was the sun for George.

Technically stars were also like the sun, burning bright in the darkness of the sky.

A quiet ring interrupted his thoughts, eyes falling to his phone to see Skye's name pop up on the screen. They'd been planning the weekend's outfit hunting when he had started his walk. He never realized how much thought went into it.

But if he had the chance to go to prom with George he already knew the colors for them. It would have undoubtedly been blue.

It was George's favorite color and one of the only ones he could truly appreciate. So there wasn't any other choice in his mind. He wanted George to see him in all his glory and vice versa if they had the chance to go to prom.

He was sad they didn't.

The dance in their apartment would have to do.

He had still, however, suggested the theme of blue, and Skye seemed to like it. But he wasn't going to force her into a color she didn't fully like. So the intention was still going for her pick.

Maybe he should've asked George earlier for his opinion.

He grabbed his phone, sending a quick text back, agreeing to the time he'd pick her up.

There were other messages he had ignored whilst writing his letter. A few from Sapnap where he complained about school and how it was unfair Dream was graduating before him. A text from Andrew from that morning he had forgotten to reply as well. Whoops.

The appearance of a water droplet on his screen however took his attention from the texts. For a second he thought it was his own tears, hands going to his eyes only to find his cheeks dry. But it was simply from the branches above.

It was a little silly to check his own eyes, but George had brought a new light onto his own emotions and it felt like the other controlled them single handedly at this point.

George was the happiest part of his life now.

He always had a ridiculous smile plastered across his face whenever he thought about it. Skye

pointed it out, Andrew, Emma... even his parents did. There was always a spark to his eyes when he got a letter according to them.

Sometimes it got him curious if they knew. If they knew and were simply waiting for him. For when he was ready.

It was obvious he needed to do it, it was now or never. George would be coming to Florida so soon. The days were moving quickly, and he didn't know if he could hide the affection he had for George any longer.

He wasn't going to let George sleep somewhere aside from his bed. He wanted to hold his hand, and most of all he wanted to introduce George to his whole family as his *boyfriend*.

George wasn't someone to hide.

George was incredible and caring. He was sweet and smart. He was adorable with his big sweaters and cursive writing. With his special wax seals and sweater paws.

It wasn't right to hide him.

And he wouldn't.

Wiping the raindrops off his phone, he clicked into his text messages, tapping on the chat with his mom.

*Need to talk to you and dad after dinner, it's important.*

The same message was sent to his dad a second later. It didn't matter for a reply either, it was fine if they both glanced at it and knew of it. He just wanted the both of them there. Together.

He took a deep breath, tucking his phone back into his pocket.

It was now or never.

The sun seemed to agree as well, as it peeked out from behind pale grey clouds. The rain seemed to be done with them finally.

He sighed softly, eyes glancing back down onto their initials. “They’re gonna love you...” he hummed fondly.

With that, he grabbed his jacket, clambering back down the tree, landing down onto the wet grass.

The walk back was just as quiet and peaceful, receiving agreements to listen from both his parents as he ventured back to the house.

Dream stopped though, as he passed daisies in one of their neighbor’s front yards. Maybe he should send another daisy to George. A little thing from prom since they couldn’t be together.

This was the exact garden Emma picked from too. Of course she would never get in trouble for it.

But he couldn’t help himself from picking the fresh ones too, a little cautious of any neighbours coming out and scolding him for it.

The coast, however, was clear for him, and it was decided he’d keep a vase of them in his room.

And to re-pick them before George arrived so he could see them in all their glory.

Maybe he could give him a real bouquet one day...

Glancing back at his house with hands full of daisies, his parent’s cars were already parked in the driveway. They were waiting for him. Probably wanted to wiggle the news out of him before dinner. None of them had good patience.

It’s why he ached for George so much already.

“Let’s do this...” he mumbled to himself and he knew he had all of George’s support with him at this moment.

## Chapter End Notes

note from tad:

HELLO!!!! As you all may have noticed bit of a late update but life just gets in the way sometimes :))) hope the wait wasn’t too bad but they’re back !!!! I hope you all enjoyed this update and loved how down bad dream is for George, lovesick puppy style <333

comments and kudos always appreciated <3

socials:

[kat's twitter](#)

[tad's twitter](#)



# grand gestures

## Chapter Summary

George sealed the polaroids and letter inside of the envelope by smoothing his thumb over the opening, nicking himself on the corner's edge that left a small dab of blood to stain the stark white. With a sigh, he reached for his pen, drawing a small arrow to the blood.

*'Papercut, again... too bad you're not here to kiss it better :(' , he scribbled down.*

## Chapter Notes

[fic playlist](#)

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

*My Dreamy Boyfriend,*

*Hi, I have some news for you. Well, a few things actually. I'm only writing this first bit to keep you in suspense. I mean, you know I took my exams, you know that those were the determining factor in if I'll get to be there for your graduation or if we're going to have to wait until the end of May. Are you nervous? Are you sweating? Well... Here goes nothing.*

*Dreamie baby... I...*

*I failed one exam. I failed it by one point, and I was so exhausted by the end of it. When I met with my headmaster, he told me to tell you that I'm just kidding. I passed, idiot. I fucking passed! He gave me my diploma and I haven't had to put on my uniform in over a week, which means I've just been lounging around the house in your hoodie non-stop.*

*You know what this means, right? It's April now, which means you'll be taking your own exams in the next two weeks, which means by the time you get this letter you'll be studying and probably starting them. That also means that your Prom will be happening, like, a week after you send your next letter to me. Dream, us meeting is only a month and some change away. I'll get to see you, in person, face to face. Finally.*

*It also means that, since I've graduated now, the project is technically over for me. I turned in my final essay in regards to these letters, and I got to tell a beautiful story about how I went through the most hellish first semester of my life, how I got to meet someone with a life entirely different from mine, and how I got to fall in love with that person. My professor said it was one of his favourite essay's he's ever seen come out of the project. You know, that also means with the project being over, that there's no more rules.*

*No more rules... baby. Can you hear me? There's no more rules. Obviously I'm going to wait to hear what you have to say in your next letter, but if you want to, I could call you. Wil has your number, and I can call you the second I get your next letter if you say you want me to. Part of me kind of still wants to wait until we meet in person, but I'm also at the point where I'd give anything just to actually talk to you. Because I love you.*

*I want to be able to tell you that out loud too, to tell you how beautiful you are and how grateful I am to have you. God, I want to be able to look into your eyes and see you smile and just hold your face and whisper it to you. I say that because people say they want to shout it to the world when they love someone this much, but you are my entire world, so saying it for just you to hear at first sounds kind of wonderful to me.*

*But don't worry, you're not alone. The suspense is killing me too. Gracie walked in on me pacing back and forth in front of my computer the other day debating on whether or not I should log onto Hypixel to see if Sapnap was on and if you were there with him. Ultimately I just went down into the kitchen to help her with some sweets she'd been preparing for a sleepover with her friends. Do you think she and Emma would get along? I think Gracie is a few years younger than Emma, but they're going to be sisters eventually, right?*

*I'd bring her with me to visit you for the first time, but we wouldn't be able to get any time alone together if I did, so she's agreed to wait until we come back here for my graduation ceremony and the gala. BUT I will be coming out for your graduation. You cannot be skipping classes for me, as much as I want to see you sooner. I don't care if you have devious ways to still pass your classes with me there as a distraction, I refuse to give you any excuse to fail. Maybe.*

*Per your request though, I suppose I could bring my graduation robes with me so your parents can get pictures of us in our robes together. I, however, will NOT be running up on stage to kiss you in front of your entire graduation class. I don't want some big public viewing for my first kiss and a million eyes on us. I just want to be with you. Somewhere we can be alone and private, because I am going to be nervous enough as is.*

*I'm glad I never let you go either, even when I was fucking terrified that I was going to be wrong about everything. I think I knew it still felt right, and that even if you didn't want me like I want you, at least you would know how I felt. How I feel. Back to that whole soulmates thing I guess, I just don't want to have my future without you in it. You know, I was actually thinking about the*

*differences in our handwriting too! Kind of funny in a way that I write in cursive that is a bit more neat and your handwriting is more normal and standard. I like it, I like the differences.*

*Okay, listen... It was an empty threat. I would never actually run off with Andrew. However, we could be secret pen pals and you'd never know. I could have sent an extra letter addressed to him and packaged it like it was meant to be from his university or something. I didn't, but that would be funny. Kind of. And now you're trying to diminish Sapnap to his height? Come on now, I might be barely taller than him but he's still a cutie. Don't worry, we'll find him a lovely girlfriend. Maybe set him up with Skye? She's my stand in anyways, right?*

*Of course all of my firsts are reserved for you, idiot. I don't want to have them with anyone else. I want you and only you, I promise, baby.*

*I do hope you find that strength to come out to your parents. If you'd like my opinion, it's that if Emma and Andrew can love and accept you, then your parents will too. Open minded people don't raise their kids with any kind of opposing views, and I think your parents love you very much and will love you no matter who you're dating and/or attracted to. I definitely respect the fact that they may make me sleep in the living room, granted you sleeping in there with me kind of defeats the point of them putting me out there anyways, but still.*

*And by the way, if you need a support system when it comes to coming out to them, you can call Wil. He's really kind and can talk you through whatever you need. I will just sit there and listen to him talk if you still want to wait for us to talk for the first time in person.*

*I was actually thinking that if they'd feel more comfortable with it, I could just get a hotel when I come visit. That way if we want to share a bed it's not in their home, out of sight out of mind kind of thing, you know? I do still plan on letting your mother humiliate you by showing me your baby photos though, I'm sure there are plenty of incredible ones for me to laugh at. And don't worry, Nanny Beth has an entire album of ones of me to show you as well. I had very big eyes as a baby, they were too big for my face, so I look kind of like a cartoon character in all of my baby photos.*

*You're going to take me on our first Minecraft date though? I'd like to know what our date plans for that are going to be. Should we try to beat the game? Or just make our own little server and make a cottage in a flower biome and build our own little world? We'll have to keep that world separate from our SMP with Sapnap, something that's just for us. Wil said he'd be willing to join our SMP as well, something about storytelling on it for fun.*

*But back to our families. No, there's nothing to be stressed or worried about. My father will talk your ear off about his business, my mother will want to know all about your family and your life, Gracie will probably try to whisper things to me about you the whole time, Nanny Beth will teach you which forks and spoons to use for what parts of your meal, and I will be holding your hand*

*under the table the entire time. You won't disappoint them, don't worry about that. They love you already.*

*I love you more though, don't forget that.*

*Wil actually has a show the night of our graduation ceremony, so we will have to go to that. There'll be a party afterwards and we can go hang out and I can introduce you to some more of the people from my school. It'll probably rain that night, knowing how temperamental our weather here can be, so a kiss in the rain sounds perfect. Film it, huh?*

*I was thinking about something like that, actually. Filming our lives. Have you ever seen those YouTube channels of couples that vlog their lives and travels and what not? That could be something fun for us to do whenever we go anywhere new. We could also put together a cute aesthetic video of just spending time on campus and montages of Patches sleeping.*

*After we've spent some time alone though. I want those two months with you and just you. I don't want anyone else in our lives or in our space, I just want everything with you. You're right, let's build the bed first so we can collapse the second we're too exhausted from unpacking and dancing around in skirts. (I didn't forget about that.)*

*Hey now, hey now. No need to get so defensive, baby. I know you're my boyfriend, which also means you get to kiss me whenever you want. It also means I'd love to make out during shitty scenes in horror movies. Jesus, you just want all of my attention, don't you? It's all yours, idiot. I'd rather be kissing you than doing anything else anyways. Movies be damned.*

*(Yes, yes, yes, yes, yes. Please show me how wonderful making out feels.)*

*Spending your birthday cuddling and eating pizza and playing with your hair sounds fucking incredible. It's your day, we will do whatever you want, honey. Oh look, a new pet name. Are you okay with "honey"? You're just really sweet and a golden ray of sunshine to me and I just find it fitting.*

*Unlike your clothes. Those don't fit me at all, but they're my favourite things to wear. You're right, when we live together you won't have to send them to me. I can just steal them from your drawers, or off your back. Yeah, I'll do that. Just sneak up from behind and pry your hoodies off of you so they're still warm when I put them on. Plus, then I get to see your shirtless, duh.*

*When we're alone I'm going to act like more of an idiot, because it's fun. When you're here though with my family, you'll have to forgive me for acting somewhat proper. At that gala, I'll have to be polite for a while, but once the speeches are over we can get all drunk and giggly and run off. Don't worry, Wil has had girlfriends in the past he's made out with in front of me before, so he doesn't get a warning for you being extra clingy and kissy with me when we're intoxicated.*

*If me having sugar daddy vibes because of the wealth I come from means that I get to spoil you and travel the world with you, then I guess I can be fine with that. Just promise me I can wear that varsity jacket of yours on the plane rides. It's quite cute on Emma, I hate to steal it from her, but there's just something about wearing your clothes that I am obsessed with.*

*I am not whiny when I get picked up, idiot. Wil throws me around all the time, granted I have kicked him in the balls a few times because of it. It's not being mean or necessarily hurting you, it's winning. I'm going to win the wrestling matches, remember? You can't simply pick me up because I'm smaller than you and just expect me to let you get away with it. I'll kiss you afterwards to make up for it, don't worry.*

*Especially the scar on your lip, which I know I haven't seen yet because of your incessant need to wait to smile for me until I see you in person... But something tells me I'm going to want to kiss that scar.*

*Dream...*

*Dreamie...*

*Baby...*

*Honey...*

*The love of my fucking life...*

*I miss you. I miss you more than I did before because I know there are no more rules even if you don't know that yet. I hate that I could call you right now, or get on a flight and come see you. The distance became insurmountable once we admitted everything to each other fully. 4,336 miles seemed to double, and I fucking hate it. (Remember when you used to tease me about calculating that out?)*

*And apparently Amelia kept tabs on me? Wil said she was asking around the halls where I had gone and someone finally told her that I graduated early. I don't know what that's about, maybe she was planning to ruin my life before the school year ended. One last hurrah on her torture train or some bullshit like that. I'm glad you didn't get partnered with her on this project. I want you all to myself, and I would have hated knowing she had you instead. Not that I think you would have ever liked her or fallen for her or anything, but I get to be selfish here.*

*You're the love of my life. You're my beautiful boyfriend. I'm all yours and you're all mine.*

*Even in an alternate universe, I think I still would have been drawn to you in some way. I don't think I would have ended up with the boy from the party, or the kid that moved to Russia when we were younger. I think in an alternate universe, we still would have met on a similar timeline. I would have stayed focused in the debate club, then in senior year our team would have gone to nationals in America and your school would host it, and I'd meet you in the hallway or something.*

*Imagine that... Imagine if we had met in person first. Like, just some awkward conversation in the hallway where I'd be exhausted from my last debate and you'd have finished a football game on the same day. Maybe we'd talk and laugh together, and you'd make some stupid flirtatious comment that would make me blush. I think we'd be able to give each other the kind of look that says "I'm attracted to you", and you'd try to kiss me but I'd be too nervous to let you.*

*You're right, I think the timeline we have right now is better than that or any other tacky romcom. I think we beat them out by a landslide so far, and I'd love to see how many people are jealous of that. Which, to be fair, they should be. I mean... Have you seen yourself? You're absolutely breathtaking. And I get to call you MY boyfriend? God, I'm the luckiest guy in the world.*

*I think that letter would have gotten lost in the post even if you'd waited a day. I think the universe had to give us a little bit of a 'fuck you' to keep us on our toes. I don't like to think about all of this as wasting any time or anything of the sorts. Even though we've both had our own shit this year, I'm glad I at least had you to go through it with me. And I'm even more glad that I could be there for you when you needed someone.*

*I don't care how backwards our story has been as far as falling in love, I think it's been more real than your typical high school romance. We got to learn about each other and fall in love with each other without ever looking the other in the eye, we got to experience a whirlwind of emotions that typically would somehow tear people apart, and we got to have this constant excitement of waiting for letters just so we could learn more about each other's lives. I've loved every painful second of it.*

*I wouldn't trade it, or you, for anything in the world.*

*Drowning in bad before we got the best part of our lives so far, it sounds like we were in similar boats. I think we needed each other, and the universe knew that too. I don't know what I believe in, really... As far as like... God or whatever. But I think the world has a way of bringing people together that are meant to be good for each other. And I think you have been the best thing to ever happen to me.*

*I fucking love you, and I promise you that I am going to love you for the rest of my life.*

*I'm going to talk about your life now, because if I keep going on about how much I fucking love you, the rest of this letter is just going to end up covered in happy tears that are ultimately going to blur all of my ink.*

*How did dress shopping go with Skye? Is it too late for me to request that she wear a blue dress? I have my reasons.*

*Reason 1: Skye has dark hair and dark eyes, and blue would look phenomenal on her.*

*Reason 2: Blue is my favourite colour, and I think she'd rock it. Plus, you'd look nice in a blue suit or tie.*

*Reason 3: Skye is my stand in for prom, and if I were actually able to be there with you, I'd wear a blue suit and have you get a tie to match.*

*Reason 4: Skye is a goddess and would look extravagant in blue. I know that one is kind of repetitive, but it's true. She was wearing a blue sweatshirt in the polaroid you sent of you two a few letters ago, and it suited her.*

*I'm glad you hung out with Joshua way back when that game happened! See, your friends still love and care about you. Just because you quit football doesn't mean your friendship dynamics have to change.*

*Save a dance for me though, because I'm still going to be jealous of your prom date.*

*String up twinkly lights with me in our apartment, put on a vinyl record of Bon Iver, and dance with me. Dance with me until we can't dance anymore, hold me close until we are too tired to move and then hold me closer as we fall asleep, and then kiss me in the morning to remind me that it's all real.*

*Because this is real. Everything I feel for you is real. Our future is so close, I can taste it. I want late night walks to the convenience store to get snacks for movie nights, I want drives out to the beach and building sandcastles and getting sunburnt skin, I want kisses at red lights and holding your hand while we sing along terribly to music in the car. I want all of it. I want it all with you. I want you.*

*You're my lucky charm, after all. And now I've graduated, so all of it is possible.*

*It all makes me want to pull off some big grand gesture. You know how in romance films there's always this obscene thing that someone does to show how much they love the other person? Singing a song through the stadium speakers during soccer warm ups, standing outside the window with a boombox and riding off on a lawnmower? How do you feel about grand gestures?*

*Because at this point, I want you so badly that I might just have to see about pulling one off. I don't know what I'd do or how I'd do it, but I want to do something that shows you that you are worth it. You are worth everything.*

*I just love you so much, and I miss you, and I have a feeling the next month and a half is going to drag on for a century.*

*If we were together right now, you'd be studying for your upcoming end of year exams, and I'd be trying my best not to distract you. I reckon I'd just be sitting behind you with my arms around your waist while falling asleep against your back. I'd probably kiss your neck when you got stuck or frustrated to try to help calm you down, and I could work through the problems with you.*

*I get cold really easily, so I'd probably sneak my hands under your shirt or hoodie to keep them warm. I've said countless times that you are a very warm person, so I do hope you know I fully intend on using you as my personal space heater.*

*Oh no, I've just given myself away. Fuck, you've caught me red handed. I'm only with you so that I can stay warm. I guess this is a full admission now... I'm using you, Dream. I am using you as a personal heater, and that is it. No other reason I'm dating you, none at all. Obviously. Sorry to let you know this way. Damn... Thought I could get away with this for longer.*

*Kidding, obviously. But promise to still keep me warm?*

*I mean, how could you not? I'm small and adorable and you think I'm pretty, and I look extra*



*comfy in your hoodies, and you wanna kiss me. Sounds like you wouldn't have any arguments about me cuddling up to you at all times. I think I'm kind of like a cat in that way. Which, obviously, you're used to... with Patches and all.*

*You kind of remind me of a puppy. I don't know, a golden retriever. You are just always so happy and excited and ready to explore something new. And you send me little gifts for me to keep around because you got excited about them, and you're loyal and have stuck to this project even when you were scared to. You just remind me of a puppy. Dogboy... you're a dogboy. I bet I could play with your hair and be able to see your invisible tail wagging.*

*I'll give you treats and kisses too, my little pup.*

*Honey, baby, you're adorable, and I love you. Especially in this polaroid of you making a heart with your hands. I hope you know that you have my entire heart in your hands, metaphorically of course, but you have all of me. You blocked your face again though, which was rude. Your knees being all scraped and scarred up though, that's proof of a good and fun childhood.*

*I don't have as many scars on my knees as you do. Any that I do have are from riding bikes with Wil around the town, or from tripping while chasing Gracie around when she was little. Did you know I used to play dress up with her? We used to steal my mother's gowns and dress as princesses and have little tea parties. Nanny Beth would make us crumpets and pastries and we would watch Disney movies and just sit in our dresses.*

*I miss that. We should have a princess tea party together, or maybe when we get Gracie and Emma to meet we can have one with both of them. Or maybe a million years into the future when you propose in Paris and we've been married for a while... Never mind, it's too early to talk about...*

*Anyways.*

*I am sending you three polaroids in return, of course. The first is of me holding my diploma, I'm smiling big because my boyfriend sent me luck and it helped me pass. My surname is in it, so you can look me up now on social media if you want. Just... don't DM me or anything if you still want to wait to talk for the first time in person, because if you message me I will not be able to hold back and not respond.*

*The second polaroid is of Gracie and I with our cheeks squished together, and a very unhappy Cat being held up and forced into being involved in the group photo. And the third polaroid is of Wil and I doing heart hands together, because we love you and he might be more excited to meet you*

*than I am. I don't actually think that's humanly possible, but he's talked about all of the fun shit he's gonna drag you along to do when you're here.*

*Dream, I love you. I can't believe that I am actually so close to being able to tell you that in person. I can't wait to see all of your freckles up close and to kiss every single one of them. I can't wait to let you pick me up, because even though I've complained about it a little bit, I'd just give anything to be in your arms. I can't wait to share an apartment with you, and go on dates with you, and fill our walls with cheesy pictures of us kissing.*

*I can't wait for absolutely everything with you. I will wait, but my patience is wearing thin.*

*I love you, I miss you, I love you, I miss you, I love you, I miss you.*

*You are genuinely the most incredible person I have ever had the pleasure of meeting, and I hope you know how genuinely and sincerely I mean that. There's an excerpt from my final essay for my literature class that I am going to rewrite before I end this letter, because I want you to know just how much I mean it.*

*"I learned a lot about myself this year and because of this project. But more importantly, I got the opportunity to learn about a life that never belonged to me, but that I've been lucky enough to become a part of. I've never thought about one person completely filling every single thought I've ever had, but I've never been more happy to have that. I believe most people are selfish when it comes to loving people in their life. I believe most people seek to find mutual benefit, or mainly self benefit for that matter, when it comes to any form of a relationship with another person.*

*What I've found is that when you love someone, truly and wholeheartedly love someone, that nothing else matters. You'd do anything, you'd say anything, and you'd change your life entirely just for an ounce of their existence in your presence. I've learned that human interaction doesn't need to solely take place with less than six feet of space between two people. I've learned that by getting to know someone on a deeply emotional level can help you figure out more about yourself than you ever thought was humanly possible.*

*I've learned a lot of new things from this entire experience. Most importantly, I learned how to love. I learned how to love another person because of who they are and the life they have lived, and I've learned to love myself despite my own flaws and insecurities. I understand the point of this assignment wasn't to fall in love with someone, but I consider myself lucky to have gotten the opportunity to do so. He is a dream come true to me, and I can't imagine my world without him.*

*He taught me how to love myself so that I can become the happiest version of myself. And for that,*

*and many, many other reasons, I fully intend on loving him for the rest of my life.”*

*I love you, Dream.*

*- your very much in love and incandescently happy boyfriend*

*p.s. - Gracie recommended I make a paper chain to countdown the days until I get to see you. If I do that, I think I'll write a reason why I love you on each one and then give them all to you just so you can read through them and truly know.*

*p.p.s. - I love you, did I mention that?*

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“Oh good, I see you didn’t pussy out on putting that in the letter.” Wilbur commented as George folded his freshly written letter and tucked it back into its envelope.

“What the hell is *that* supposed to mean?” he retorted before dragging his tongue across the putrid dry glue lining the edge of the envelope’s flap.

George sealed the polaroids and letter inside of the envelope by smoothing his thumb over the opening, nicking himself on the corner’s edge that left a small dab of blood to stain the stark white. With a sigh, he reached for his pen, drawing a small arrow to the blood.

*‘Papercut, again... too bad you’re not here to kiss it better :( ‘*, he scribbled down.

“I mean I’m saying if this plan is going to work, you can’t pussy out on asking him about grand gestures. So, I’m glad you actually wrote it down. Do you think he’ll expect it?”

He paused, looking up to Wilbur as he finished wrapping a Minecraft band-aid around his finger. It was crazy to think about. They’d only come up with the plan a few hours before.

Initially, he’d felt ridiculous. Pacing back and forth as he pulled at his hair while listening to ramblings that seemed outlandish, but exactly what he knew he wanted. It was a plan he knew

Dream would actually enjoy, one that would be mutually beneficial for both of their sanity's sakes. But part of him was still scared.

"What if he doesn't want to see me?" he finally asked shyly.

"What the *fuck* are you talking about? Isn't this literally all you two have been going on about for months now?"

He let out another sigh, relaxing back into the beanbag chair as he clutched the letter to his chest. "I know, okay... But, I don't know, it feels kind of strange to just show up without him knowing. What if he doesn't like *grand gestures*? What if in his response he says it gives him anxiety or something?"

Wilbur simply shook his head, moving from his chair as he set his laptop on the ground. George couldn't help but eye the screen that read out flight details that would take him to Florida. A promise of seeing the one person he wanted to see more than anything in the world. It's what he wanted, part of him knew it would make Dream obscenely happy as well, but it was impossible to not have an inch of doubt.

"Then we'll cancel the flight, easy as that. But I guarantee you," he continued, pulling the letter from George's grasp. "He's going to want to see you. So what if it's two or so weeks earlier than planned?"

He knew he shouldn't have been stressing about it in the first place, that he would be an idiot to think that Dream would be anything but ecstatic to see him. He'd spent what felt like a lifetime worrying too much about his own feelings, about Dream's feelings... when in reality, they'd been falling in love together all along.

"I'm just nervous... sorry." he whispered, pinching his brows together as he looked down to his hoodie covered hands.

"Well, being nervous is understandable. You're meeting your boyfriend for the first time, and I reckon he might be kind of shocked when you just *show up* at his front door." Wilbur assured, patting his knee before tucking the letter back into George's backpack before pulling out one of the polaroids from Dream's most recent correspondence.

"And you're sure this is the front of his house?" Wilbur asked, turning the photograph to face

George. It was the one of Emma drowning in Dream's letterman jacket, and she had posed in their front yard.

"Yeah, his house number by the door matches his address." he replied with a nod, extending a finger from the hoodie's bunching material to point it out.

"Heh, kind of strange his front door is a bright red... must be an American thing."

"It's red?!" George exclaimed, pulling the polaroid from Wilbur's grasp to hold closer to his face, as if that would make the colour suddenly appear as anything other than black for him.

Wilbur fell back in laughter, wrapping his arms around his waist as he collapsed against the ground. George rolled his eyes, slumping back once again out of feigned annoyance. "You're a dick..."

"And *you* should get those colourblind glasses I showed you. Might be a nice gift for when you two move in together." his friend retorted quickly, sitting back upright before pulling out another polaroid of Dream holding his hands up in the makeshift shape of a heart.

"Oh?" he questioned, cocking an eyebrow as Wilbur eyed over the polaroid in his own hands.

Wilbur lifted his gaze, turning the polaroid to face George. "Yeah, let him show you the world that both of you can live in together in full colour. Plus, you'll wanna see his *dreamy green eyes*, won't you?"

It was teasing, light heartedly so, but teasing nonetheless. He was right, though. George really did want to see a world fully enraptured in every spectrum of the rainbow. Dream was already the sun in his ever stormy life, so when those two things were finally meant to collide... he wanted the prismatic beams of everything wondrous that would come with that.

"It's all just becoming so—"

"Real." Wilbur cut him off with a smile, handing the polaroid over towards him.

A single word shouldn't have felt so very all encumbering. It was a word that defined the actuality

of everything that had led up to what he was planning on doing. A word that would put a beautiful boy right in front of him, someone he could give his entire heart to. It was terrifying to think about sometimes... Just how *real* it was all becoming.

“Yeah. Exactly.”

He’d thought about it hundreds, thousands, millions of times before. Standing upright and tilting his chin upwards to face a smile he *knew* was gracing the most beautifully freckled face just because of his presence. He thought about strong hands reaching out to hold his own or snaking around his back to pull him into a tight hug.

He’d thought about Dream’s face tucking perfectly into the crook of his neck as he reached up to wrap his arms around broad shoulders and a warm neck to bury his own face into. He’d imagined warm breath and muffled yet gentle cries as they held each other for the *first* time in what seemed like eons.

They’d discussed feeling like they’d known each other forever. Like they were destined to meet as if the stars had decidedly tied their souls together with a red string, connecting them to each other for time and all eternity. It was something that happened in fairy tales or wondrous stories of worlds unknown where *destiny* was in control of it all. If he was being honest, he felt like their entire story thus far had been just that.

A fairy tale. A dream come true. *His ‘dream’ come true.*

And all he wanted was to make that a reality. He wanted to feel that love that already felt so incredibly real when scribbled down permanently on paper with ink and sealed between stamps and wax. He wanted to be able to speak those words out loud while drowning in eyes that made him feel like he could finally breathe. He wanted so many things, and it was exhilarating to know that Dream wanted them as well.

He wanted *them*.

“So, who cares if you show up a little early and surprise him?” Wilbur’s voice finally intruded through his clouding thoughts. He looked up to see his friend sitting back on his chair with his guitar propped in his lap, angling his fingers in a way to begin strumming random tunes.

“I just hope I don’t hurt him too much in the process.”

Like he said, they had a plan. Not all of it was going to be sunshine and rainbows though.

“He’ll forgive you. The second he sees you, he’ll understand.”

## Chapter End Notes

note from kat:

hi guys, few things to talk about!

1. updates may be closer to 5 days apart coming up, tad and i have both been insanely busy lately with work and life, and we wanna keep it to every three days but we wanna make sure the story goes down the right path and doesn't lack anything.
2. a few comments about gracie's character have come up regarding her acting really young for her age - gracie is based somewhat around one of my siblings, who is very spoiled and very babied. people mature at different rates/ages, and gracie is definitely a little more child-like for a 12 year old, but that is the character we decided we wanted her to be because of her upbringing and being the baby of the family. just some insight for the people confused by her character.
3. the love and support on this fic has meant the fucking world to us, and we're so close to 30k hits, so thank you guys!
4. final note, I released a really fluffy and adorable oneshot for chrismtas, it's irl dnf and if you'd like to read that, you can do so [here](#)

comments and kudos always make our day

socials:

[kat's twitter](#)

[tad's twitter](#)

# promises

## Chapter Summary

The request surprised him, eyes widening a little. For the past few months, he had always been alone in mailing the letters. It was always just him handing it off to the post office lady with the small prayer of receiving a letter back each time.

## Chapter Notes

[fic playlist](#)

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

*Hi gorgeous,*

*Before I get into your awful prank. Am I gonna have to send you gloves to wear whilst you write these letters? This is, like, your 50th paper cut, baby. I included more Minecraft bandages nonetheless, since I can't kiss them better, idiot.*

*But when you come here I'll be sure to make up for it properly.*

*Now moving on...*

*You're such a jackass. Haha, your jokes are soooooooooo funny, Georgie.*

*I'm gonna bite your finger for that one between the kisses. Don't make me worry like that! I was about to call up Wil and ask to speak to you, you nut. I was so worried for a second, but here you are joking around.*

***BUT YOU PASSED!***



*My baby fucking passed, I told you you would. There wasn't anything to worry about. You're way too smart to ever fail at anything.*

*Gods I'm so proud of you. I wish I could kiss your breath away right now. I wanna hug you and congratulate you so badly.*

*But I guess this does mean the wait will be shorter, so I can do that faster.*

*Lucky you though, lounging around the house like a prince whilst I slave away with my own exams and studying :( Kidding, you deserve it. You deserve all the rest and relaxation time after all your hard work, baby. Especially in my clothes.*

*You're right about that. My first exam is tomorrow and I am not one bit prepared for it but maybe it'll go well with your luck. I think I studied enough to pass them all, if not, oh well. You'll still love me, right?*

*The end of the year really snuck up on us huh? Exams are here and prom is literally next Saturday for me, and you're already all graduated and living as a free man. I'll join you in a couple weeks and hopefully have you in my arms when it happens, baby.*

*Fuck.*

*Wait.*

*I didn't even think of that. Now that you're done you can break the rules. Well, I would break rules and you'd be fine... fuck.*

*I'm scared to be selfish again.*

*I stopped you from coming here during valentines day. Would it be fair to stop you again? Stop you until I pass my exams?*

*Gods.*

*Is it selfish? Answer me truthfully when you get this letter.*

*I want to know.*

*But I'm still going to be selfish.*

*Sometimes it's worth waiting, and you, gods, you George, I know it'll be worth waiting.*

*It's gonna be worth waiting to hear you say my name with a smile across your face. Be able to touch you when you call me yours. Being able to kiss you the moment you speak to me. I want that all.*

*So I'm going to be selfish and say I don't want to break the rules.*

*I want to do this perfectly.*

*Because you're the love of my life and it's the one thing I'm the most sure of.*

*So let me be selfish one more time. Okay?*

*I love you, I promise, and I want nothing more than to hear your voice, but I want to be done too. I want to see you with my own eyes when I hear your pretty voice.*

*Also, you idiot, I haven't been playing much, so if you see Sapnap, just play with him. Bond with my best friend. I mainly practice speed running on worlds these days, so Hypixel is only sometimes a thing. Didn't you friend Sap? Just text him and make sure I'm not on. Stop being so worried, baby.*

*I'm positive they'd get along. Even if they have nothing in common I'm sure Emma will love to gossip about us to someone aside from Andrew. And if it's your sister, she'll love it even more.*

*Hey, I can do as I please. You wouldn't know if I'm skipping right now. I could be skipping every other day and you wouldn't know that. But alright, I suppose my graduation is ideal since you don't "distract me". I won't fail, babyyyyyy.*

*There's no suppose. You will be bringing your graduation robes and my parents will be taking a million photos of us together. We can skip on the big kiss scene in front of the school though, my anxiety would be thankful for that.*

*I'm not sure where you imagine your first kiss. We can do it anywhere you like. I think we'd both prefer privacy though, my room could work. But wherever you want it, I'll make sure it's the best.*

*Also wait, since I did mention my parents up there and you told me not to be scared.*

*Well I have news too...*

*I came out to them.*

*Gods, baby, it was terrifying. I think I bit half my nails whilst trying to remember what to even say. I think I was overly worried, because it went well just like you said. I cried cause I'm a baby and then my mom cried seeing me cry and my dad had to shush us both.*

*But it was good. They both told me they loved me and accepted me no matter what, and then they both asked if it was you.*

*Of course they thought that.*

*I know you told your parents, so I had to tell mine too. They were super happy and even more excited to meet you now, and they were glad it was someone lovely like you.*

*Guess I worried endlessly for no reason, huh?*

*Have I mentioned how much I love you yet? I don't think I've said it enough in this letter.*

*I love you.*

*The only future I see is one with you in it, baby. I can't even see my future without you. It would be wrong to just not have you there now. I think I'd be lost all over again.*

*By normal and standard do you mean chicken scratch? Kidding. But yeah, I love all our differences. I'm both sad and glad you were born in a different country. Sad because you're so far away, but happy you have all these cute quirks, and a hot accent, and all your proper English. It's incredibly endearing.*

*I think I'll be needing to raid Andrew's dorm room and his room then. Sending secret letters with my brother. Tsk. Tsk. I'm catching onto you, gorgeous.*

*I suppose he's cute. But you have a thing for height and he can't provide it for you. I'm simply thinking about your likes, baby.*

*With Skye? I'm not sure. I'll have to ask if she's looking for anyone and if Sap wants to date. That guy is more awkward than us put together. It's cute how shy he can get around strangers.*

*Nope! Now that I have officially told my parents you have no excuses for not being in my bed whenever I want to cuddle and hold you. My bed is yours now. Hotels are cool sometimes, so I mean we could stay at one if you really want? But I think my parents would die if you stayed anywhere but our house now that they know we're a thing.*

*Big eyes? I bet you looked adorable. I had no eyebrows as a kid. Practically invisible, it was embarrassing, but thankfully they're darker now.*

*I'm still gonna be worried. Maybe I need a crash course on etiquette or something. More than the spoon usage. But okay, I'll believe you on the part where I won't embarrass myself and they won't be disappointed. If you let go of my hand even once, I'll kick you. You're gonna be my life line during dinner and all meals. No teasing me, okay?*

*I love you more than anyone else.*

*Oh? More of Georgie's friends? I hope they'll have embarrassing stories about you as a kid too.*

*A show sounds sick though, Wilbur's music is all I've been listening to lately. His voice is really nice to listen to. I see how he can be a support system. His voice alone can make someone calm down. Maybe I'll end up calling him when your date to come here gets closer. He can ease my anxiety and endless worries.*

*You'll let me pick you up from the airport, right? I don't want to waste a single second of you being in Florida.*

*Yeah. We can just lean our phones against a wall or something and film it. Nothing over the top but a sweet memory to look back at!*

*You wanna become a vlogging couple? Hmmm, I actually like the idea of that. Especially since we wanna travel the world eventually. That could actually be a ton of fun, baby. I can show how sickeningly in love I am with you. I bet you'd like to show me off anyways. Admit it.*

*But yeah I really like that idea. Patches could have her own little fans. She deserves it for being a pretty kitty.*

*Don't worry. You'll get your well earned Dream time. I'll stick so close to you you'll get annoyed by an oversized puppy hanging off you. Like you mentioned in the letter. I'm your pup, huh? I can't complain there. It's a cute pet name. Honey also works. You can call me anything your little heart desires, gorgeous.*

*I want it all.*

*I admit it. I want all your undivided attention. I'll only share with Patches, since she's my baby too and will be living with us. But no one else.*

*Kisses > everything else.*

*We should have a sign or something like that in our bedroom. Just to make the rules clear yaknow?*

*I have a new pet name for you too, even though I used it a couple times already. Nothing creative,*

*but I like calling you gorgeous, cause you are exactly that. Honey and Gorgeous. We sound like a love sick couple.*

*Are you just gonna keep me shirtless???? Really just wholeheartedly wanting to rob me of my clothes even when they're on me? I get cold too, baby :(*

*Oh well, I guess I'll have to keep you in my arms at all times. Body heat, you know? Gotta conserve my own heat.*

*Nah don't apologize, gorgeous. I think it'll be fun seeing you act all proper. With your manners and everything. I'll just hang onto you, like a confused puppy. They'll probably ask you about what you're doing now that you're done with school right? And you'll have to tell them I'm stealing you away to America. I bet everyones gonna be jealous that I get to have you all to myself.*

*No warnings? Fucking fantastic. Cause I don't know if I can think much when drunk and having you with me. I'll wanna kiss you every second. Good to know I don't have to apologize to Wil.*

*Baby, that varsity jacket practically exists for you. I wear it a lot, but I think it'll definitely be better suited for you. I'll have to break Emma the news, but I'm sure she'll be fine when she knows it's going to you.*

*But lovely, I've scored myself a sugar daddy. Heh. Don't worry I won't call you that, unless to annoy you!*

*Yeah but he's, like, your best friend, you most likely don't get flustered when he picks you up and throws you about. I, on the other hand, am your boyfriend, which changes the situation just a little bit. I bet you'd get distracted by my sheer strength.*

*Right. You're winning the wrestling matches, totally forgot, my bad. I guess we'll find out soon enough, gorgeous.*

*(I'm betting I win though.)*

*Hey! Don't make fun of me wanting to wait. I simply think it'll be cuter waiting so you can see how happy you make in person, it's romantic, idiot.*

*Just like Minecraft dates are romantic. A little cottage all for our little selves is absolutely adorable, but I was thinking of an adventurous date. A Minecraft date to beat the whole game! It'll be fucking sick. I'm kinda cracked at MC, dunno about you, but I suppose I can carry my boyfriend since he's so cute.*

*An SMP? That sounds fun too, I remember us talking about this a while ago. Let's organize it better when we're together and all moved in, but I am 100 percent down for a cool storytelling kinda thing. Sounds amazing.*

*Fuck...*

*I'm sorry I'm so selfish, I know the rules don't bind you anymore so it's even worse for you. Gods, I'm so tempted to just have you call me, but I don't want it to be like this. I wanna make our first words the fucking best thing in person. I wanna be able to say "hi" and be able to hold you close if we cry. Cause if we cry on call, I won't be able to hold you.*

*And I think that hurts the most. I could hear but not be able to touch you. I can't comfort you more than my own words. I'll have to choke them out as I'm crying.*

*I don't want it to be like that.*

*I love you so much.*

*4,336 miles won't keep us apart for long. I promise you.*

*I fucking promise you that.*

*Oh gods, not Amelia again. She better have been asking about you in order to apologize to you. Not that she deserves your forgiveness. Not one bit. And I'm glad too. I would've lost my patience with her with our first letter. Trust me, I would've never fallen for her.*

*That's a cute scenario, fuck.*

*Of course you're putting me after football action. You bet you'd fall for me all sweaty and tired huh?*

*You'd probably catch my eye though. A cute brunet I've never seen hanging around in the halls in a cool uniform that isn't recognizable. Your accent would probably grab my attention too. Fuck, you're practically an angel, I would've probably awkwardly blurted out something about asking you if you wanted to get food, or if you were new around here, like an idiot.*

*It could be a love at first sight scenario.*

*Gods, I couldn't imagine seeing you first. I think I would've fallen even faster in love with you. Getting to see you in person and learn all about you.*

*I love you so much.*

*This timeline was the most magical hands down. This is a love story to tell until the end of time. I bet you could write a book about this. Sickeningly sweet boys who fall in love through letters. People would eat it up and want a love story this good of their own.*

*Pf. More like I'm the luckiest guy. Have you seen yourself?*

*We're both lucky.*

*We fit so well.*

*I can't wait to hold your hand and be able to tell you in person.*

*Well the universe was fucking cruel for that one. Really testing us with that move.*

*You've made the shit year I had been expecting into something incredible. I wouldn't change a thing then if the letter getting lost was inevitable. I'm glad it was something less chaotic to test us or whatever.*



*Our type of love is the most beautiful out there. Even my mom gushed about it. She was so in love with how I fell for you. Through letters and polaroids. It's kinda something from the past almost.*

*I guess that was the purpose of this assignment kinda...*

*We just got a better ending.*

*The perfect ending even.*

*The universe sent us both someone to keep each other afloat until we could meet.*

*George, you're the only person I'll ever love in my life. I know that with my entire heart.*

*As long as they're happy tears I wouldn't mind you crying, but right, we should move on before I sob all over the pages.*

*Wow, Georgie, it looks like both you and Skye had a similar idea. (I totally did not influence her to wear blue because of you, nope, not one bit. Couldn't be me.)*

*I have happy news that her dress is a perfect shade of blue.*

*I knew you were gonna see the photos, so I wanted you to be able to see them in all their glory. I didn't want dull photos to give you. I don't want you to be upset. So the blue will hopefully out shine all the greys and muddled colors.*

*Blue for you, and Skye looked pretty in it too of course. I didn't only think about you, don't worry, as much as I wanted to.*

*Speaking of prom and Joshua though. All the football guys invited me to hang out after prom too, for the after party, and Skye and her friends are gonna be going too. So maybe you were right in the end. I should've taken all the chances and remembered that they still are my friends even if I don't play football. I was scared for no reason.*

*Another reason to thank you.*

*You're so good to me.*

*George, I'll save all my dances for you. I'm not even much of a dancer and I don't know if Skye wants to dance, so you'll have them all to yourself. Don't worry, baby.*

*I want that all for us so bad. I wanna be able to wake up and have you beside me. Be able to come home late if ever needed and have you at home. See you playing with Patches. Set up a Christmas tree together, decorate our little home together.*

*I want everything with you.*

*Absolutely everything.*

*It's going to be so real, I'll make sure you don't ever doubt yourself.*

*A grand gesture? Just like those romantic movies, huh? Are you saying you wanna sing a song for me, gorgeous? I think that would be absolutely adorable.*

*Grand gestures are definitely something I've only seen in movies, and a few for people asking others out to prom. I think they'd be cool. I'll probably be taken off guard a little but it would be pretty nice. It's a way to show off how much you love someone. It's romantic.*

*Planning something special for when you get here, baby?*

*I think if you were here I wouldn't have asked you to prom with a grand gesture. It's not very me, but I would make it so special for the both of us! I'd take you out somewhere super nice and we'd do something fun the both of us love, and then I'd ask you out to prom and maybe make a sign or get you a bouquet of daisies. Not sure, but it would be super sweet and I'd hope you'd like that!*

*Gods, don't do this to me, George. I have to go back to studying right after finishing this letter. Don't make me crave you even more. Don't make me wish you were here to help me study and keep me company. Excuse some of the tears stains on the paper. I couldn't help it this time.*

*Sorry, baby. I'm okay, don't worry, I just want to see you badly but I'm the thing stopping us right now. I wish I could've graduated earlier or something.*

*Okay, you made me crack a teary eyed smile. You're simply using me for a personal heater, huh? Idiot. I don't care, use me all you want. I don't think I'd care as long as you're with me. Sorry, I'm not joking back, I got all stupidly emotional.*

*I'll keep you warm as long as you need it.*

*I think you're way more than that. You're the light of my life, you're incredible, you're beautiful, and you're all mine.*

*A cat. Well, looks like I'll have two pretty kitties in my life. Three if we count Cat. But two there will be living with me. I hope you don't fight too much over my attention. Lots of me to go around. Remember that baby.*

*A puppy? I guess calling myself a pup is very fitting. You're embarrassing me though, I didn't even realize I like doing those things. I just get happy and I wanna share things with you, and I don't think much about it when I'm spewing stuff to you. I'm glad you like it though! I'm glad you like all of me. My invisible tail may or may not wag when you compliment me.*

*Okay, okay. Enough about the pup stuff, you little cat.*

*You shoulda seen it coming. You don't get any more of my face until you're here in my arms.*

*Which, by the way, we should discuss. Like when you wanna get here exactly now that we're closer. Obviously I'll pick you up, so all we gotta do is flights and stuff. I guess your parents will help you figure that out, or just you.*

*I'll send another silly little photo of me too don't worry.*

*Dress up, that's adorable. I'd kill to see some of those photos. You and Gracie in dresses and some badly done makeup maybe. Me and Emma used to do tea parties, but being the middle sibling I was pulled to both sides a lot. From Andrew wanting to play football with me, to Emma wanting*

*me to play dolls. I guess I got pretty good at juggling both.*

*All four of us having a play date would be pretty cute. But I think Emma would absolutely love it, even though she's older than Gracie. She loves making others happy.*

*Back to marriage, hm? At this point we thought a lot about our marriage before we were even dating, baby. I think it's appropriate now. The Paris proposal is still on, don't worry. It'll be beautiful.*

*Gods, I'm so proud of you, baby. You look so happy with your diploma. I'm gonna hug you so tightly when I see you. I wanna express how proud of you I am.*

*I- I'm not going to admit to stalking your Instagram here. But you are really cute. And no I don't count that as breaking the rules. It's still only photos of you.*

*You, Gracie and cat look absolutely adorable, like always, and you and Wil as well. I got lots of Brits excited to meet then. I wish you could've met Sapnap, but even I haven't met him. We should totally have him visit us or visit him when we move out. It would be so fucking cool and we could meet him in person together, so it won't just be you worrying about first meetings.*

*George. Oh my gods. That essay is incredible. Every single word. The way you spoke about this fucking journey we've had. I would show you a bit of mine but I'm not even finished yet, and it would be nothing like yours. Maybe when you come here I'll show you it. I'm too shy to show you any of it right now. Not when you shared that masterpiece with me.*

*I think you made me cry again. Dammit, baby, right when I thought I could stop rubbing my eyes.*

*I love you so much.*

*You're the most important person in my life and you'll forever be so.*

*I can't wait to show you how much I adore you in person, and be able to show you everything else I want to.*

*I guess I have to get back to studying now. I wish you were here to keep me awake. But wish me luck on my exams, gorgeous.*

*I love you, I love you, I love you.*

*- your very proud and happy boyfriend*

*P.s. I think I'll cry more when I get that chain, please make it. Maybe it'll make everything more real.*

*P.p.s. You love me? I would've never guessed omg, I love you too George.*

---

His phone was still glowing brightly from where it sat on top of his open textbooks he had previously been reading in an attempt to study.

That attempt had been thrown out of the window the second he had gotten his hands on the letter. Andrew had delivered it with a little smirk plastered across his face before he left back to his dorm for the week.

Dream had ignored the look, simply shouting a “bye” before shutting his door and prying the envelope open.

Now here he was a couple hours later curled up in his desk chair with three papers worth of writing spread out on his desk. He had poured his feelings out more than usual in the letter. Maybe it was due to George writing down how the rules could technically be broken.

That they could speak.

But he had taken the selfish route. He had selfishly decided he couldn't talk to George until his own project was done. And not until they could talk in person. They'd already come this far.

Phone calls would be nice, texting would be nice, but nothing could compare to hearing George in person, in reach of him. And every day was getting him closer to it.

All he had left was these exams, prom, and before he knew he'd have the love of his life in his arms.

His eyes flickered back down onto his phone. There was one rule he had slightly broken.

He couldn't help it.

He reached for it, open on the bright screen was George's Instagram. Technically it wasn't breaking rules when he had already seen George's face. They had exchanged countless photos, so surely looking through his Instagram was no different. It wasn't like he would be commenting or liking or DM-ing him.

It was so hard not to like any photos though.

George was beautiful. So effortlessly beautiful, and all his.

Comparing his own Instagram to George's, there was a bit of a difference. Nothing he would dare complain about it though as he saw his boyfriend in a different light. His own Instagram didn't have his own face on it in general. It was more of the people around him, the latest being Skye who he had had lunch with on the weekend.

At most if he accidentally liked a photo, George wouldn't even see his face aside from a side angle of a photo Emma had taken of him.

George's Instagram on the other hand.

These photos hadn't been taken for him. These photos were what George considered worthy of posting. There were a couple of photos of Wilbur and him. Smiles bright and looking like they had the time of their life together. There were a few photos of George around musical instruments, no doubt photos taken when Lovejoy was practicing.

There were a few younger ones of George too. All bright eyes and gentle smiles.

There was one with another familiar brunet, Gracie, and George posing adorably next to her. A few photos of Cat and Dog scattered throughout as well.

Maybe he'd get to be in there soon. In the collection of people who were so lucky to be around George.

His eyes did linger on one of the photos. It was of George holding a rainbow flag. He looked happy with bright eyes, and Dream knew how he must've felt during that picture. Nervous but excited to finally not hide his true self. This is how George had come out to everyone who knew him aside from family.

It was brave. More than he could ever do, but on the other hand, he wasn't hiding anymore. Just cause he didn't want to announce it didn't mean he was hiding.

All he cared about was being able to be with George at the end of the day. Be able to kiss him as he pleased, hold his hand, be able to live with him and just love him with all his heart.

Humming, he scrolled past, admiring a few more photos, smiling at the little quips of conversation and captions he could spot out before turning his phone off. He needed to finish packing up his letter and maybe he'd be able to send it off.

There was a knock on his door just as he finished tucking the polaroids safely into the letter. The door creaked open as he glanced behind to find Emma poking her head through.

He raised his eyebrows, "What's up?" he hummed, sealing the envelope shut and sticking a smiley face sticker in the middle, just for extra measure.

With slow movements the smaller moved across the room, but he could tell she was wanting to ask something. "Do you need a ride to a friend's house or something?" he asked even before she could open her mouth.

"No! Why do you always think I want you to drive me somewhere?" she huffed, stomping one of

her feet as she halted by his desk. Curious eyes wandering across the wooden surface.

Dream narrowed his eyes playfully, “Did Andrew say no?” he pushed with a small smile.

Emma simply huffed, a punch to his shoulder following. “I... I was wondering if I could come with you when you're mailing George's letter.”

The request surprised him, eyes widening a little. For the past few months, he had always been alone in mailing the letters. It was always just him handing it off to the post office lady with the small prayer of receiving a letter back each time.

“Any particular reason why?”

She simply shook her head. “I wanna keep you company! Before George steals you away to Virginia or wherever.” A small pout present on her face.

That was also surprising. But it was kind of the truth in a way.

“Awe, is Emma gonna miss her big brother?” he cooed while a teasing smile stretched across his face, which only earned him another punch to the shoulder.

“Jeez. When did you get so violent?” he huffed, rubbing his shoulder.

She rolled her eyes. “You're not even the *oldest* brother. But you and Andrew are abandoning me! Even though you weren't supposed to yet. What am I supposed to do at home alone? Andrew only comes back sometimes, and you'll be farther than him!”

It was something he had brushed aside when George had first mentioned Virginia. It was far from Florida. Three states between his hometown and his new life with George.

It was another thing he had been selfish about.

The smile on his face faltered for a moment. “I'm sorry, I just, I guess I got carried away with



planning with George.” he mumbled, running a hand through his hair. “I’m not abandoning you, I swear! I’m going to come visit you guys with or without George no matter what.” The worry had crept into his voice. Did this really seem like abandonment?

But Emma seemed to get upset at his apology. “You idiot. I’m not actually mad. I’m glad you got a boyfriend, you were starting to look lonely anyways.”

His nose wrinkled at the last words, but it wasn’t his focus. “Promise?” he asked softly, sticking his pinkie out.

When they had been younger they had always resorted to pinky promises. It was a sure fire way to keep things from Andrew so they didn’t get in trouble.

A smile spread across his sister's face as she linked their pinkies. “Now come on! I’ll see you in the car!” she huffed, and in a second was gone again.

There was a sense of relief hearing those words. Emma wasn’t going to hate him for this or hate George . He already knew she adored him, so that was good. Maybe he should plan a few visits properly so she would be sure. And the same with George’s family.

Plus Facetime calls also existed.

Quickly, he finished up the letter with a scribble of George’s name and a heart attached to the end.

Outside the car horn went off once, he glanced over at his open window, hearing Emma call out.

“Hurry up, I also want ice cream!” she sang out.

Of course there was a treat at the end. He rolled his eyes, as he grabbed his wallet.

“Quit honking the horn!” Andrew’s voice rose out from inside the house, the clink of a window closing following.

He was definitely going to miss this.

His eyes lingered at the photos scattered across the wall. *“But I wanna see you...”* he mumbled sheepishly to himself.

He had put his whole heart into this letter knowing it was getting even closer to meeting George. Waiting for the reply was going to be even harder knowing George would be at his doorstep in mere weeks.

All he had left was exams and prom, he kept telling himself, and then he’d be in the arms of the love of his life.

It wasn’t fair that the universe had helped them connect and fall in love, but kept them apart for so long.

And here he was staring and talking to photos of his boyfriend across the ocean. *“I’m waiting for you, you know? I’d wait forever if I needed to, but don’t keep me waiting too long, okay?”*

Even if it was ridiculous, he didn’t mind it. It helped talking out loud to himself so he wasn’t burying all his feelings away once again.

For a moment, it didn’t feel like George was miles away from him.

But he was.

*“I miss you. Come home to me soon.”*

## Chapter End Notes

note from tad:

Hello hello !!!!! It’s the first chapter of 2022 woooooooo, I hope everyone day a good new year so far. Thank you again for the continuous support and love you’ve shown

our fic, it means the world to us and we're so glad people continue to enjoy and read. We are so close to 30k hits and it'll be amazing if we hit it with our 30th chapter !!! As Kat mentioned previously there is gonna be a little bigger gap between chapters cause we want to give you the best quality chapters between our busy days, so thank you for your patience <333 hope you enjoyed the chapter :)))

comments and kudos super appreciated!! we love hearing from you guys<3

socials:

[kat's twitter](#)

[tad's twitter](#)

## prom-misses

### Chapter Summary

There was a weight of honesty behind his words, one that felt just as warm as the rays of sunlight that beamed from each green envelope he would open. It was something known, something comfortable.

### Chapter Notes

[fic playlist](#)

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

*Dream,*

*I'm really sorry...*

*I don't think I can do this anymore. It's too much.*

*I'm sorry.*

~~*Please forgive me. I love you.*~~

*- George*

---

He knew it was enough to keep Dream on his toes when he'd sent the letter three days before. He'd sealed it with wax, just like every time before. He'd tucked it into a box of twelve long stemmed red roses, ensuring with the postal service that the package of roses and the letter inside would be handled with care and delivered the day of Dream's prom.

He knew it was somewhat cruel.

He also knew that, as he fastened his seatbelt and was handed a glass of champagne in first class leather seats, that Dream would forgive him. Surely if he showed up in a suit and tie on his boyfriend's doorstep, he'd have to forgive him. Right?

That's what Wilbur had convinced him of at least. He felt like he knew Dream's heart well enough to know that as long as he was keeping his promise of waiting to talk until they'd met in person, that it would be nearly impossible for him to stay mad. There were multiple possibilities of course, really only two.

The first being: Dream would be heartbroken about what the letter said, he'd lock himself in his room or go sit in the famous tree alone, and George would be chasing him around the city all night and ultimately just wait on his front doorstep.

The second being: Dream would be confused but would convince himself that a second letter with better explanation would be coming. Or, he'd immediately call Wilbur and ask for any form of clarification.

Regardless, George knew that going into this, if his timing didn't work out, there'd be far too much explaining to do.

He never lied, though. He didn't lie when he said he couldn't do "this" anymore. He didn't lie when he said it was too much. That was all true, just without clear context. He couldn't stand the distance anymore, it was becoming too much for him to handle. He'd spent the past almost three weeks pacing around his parent's home like a mad man, trying to find any form of serenity in daily tasks.

But there was nothing he found pleasure in doing. Gracie was still off at school every day, his parents were working on some business venture off in Korea, and there were only so many stories that Nanny Beth could talk his ear off with before he'd realized he'd heard them all a million times before.

He tried to ignore the plane beginning to move, quickly gulping down the last bit of his champagne before handing the glass over to one of the attendants. The bubbling alcohol only burned a little bit in his throat as he swallowed it down, letting it calm his nerves as he dared to peer through the small window.

Thoughts of anxiety had been swirling in George's mind for days, weeks even. Thoughts of *what the actual fuck am I doing* coupled with *this is all I could ever wish for*. It had been confusing, to say the least. Maybe that's why he'd sent a confusing letter to Dream as a result. They'd always had a way of feeling the emotions of the other person in what they were writing, the outpour of their beating hearts and teardrops that stained the pages between scribbles of ink.

There was hope that Dream would understand and *feel* that when he received the letter. That he'd consider the roses that came with it and not send himself into a panic.

Dream's hoodie and the thought of finally getting to see him was the only thing keeping George sane. He felt his heartbeat begin to quicken in pace, his veins ran cold with ice, crystalizing as his body turned to stone. There were only seconds left until the distance between the plane and the ground would become exponential, and he believed for just a moment that he'd never see the light of day again.

But as he watched the lines on the ground become smaller and smaller, and watched houses and the city of London turn into nothing more but a cloud covered ocean of sapphire— he felt himself relax. There was a small tingling sensation that began in the tips of his fingers and toes, slowly trickling its way in an almost sparkling fashion as it moved through his limbs. His head felt lighter, more free than it had in a while as that feeling radiated through his body, quickly warming and slowing his heart to a state of peace.

It was *finally* happening. And he was nothing but purely content.

With ten hours alone with his own mind, four new polaroids of the life of someone he was about to step into fully, and a letter filled with nothing but beautiful words and an outpour of love, George found the time passing quickly. The flight attendants would stop by every now and then, refilling his water or offering other beverages as he smiled down at the polaroid of Patches standing on Dream's shoulders.

When they'd brought him his in-flight meal of steak and cous-cous salad, he'd set aside the stack of napkins full of replies to the love of his life. Ramblings about how it was okay for Dream to want to be selfish and wait for them to meet in person, and how he would probably laugh when George would give him the napkins.

There was playful discussion scribbled down about how kisses are better than anything, and how Dream was planning to take his breath away as soon as they could be near each other. Quips about how Dream had stolen his heart months ago and he'd happily let him steal everything from him, so long as he promises to steal him away with it all as well.

He wrote down promises of their future together and how insanely happy he was that they did in fact get blessed with their timeline with each other as some movie played in french through his headphones. He congratulated Dream further about coming out to his parents and them being so loving and accepting of him, and even more so about how the blonde's mother had been giddy about their relationship with each other... their "love story", as Dream had called it.

The last napkin he wrote on was tucked away safely with the others after four and a half hours of flying before George pulled a somewhat terribly thin blanket over himself and reclined his seat back. He'd gotten on a flight that left incredibly early in the morning, ensuring that with flying time and the difference in time zones, that he'd arrive with plenty of time for his plan to work out.

As his vision blurred into black, he pressed play on his playlist that had been curated just for Dream, and let sleep overtake him as he thought about the last napkin note.

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*My baby,*

*I'm on the airplane right now to come see you, and you have no idea. But what I know is that you promised that 4,336 miles wouldn't keep us apart for much longer. So this is my promise that you are right and that I want nothing but you for the rest of my life. I'm keeping your promise to meet in person before we talk, I'm keeping my promise to let you be my first everything.*

*So let me promise you this as well. I promise I didn't mean to scare you, and that my intent was to make up for it with this. I love you so much and I can't wait to finally be in your arms. You are my entire world, you are the love of my life. I don't regret this.*

*- your loving boyfriend*

---

A gentle shake to his shoulder is what pulled him from a dreamless sleep, making him blink against dull light in an attempt to make out the face of the kind woman speaking softly to him. "We're preparing to land, sir. I apologize for waking you, but I do need your seat upright and your seatbelt fastened."

"Of course, no, thank you. I appreciate it." he replied curtly, nodding at her with a smile before quickly moving to adjust his seat.

Hesitance. Small bolts of lightning shooting through his fingertips as he looked to the closed window next to him. It was just a thin piece of plastic, something easy to move yet weighted with the possibility of palm trees and sparkling water. A cover, a shield, a protection from the world he'd only known between scribbled down daisies and words drenched in adoration. A world he'd been wanting to be a part of for over almost nine months.

A world that came into view in all of its early morning glory as he lifted the shield and let everything come into view. Dazzling sun glittered off of tall buildings while pools of aqua dotted each individual backyard. Cars drove on the wrong side of the road as they sped past each other and moved between lanes, humans appeared as ants before they came into fuller view as the plane dipped lower in the sky.

And soon enough, they were on the ground.

He wasn't in London surrounded by familiarity and comfort, he was in Orlando surrounded by awe and wondrous new things. He wouldn't be picked up by one of his father's drivers and taken back to his familiar home to be greeted with sweets from his sister. He wouldn't be offered tea from Nanny Beth and a welcoming handshake from his father while his mother ruffled his hair. There was no one waiting for him.

But that's what made it all more exciting.

For the first time in a long time, maybe forever, he didn't feel scared or anxious. He felt adrenaline coursing through his veins, igniting a new sense of belonging as he pulled his backpack over his shoulders and was escorted off the plane.

Everything around him was loud, buzzing in his ears until he fell numbingly deaf to the bustling crowds surrounding him. It wasn't scary, per se, more overwhelming in a sense. He wasn't quite sure of where to go, or what to do. He'd done the hard part, gotten on the plane and wished Wilbur a farewell before he swallowed his fears. He'd given Gracie a kiss on the forehead and left her a little note to let her know he'd be home in a few weeks, and Nanny Beth had squeezed him tightly and wished him luck.

So he let his feet move on their own, mindlessly guiding him with the movement of the crowd until he was surrounded by baggage claims and signs leading to different zones for rideshare pickup and families holding each other tightly. There were hundreds of life stories surrounding him, thousands of reasons why people were coming and going with bags over their shoulders and phones pressed to their ears, millions of tears and smiles haunting the pillars and walkways. And yet, his was the most exciting story he'd be leaving the airport with.



As he finally found his bags and made his way out to the station where Uber drivers were waiting to accept rides, George was hit with the realization of just how close he was to Dream. There wasn't over four thousand miles separating them anymore, there wasn't an ocean and the impossibility of talking keeping them apart, there wasn't even a full length letter still making its way between them.

"He got the roses, George. He's really nervous and confused right now." Wilbur's static lined voice mumbled lowly as George seated himself in an Uber, nodding politely to the driver that asked if the address for the hotel was correct.

"You spoke to him?"

"No", Wilbur said with a sigh, fumbling with something before continuing, "I was rehearsing with the band, but my voicemail is filled with him asking questions. Do you want me to call him and tell him not to panic?"

He thought on it for a moment, considered the anxious words that would have been left sitting in Wilbur's phone and the worry he was causing. But then again, "No, if anything I'd say just shoot him a quick text telling him you'll call him later and that he should focus on having a good prom."

It ached his heart to know that Dream was so worried, and even more so that he was the cause of it. He loved him more than he could even comprehend, and he just hoped that Wilbur's message would be enough to hold Dream off for a few hours until George could get the long flight showered off and get himself changed into his suit.

"He just responded, that was fast. I think the guy must just be staring at his phone right now."

"What did he say?" George asked, glancing out of the Uber's window to look up at passing palm trees with thin beams of light piercing between their leaves as they swayed in a gentle wind.

"He said 'please just tell me if he's okay'. What do you want me to say?"

"Just..." he paused, watching a large hotel come into view that looked all too familiar from the website he'd visited with Wil to book it. "Tell him that I'm okay, and that I love him."

As his driver pulled into the roundabout and parked, hotel ushers moved to the car to open George's door and take his bags from the boot. George stepped out of the vehicle, feeling as if he was melting under the heat of the heavily humidified air. He felt the weight of it all, he felt the weight of Dream's presence only a few miles away, he felt *everything*.

"He said 'Tell him I love him and that I'm sorry if I did something wrong. Please call me later when you can, I'm still really worried.', do you want me to say anything else?" Wilbur's voice was caring, he didn't sound annoyed or bothered in any way, and George found solace in knowing his friend was only trying to care for him and his insane endeavor.

"No, that's alright. Thank you Wil, I really do appreciate you."

"Of course, now go meet your boyfriend! I'll call you tomorrow, cheers." Wil said excitedly, laughing a little to himself.

"I will, cheers."

The line was disconnected as George was ushered through Gold lined double doors that already felt too extravagant. Men and women in matching get ups that lead him to the front desk with his bags as he checked in and was handed key cards, those same people following him to the elevator and ultimately to his room where they dropped off his belongings. Perfectly white and plush bedding was on full display while the Florida sun beamed through the open drapes that lead out to a quaint little balcony.

It was all beautiful, and when he was left alone with the signifying click of the lock on the door, all he could do was collapse onto the bed with heavy breaths. He was there. He was *finally* there. And he'd never been more grateful in his life to be staring at a ceiling that wasn't his own.

---

*My darling boyfriend,*

*I am sitting in another Uber now, they're driving me to your home. I am less than ten minutes away from you, and you have no idea. I can't lie, I'm kind of terrified right now. The only thing comforting me is knowing that no matter how scared I am, I'll still have your arms wrapped around me in the end.*

*I really hope this was all worth it, no... I know this was all worth it. You are worth it, everything. You mean more to me than anything ever has in my entire life, you are the one thing I am absolutely sure of and know you always will be.*

*God, I'm about to see your smile and I can't fucking wait. I love you so damn much.*

*This isn't breaking the rules for you either. You've taken your final exams. It's time.*

*- Your very nervous and excited boyfriend*

---

It was something scribbled down in his notebook that used to reside between his bed and the wall in his room at home. That notebook that was filled with random thoughts and things from before that he'd been too afraid to say, ramblings never meant for anyone but himself. In reality, he never thought he'd get this far. He thought he'd be lucky for Dream to even become a good enough friend to *maybe* see in the future at some point.

Falling in love and planning every step of their future together was something insane, it was something written by people in cheesy romantic stories that had no form of realistic view to them at all. There was never a way that *he* would be lucky enough to find something like that, that was until he looked out the window as the car he was in sped along and caught a glimpse of a tree that looked all too familiar.

*He was closer than he thought.*

Tucking his notebook back into his satchel, he ran his hands over his suit jacket again and again, smoothing out any wrinkles he could find. His buttons were triple checked, tie loosened and straightened and tightened once more.

As the driver made twists and turns down side streets and neighbourhoods, George was quickly overcome but just how *real* everything was. When he was back in his hotel room, his head had felt like it was floating. He had been caught in a state of limbo of sorts where his mind and body were pulling him along like a puppet. Invisible strings guiding his movements as he showered and dressed in his suit.

It had all been a blur. Every second leading up to the car he was in pulling up to a house with a

door that *looked* like it was red, while an old car sat in the driveway and the front curtains were pulled closed. A home that Dream lived in, slept in, wrote letters in. A home that housed the only heart he ever wanted to hold.

“This look right, kid?” the driver asked, pulling his attention away from the front door briefly.

“Apologies, is that door red? Sorry, I’m colourblind.” he said meekly, clenching his fists around the strap for his satchel as he looked to his driver.

“Sure is. Is it supposed to be?” the man asked with a slight laugh, turning his head back to face George. “Woah, you okay there? Look like you’ve seen a ghost.”

George pulled a hand to his face, feeling the stark temperature change between his warmed cheeks and no-doubtedly pale and exasperated expression. He took a deep breath, letting it out heavily as he nodded to the man, blinking away at forming pools of tears as he smiled.

“I’m meeting my boyfriend for the first time today.” he managed out, immediately comforted by the kind smile spreading across his driver’s face.

“Perk up now, this is exciting! Not scary, plus you’ve got the whole suit getup going for ya.”

George smoothed his hands over his blazer once again, laughing lightly as he wiped away a tear that managed to stray. “You’re right, I know. I’m still just nervous. We met through a school project where we had to be pen-pals, we could only write letters and couldn’t have any other form of communication. I just... I didn’t expect to fall in love with him.”

“Hey now,” the man started, reaching back as he turned more in his seat to place his hand on George’s knee. “there is nothing to be nervous about. You know, I used to have a pen-pal a long time ago. We spoke through emails instead of letters, but I still have them all printed off and saved in a special folder. It was one of the best times of my life.”

George couldn’t help but smile up at the man, sniffing as he pursed his lips. “Can I ask what happened? You said you *used* to be pen-pals.”

“Well, kid... I married her. Have two kids too, they’re my pride and joy.”

He found himself smiling even wider if it was even humanly possible, laughing lightly with the man as he pointed to small pictures sitting on his dashboard. One of him and a lovely woman, the other of two small children sitting in pumpkins with holes carved out for their feet to stick through. They were a beautiful family, one that had lived an entirely different life all on their own, creating memories and capturing them to keep close forever.

“Thank you. I needed that.”

The man patted his knee once more, turning back around in his seat as he readjusted his seatbelt. “Go on now, I’m sure he’s dying to meet you. Don’t keep him waiting.”

After parting with a simple goodbye and nod, George stepped out of the car with his satchel over his shoulder. He made sure to leave a tip way too big for any simple Uber ride, but thought the man deserved nothing but the best to treat his family with hopefully that weekend.

And then, he was faced with the task at hand. He took a deep breath, taking one step further onto the sidewalk. Then another, and another, and another. One foot after the other, he made his way up the walkway that led to the front door. A door that was the last thing separating him from the person he’d been wanting for *so* long. The one person that made his world feel like it was on fire, the one person that pulled a star from the heavens just for him. *His* person.

Before he could even fathom what he was doing, he heard the sound of his own knuckles knocking against the wood that laid under a shade of crimson paint he couldn’t see but could *feel* the colour of. And he waited, pacing his breathing and feeling it hitch in his throat as he heard footsteps coming from the other side of the barricade between them. He watched a brass handle turn while hinges moved in on themselves, allowing the door to swing open.

“Hello?”

He wasn’t Dream. He was tall, yes. But his hair was darker, there was unshaved stubble dotting his chin and upper lip while dark eyes and a furrowed brow stared confusedly towards George. He wasn’t old enough to be Dream’s father, which only meant...

“Andrew?”

The man in front of him cocked his brow and tilted his head to the side at the mention of the name

that George had assumed belonged to him. George watched him fold his arms as he leaned against the doorframe, and adjusted the strap on his satchel nervously.

“That’s my name, don’t wear it out. Do I know you?” he asked. *Arrogant.*

“Not exactly... Is Dr- Is Clay here?” he caught himself, remembering that his own family called him by his given name.

But there was a shift. Andrew stood back up straight, letting his arms drop to his sides as he eyed George with a more curious look than the prideful smirk that had previously graced his face.

“Wait... George?” he asked, stepping forwards.

“Yeah, actually. How did you...?”

“The accent, and Clay has, like, a million pictures of you. What– Wait... What are you doing here?” he questioned further, curiosity becoming him.

“I didn’t want to wait any longer. I couldn’t... It was– It was all becoming too much. The distance was killing me.”

“You know, you could have worded that better in your little letter to him. Kid’s been heartbroken all day. He thought you might be breaking up with him, but the roses were confusing with that theory as well.” Andrew combated with a sigh, holding his arm out to lead inside of their home. George was hesitant, not willing to enter the home that belonged to the person he loved without meeting him first.

“I–”

“He’s not here. Wait, shit... he’s not here. Fuck! Emma!” Andrew exclaimed, turning back to face through the open doors. George felt his heart sink at the knowledge that Dream wasn’t home. He knew he was going to be cutting it close with showing up in time to date crash for Dream’s prom, but he’d been too late.

A small voice yelled back through the home, echoing a ‘what, loser?’ before Andrew was shouting back to have her bring him his car keys. Words fell numb on his ears as he felt his bones turn to stone. Dream was supposed to be home. This was supposed to work out in a way where he could

mend a bruised heart as quickly as possible. Yet his own heart felt like it was racing fast enough to beat out of his chest, sputtering his breathing as he felt his mind fog over. Dream wasn't there. He'd missed him.

*He'd missed him.*

Small arms wrapping around his waist and a following joyous laugh shook him from his overthinking. As he looked down, he saw a long mop of blonde hair resting against his sternum, and he knew immediately who it was. As the world came back into view and his senses calmed themselves, he brought a hand up to pat against the top of her hair. "Hi Emma."

She pulled back, holding her hands to her mouth in awe. "George, oh my God! Wait, shit... Don't tell Clay I hugged you before he got to, he'll kill me."

That comment alone made him laugh enough to relax back into reality. "I won't, don't worry." he finally replied, smirking at her giggles as he watched Andrew stride back towards them hurriedly, keys in hand.

He looked panicked, almost. His eyes were full of something George couldn't quite read. Hurry, stress bordering on anxiety maybe? It was confusing, and while Emma was practically bouncing where she stood as she commented on his accent sounding funny, Andrew looked like the world would end if he didn't lock the front door fast enough.

"We need to go. Now." Andrew said shortly, whipping past them both while grabbing Emma's hand and using his other to tug on George's arm.

"Where are we going?" Emma asked as she was pulled towards the car with both of them, the grasp on George's arm relinquished as he stumbled behind and the back door was open for the youngest of their family to get in.

"The high school. Clay is already at prom, we have to get there, *now*."

Before Emma could even get her seatbelt strapped across her chest, Andrew was closing her door and ushering George towards the front seat. He already felt strange sitting in the seat that a driver normally would, even more so as the seat below him creaked and he was able to admire the small trinkets hanging from the rearview mirror while stickers from different bands and other states were plastered across the dashboard.

The car started with a low rumble, sputtering and clicking a few times before the engine fully roared to life and music started blasting from the speakers. Andrew was quick to turn it down, apologizing as he pulled on his own seatbelt. “That’s alright, you really don’t have to drive me there. I can wait, or I can call another Uber.” George commented as the car started backing out of the driveway.

“Hell no. My brother has been waiting too damn long to meet you, and I can get you to him quicker than anyone else can.” his voice was still heated and full of surety, and something sparked in George in that moment that made him realize—

“You really love your brother, don’t you?”

Andrew let out a sigh, glancing in the rearview mirror to smile back at Emma before turning to flash that same smile at George. “Not as much as you do, I’m sure. But I’ve put the kid through hell because I’ve just…” he paused, quickly turning around a sharp corner as he eyed an upcoming red light. “I just want the best for him, I always have. And right now, I think that’s you.”

There was a weight of honesty behind his words, one that felt just as warm as the rays of sunlight that beamed from each green envelope he would open. It was something known, something comfortable. Something that flashed in Andrew’s eyes as he sped through lights flashing yellow and swerved around other cars that were going too slow for his liking.

Sure, normally George would be terrified for his own life when traveling at the hands of someone that moved them with such recklessness, but as he saw that *love* Andrew held for his brother in the way his knuckles clenched white around the steering wheel, he felt safe. He felt safe in knowing that Emma’s ramblings about all of their plans together were because she was genuinely excited that he was finally there too. He felt safe in knowing that *this* was the family that loved and cared for Dream. The family he’d already been welcomed into with open arms and smiling faces.

It felt like home. Home could be a place of safety, walls well known that housed beds and photographs full of memories. But *home* was a sense of belonging. It was the feeling of seeing sparkles in someone’s eyes when they saw you and wrapped their arms around you. It was the sweet saccharine flavours of chocolate covered strawberries on a springtime picnic when cherry blossom’s petals would dance in the breeze and settle atop dew drop coated grass. It was a feeling of belonging, and knowing that he felt safe with his second family.

“Shit, you don’t have any cash yet, huh?” Andrew questioned, pulling the world into view as George noticed they were parked in front of the entryway to a high school. They were there, Dream was even closer, he was going to see him.



“Um, American money? No. Do I need some?” he asked, watching as Andrew fumbled around for his wallet.

A simple twenty dollar bill was pulled between the folds of distressed leather and extended out to him. “Yeah, you gotta have a ticket to get in, and I think they were, like, fifteen bucks or something.”

“You do—”

“Stop, take the fucking money and go see my brother.” Andrew interrupted, making Emma giggle more from the back seat.

“Andrew thinks he’s a matchmaker right now.” she teased, kicking against the back of her brother’s seat. George took the money, tucking it into his pocket before pulling out his own wallet.

“No, don’t pay me back, just go.” Andrew protested. George pulled a twenty pound note from his own wallet, watching both Andrew and Emma’s eyes glow wildly as they admired the note he knew to be purple.

“You sure?” he asked, waving it lightly in the air. Emma lurched forward and snatched it from his grasp, falling back in her seat to admire it as Andrew exclaimed mild protest. He shook his head, smiling to himself before turning back to George.

“Your money is cool as shit, but really, go see Clay. Kid’s been a wreck, he loves you, just go to him already.” the words were said with sincerity as a firm hand clapped against his shoulder.

George pulled out another twenty pound note, setting it against Andrew’s thigh before unbuckling his seatbelt. “For you to show off to your friends, and since *Emma* stole the other one.” he scolded mockingly, reaching for his bag.

“Leave it, I’m sure we’ll be seeing you very soon. I’ll put it in Clay’s room when we get home, and I promise Emma won’t go through it.”

George nodded, dropping the strap. He took a deep breath, steadying his hand as he found the handle on the door and pushed it open. His legs were shaky as he moved himself out of the front seat, still feeling unstable on American soil. He bent down slightly, peering back into the car one last time. “Thank you, both of you.”

He wasn’t sure how long he waited for Andrew’s car to disappear from view, he wasn’t even sure when he’d walked through a balloon lined doorway to stand in front of a table with teachers sitting and waiting to take tickets. Handing over the money he’d been given turned into an even trade with a stamp being pressed against his hand, and welcome arms were soon enough gesturing towards the entrance to a gym down the hallway.

Streamers were strung over and around the doors while balloons and confetti littered the walls and floors. Music was blaring and echoing around him while flashes of beaming light were reflecting off the floors of the dark room he was slowly approaching. Closer, closer, closer. Ten steps, five, two.

George stopped the second he saw flashes of technicolored gowns and black suits dancing in the gym, and turned away from the entrance to press his back against the wall that barricaded him from the reality of *Dream* being in there.

His matching bracelet burned against his wrist while the golden pin with the letter D pierced into his heart. The wall behind his back felt like it could crumble at any given second, dissolving the protective barrier that he’d gotten too comfortable with without realizing it. Before all of this, before he’d ever gotten on a plane, before he’d decided that the future was now, he was so sure. He was so positive that the world would *finally* feel like it wasn’t on fire anymore.

But now, with less than ten feet between himself and revelation, he felt like he couldn’t breathe. Smoke swirled in his lungs and clouded his head, his chest ignited with the terrifying weight of *what the fuck am I doing?* It was suffocating, pulling him into a darkness that swirled with torment as he considered his own insanity. There was nothing he was actually prepared for, everything had been done on a whim and out of pure adrenaline. And now, now he was sinking deeper and deeper, unable to breathe, unable to think, melting into the brick wall as he—

“Hi.”

George peeled his eyes open, blinking against the luminosity of overhead LED’s. There was a girl next to him, donning a puffy blue gown covered in ruffles and small sparkling stones. Her hair was darker than her eyes, and she was smiling at him as if she’d known him forever.

“Hi.” he replied shortly, letting his senses come back from the numbness that had overtaken them.

“You takin’ a breather too?” she asked, letting out a heavy breath. George smirked lightly to himself, tipping his chin up to blink away any tears that had begun to form.

“Something like that. Haven’t even gone in yet and I already feel... overwhelmed.”

He looked back to the girl, lolling his head to the side as he kept it anchored to the wall. There was confusion pinching between her eyebrows as she scrunched her nose lightly, *confusion*. “Wait, say something again.” it wasn’t so much demanding as it was investigative.

“Um, I just got here?” he repeated, watching confusion melt into surprise in her eyes.

“Your voice. You’re not from here, you’re...”

“Surprising a friend, yeah. Well, not exactly a friend. Something more, I don’t know, I’ve never m—”

“George?” she questioned, quickly interrupting him as she pushed herself away from the wall. She moved to stand in front of him, reaching out to wrap her dainty hands around his wrists with care, something gentle.

“Y-yeah. How...?” It was his turn to be confused as he searched her eyes for any indication as to how she could have possibly known who he was. And then, like a wave crashing against the shore during high tide after the calm of a raging storm, his head breached the surface and the realization hit him. “Skye?”

“Oh my God.”

“Oh my *God*.” he repeated, finding himself laughing as her lips curled into a smile.

Dream had said they’d picked out a blue dress for her, and even though the polaroids didn’t do her justice, he finally recognized the soft features and kind eyes he’d seen her make an appearance in. She was lovely, looking radiant in her gown as she smiled and laughed along with him.

“You’re here? What are you doing here? I– Oh my god... That letter you sent Clay, with the roses. And– Oh my *God*... you’re evil.” she teased, and he found a newfound weight lifted off his chest as soon as he realized just how easy it was to talk to her.

“Look, I didn’t mean for it to be cruel. I just... I wanted to surprise him.” he defended callously, rolling his eyes at his own stupidity. “I hoped that sending it with the roses would imply that, but–”

“It’s fine. He’s been a little bit of a nervous wreck, but it’s gonna be fine. I think the second he sees you, he’ll forget about anything he was upset about. Oh my God... Wait, you haven’t seen him yet. George, we need to go in there, come on!” she started, frantically tugging at his wrists in an attempt to pull him away from the wall.

But his legs felt like stone, cemented where he stood even though every force in the universe was pulling him, urging him to break through the threshold and finally, *finally*, have his forever in his arms.

“Skye, wait.” he protested, anchoring his back to the brick wall once again. She relaxed her grasp, moving her hands up his sleeves until they rested atop his shoulders.

“George, Clay and I have gotten really close over the past few months. In fact, I’d probably consider him one of my closest friends. When I tell you that mother fucker never shuts the hell up about you, I mean it. He’s in love with you, he’s been waiting for you since the first day he ever received a letter from you, and I don’t want to see him wait anymore. There’s nothing to be scared of, George. Let yourself be happy.”

It was comforting. Knowing that someone that had become such a big part of his boyfriend’s life was so enthralled in the idea of his happily ever after. Dream had *people* that cared about him, loved him. He was sure it was impossible that anyone could ever love Dream as much as he did, but that comfort still remained in the knowledge that there were others out there that saw him just as brightly as he did. A ray of sunlight in the lives of others.

“I want to, I promise. And I will let you take me to him in just a second, but I’m still just trying to figure out if this is all real or not.”

Skye smiled lightly at him, pulling one of her hands from his shoulders to reach into a hidden pocket on her dress. She pulled out her phone, tapping across the screen until she was scrolling

through text messages. “Here, look at this, and then tell me it’s not real.”

George hesitantly pulled the phone from her grasp, carefully turning it in his hand until the words were ringing in his ears as he read them.

*Clay: Skye, what the fuck is this?*

*-Clay sent an image-*

*Clay: please help*

*Clay: i don’t know what the fuck i did wrong*

*Clay: look at this letter, am i crazy?*

*-Clay sent an image-*

*Clay: he sent it with roses, skye*

*Clay: what the fuck does this mean? is he breaking up with me?*

*Clay: i can’t lose him, skye, i can’t fucking lose him.*

*Clay: can u come over? i can’t fucking breathe right now*

*Skye: deep breaths dude, i’ll be there in ten*

*Clay: please, thank u*

*Clay: i’m so scared, please, i need him. Skye i love him, i can’t lose him. please tell me i haven’t lost him.*

*Skye: i’m in your driveway*

*Clay: just come in, i’m in my room*

It was panic texting, something he'd done himself a hundred times before with Wilbur, something that felt all too familiar. "He was terrified that he lost you. Andrew and I talked him through it and convinced him that everything was going to be okay. He called your friend a million times and finally got a text back saying that you were okay and that you loved him, so he's been a little more okay since then."

"He's in there? He's in that room?" George asked, handing the phone back to her. He felt ready, even if he wasn't actually, he *felt* ready. He *needed* Dream in his arms. He *needed* Dream to know *just* how much he loved him. He needed Dream to know he was *with him*, and that he always would be.

"He is, and I think you should let me introduce you two."

George let out a sigh, flattening his palms over his suit one last time to make sure everything was smooth. Skye reached up, straightening his tie for him and running her painted fingers over his pin as she smiled to herself. She turned to the side, popping out her elbow for him to take. With another deep breath, he linked his arm with hers, turning to face in the same direction as her.

"I'm sorry for date crashing, by the way," he mumbled, receiving a small giggle from her as she rolled her head around in preparation to walk them into the dance.

"Honestly, if I learned anything from Clay rejecting my attempt at asking him out, it's that I wanted something like what you two have. Plus, the other girls on my cheer squad were super comforting afterwards, and I think I may *like* one of them," she replied without hesitation.

"Wait... Are you?"

"Yeah, I think so, maybe bi... I don't quite know yet. But I do know one thing."

He turned his head to meet her eyes, smiling softly. "And what's that?"

"It's time for you to meet your *Dream*."

note from kat:

cliffhanger pog! hi guys, thanks for reading :] our boys are so close! literally. like, holy shit. thank you guys for your support with this story holy fuck, it means the world to us! this is a pre-emptive celebration for 30k hits, cause once this chapter drops for yall we will hit it!! stay tuned for more irl chapters soon <3 (shoutout to ry irysssss, i'm assuming you're gonna be dm'ing me about your prediction when you read this lol)

comments and kudos hella appreciated, i love hearing from you guys <3

socials:

[kat's twitter](#)

[tad's twitter](#)

## roses & crowns

### Chapter Summary

Joshua remained silent, and as Dream sat looking up at the night sky, there was an apology at the tip of his tongue wanting to take the words back.

Instead, Joshua beat him to it. “Do you regret it?”

### Chapter Notes

:)

[fic playlist](#)

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

*Dear George,*

*It's the day of prom.*

*I didn't think I'd not want to go.*

*But you made it so much harder.*

---

The world felt cold for the first time in months and uncertainty coursed through him for the first time in weeks.

The red roses were ingrained in his mind. Every petal and every word in that small note circling his mind.

*I'm sorry.*



*I can't do this anymore.*

The words had been crossed out at the end, but it didn't ease the worry in his heart. George had written them out. He had felt like that nonetheless, and had sent it knowing he would see it.

It had left his hands trembling, it was like cotton had been stuffed in his ears as the world muted around him, and he was surrounded by nothing but a numbing silence. He could only read George's words over and over again. In the cursive writing he had come to adore, George had written he couldn't do it anymore.

When they had been *so* close. So close to closing the distance.

When he had first read the words, his immediate thought had been that he had said something wrong in his letter. There was a desperate urge to re read his own words, to find what he had said wrong or if he had hurt George in some way.

But there was only one letter, and he had sent it with all his love to George an ocean away.

There was another possible meaning. Maybe George simply was tired of not being together. Too tired to evoke his feelings in words at the moment, maybe that's what the letter meant— and he would receive a longer, more love-filled letter in a few days.

*Or*, George didn't love him. That was the negative part overtaking his thoughts. But it seemed so unlikely with everything they had shared in their countless letters. It seemed impossible even.

There was a tug on his arm, pulling Dream's gaze away from his phone to see Joshua smiling at him softly. There was clear concern in his eyes, but also assurance.

"You okay, Clay?"

It had been impossible to keep the situation from him when he and Skye had arrived to prom late and a lack of excitement haunted his face.

Dream managed a short nod. “Just waiting for Skye, she went out for a bit.”

He had nearly not even showed up. It would have been too much. He couldn’t do it knowing George was upset back in England having sent him a letter like that.

All Dream had wanted to do was sit in his bed and write a letter filled with everything he felt. That he felt *so much* for George and that he knew George had once felt the same. And that he still had to feel the same. Right? Because feelings didn’t magically disappear unless they were never there from the start.

But George wasn’t that sort of person. George was sweet and caring. He cared for his friends and family. He wouldn’t play with someone’s emotions.

They loved each other.

“Are you going to stand in this corner all night?” Joshua asked, eyebrows raised, tugging him gently. “Let’s at least get some food, man.”

The last thing he wanted to be was to be a drag for his friends. He had chosen to come to prom, despite George’s letter. He thought he could do this, but Skye had left to get some air and Joshua was looking at him like he could break at any moment.

This wasn’t how it was supposed to go.

He pushed himself off the wall, shoving his phone into the pocket of his dress pants. His eyes fell on the blue tie that hung down against his chest, holding his breath for a moment as he considered it’s reasoning for being there. Skye had chosen it to match her dress, but for him all that mattered was that it would stick out to George when he sent him photos of tonight.

He still was going to. They already had taken pictures before entering, and polaroids of him and Skye awaited him once he dropped her off.

This blue tie he had bought with George in thought, even Skye’s dress reminded him of George. Maybe they should’ve gone with the golden one she had chosen first. Maybe then he would be able to stand to be at the prom a little more.

---

*Dear George,*

*What do the roses mean?*

*Does it mean you love me?*

*Does it mean you still want me?*

*Why didn't you send a full letter back?*

---

Even when he had stood outside Skye's front door, he felt numb to everything around him. The sky could have been falling and he didn't know if he would've reacted.

The call for his name dragged him back out from under his emotions. Skye standing in the door away, hair perfectly curled and a blue gown fitted to her body perfectly. She looked gorgeous.

But he felt empty as he whispered a soft compliment and Skye smiled at him brightly. The camera flashes felt too bright as her parents took a few photos just as his own had done, before Andrew had urged him off telling him not to worry.

That George loved him.

Did he?

Maybe he should have told Skye he wanted to stay home and hide from the world.

"Come on."

There was another tug to his arm as he was urged forward by Joshua. The food awaited them on the other side of dancing couples and friends smiling brightly at each other.

Maybe it was a little appropriate for him to spend his last school event upset after how it had first gone without George.

Watching the couples dance together in a messy fashion hurt in a worse way. It took him back to the moment of reading George's letter. He remembered how hard he had smiled when George had suggested playing music and dancing in their apartment.

All he could imagine was finally being able to press his hands into George's waist. How he could pull him close and smile against his lips when he kissed him softly. All he could think was about sharing soft smiles as they rocked to gentle music in the middle of their own home.

He was so sure George imagined the same as him.

His words always carried so much love, surely they had to be for real.

They had spoken about their first night together. Bodies pressed together as they slept down on a mattress across the floor. Nothing but a blanket covering them while Patches settled down at the end of the mattress.

Dream had imagined so much with George, he was the only one he wanted.

They were supposed to lose track of time and grow old while lost in each other's eyes. He was supposed to be able to hold George close when he came home from mundane outings in town. They were supposed to explore Virginia together and begin something new.

It was supposed to be *them*.

---

*Dear the love of my life,*

*I wish this letter was something else...*

---

“Did you ditch your date?” Dream found himself asking as he and Joshua finally reached the tables. There was an abundance of food, people piling little plates and humming to music.

He wondered what George would’ve picked to eat if he could’ve come here earlier. Would George have ever doubted them if he had let him visit for Valentine’s? It was a selfish decision that was continuing to haunt him.

His fingers came down to his wrist, pushing up dark fabric to stare down at his matching bracelet with George. The blue string intertwined with green seemed to glow even brighter in the dimmed light.

Would George be wearing his? Maybe the pin Gracie had gifted him was glowing softly on his bedside table? Would he still be wearing it despite not wanting him?

“Oh, no. I don’t have a date. I didn’t want one.”

He hummed, watching Joshua pile a plate with random treats for themselves.

The room felt even stuffier than before as he glanced around, tugging at the tie around his neck, collar sticking out awkwardly. “Can we eat outside?” he asked softly.

Joshua studied him for a moment before nodding, “Yeah. Let’s use the back door so no one sees, but if you want to leave, you know I’m not gonna judge you, man. It’s fine if you don’t wanna be here.”

Dream shook his head. George wouldn’t want him to ruin his night with negative thoughts. George would’ve urged him to stay and to wait for him to be ready to talk. “I just need some air. Plus, I owe Skye a dance. I’m not going to ditch her.” Skye didn’t deserve that.

As soon as they stepped outside he felt a little better, but the loneliness settled into his bones as distance filled his mind. The cold air hit his flushed cheeks as they settled down on the concrete steps that led out to their open track field, beckoning tears to fall.

They sat side by side, munching on too-sweet brownies and salt and vinegar chips that covered half the plate. Joshua rambled on about his summer plans as Dream contemplated wanting to chime in, but his plans seemed farther away than usual.

Far just like George.

The unobtainable.

“Do you think I should have waited until I met him to confess?”

The words had been circulating his mind for hours now. Maybe it would’ve been easier to show him how much he loved him in person. Maybe he could’ve avoided this. Maybe they would have been both spared some heart ache.

Joshua remained silent, and as Dream sat looking up at the night sky, there was an apology at the tip of his tongue wanting to take the words back.

Instead, Joshua beat him to it. “Do you regret it?”

He didn’t think he regretted confessing, he still didn’t even though he didn’t know what had gone wrong for George. If it was the rush of everything that had happened, or the worry if *this* could even happen.

He didn’t regret confessing his feelings in the form of a letter, it felt the safest that way. Those were words he had written for George and only George. Only for George to read and to respond to.

So Dream shook his head. “No, I don’t regret it. I won’t regret it until I know what he meant by the roses and note.”

Joshua hummed. “Listen, what you and George have is something entirely different. It’s not like

your last relationship, it's not like any relationship *I've* had. It's different, but special, and it made the both of you happy when you confessed in your letters. Sure, maybe it would've been clearer in person, but obviously the universe wanted you to meet this way. I think you'll be alright, man. Quit thinking so hard." There was a hand on his shoulder, squeezing gently.

"Now before you worry yourself into an early grave, do you wanna head back in? One last dance before we ditch this thing?"

Joshua had made fair points. They had met like this and maybe it was meant to be for them to confess just like they had exchanged their first 'hello's'.

Maybe the universe had one last plan to cause them heartache.

He leaned back on his hands, glancing up at the sky that was filled with twinkling stars. One of the stars out there was George's. And if he didn't have George in his arms, at least he could admire his star from afar.

---

*Dear George,*

*Skye convinced me to go to prom, I hope you're still waiting for me.*

*I'll write a letter back when I'm back from prom.*

---

*Earlier that day:*

The number saved in his phone had come to mind right away. When he had finished staring at the package in disbelief, after he had torn it apart and searched for a longer letter that never existed, Wilbur had come to mind right away.

Wilbur, in that moment, had felt like his saving grace.

He'd grabbed his phone and hit the number only to find it bringing him to voicemail every single time. His frustrations and worries had easily started to grow as his only quick contact with George wasn't going through.

Did George tell Wilbur not to answer either?

That would've been too cruel, but a possibility nonetheless. Who wanted their past love to contact their best friend over and over again?

But did he really deserve *no* answer?

Nonetheless, every time Wilbur failed to pick up the call and he heard that voicemail, he left one more for him. His voice trembled as he clutched onto his phone and met Andrew's eyes from across his room.

Shaky words leaving his raw lips. Questions about what this meant, if George was okay, if he had done something wrong unknowingly. The voicemails filled with every possibility and every worry on his mind.

And he continued until Skye gently took his phone out of his hands until the familiar sound of a text coming through echoed in the silent room.

He pulled his phone back into his hands, missing the look Andrew and Skye shared as he clutched the phone tightly to see who it was.

"It's Wilbur."

In the end, of course, Wilbur hadn't been banned from answering him. He hadn't blocked him or anything. He had simply been busy and the texts told him he had listened to the voicemails. His panicked voicemails filled with hurt and worry.

But the answer he received was not at all reassuring. There was no calming of his heart or easing the headache blossoming behind his eyes.



Wilbur had simply written back not to worry and to focus on prom. To focus on prom when George had sent him this package of confusion and wilting petals.

Of course it was easy for him to say that. Wilbur didn't understand. Until now, all he had done was made selfish decisions telling George not to come see him early, and somehow George had slipped from his fingers.

His response was short, simply asking if George was okay as Skye gently squeezed his shoulder. Wilbur replied thankfully fast. Telling him George was okay and that he loved him.

George *loved* him.

That had him stilling for a moment. Were the two of them together? Should he ask to call? Why did George send a note like that if he loved him still? But if Wilbur hadn't called him back there wasn't any point in calling again.

George loved *him*.

Some sort of easiness landed in his chest, making the ache just a little fainter. With his bottom lip trapped between his teeth again, he texted back a 'tell him i love him', along with an ask to call him back when he could.

There was no reply after that, and he was left to his own thoughts.

"Did he say what the package is about?" Andrew spoke up, walking over to the pair settled on the bed, eyebrows furrowed.

Dream sighed shakily, shaking his head. "No... he said not to worry and that he loves me..." he whispered, a frown plastered across his face.

"Maybe we gotta just trust him, kid. Long distance can be a scary thing, especially when he hasn't even seen your face." his brother spoke, words made to sound as kind as possible.

It was true. He shouldn't have thought this would be so easy for George just because it was easy for him. Maybe he had been silly to think it would work out perfectly.

"Maybe..." he whispered, staring at the final text he had sent Wilbur before shutting it off.

Despite the protests, he managed to get some alone time, ushering Skye off home to get ready for prom and assuring Andrew that he just needed time to think.

That time to think was spent curled up in his chair, gazing up at the wall that was plastered with George's face. Every polaroid except the one that lived in his wallet.

It was so hard to comprehend this. To even begin to think that George doubted this. Just yesterday he had been eagerly awaiting for George's letter, his mom had mentioned how she had found a few options for them in Virginia if he wanted a look. But of course he wanted to wait for George.

It didn't even properly feel like the end of something. The roses that had come with the letter kept the hope alive. If George truly couldn't take it anymore, why had he sent the roses? On top of that fact alone, they were red roses.

Red roses symbolized romance and love at its best. It was universally known, yet George had sent it with the most disheartening note. And George knew they were his favorite. He had mentioned it in one of their earliest letters.

His eyes drifted to the offending item, stems were scattered across his desk still from his attempt to gather anything else from the package.

Why *red roses* if George intended to break up with him?

He picked one up, the stems thornless as his fingertips held onto the flower gently. The situation would have been so different if a letter had come with the arrangement. There would've been a smile on his face and the roses would have a home on his desk in a vase right next to the daisies he had picked for George. Maybe he would've mixed the two together.

The smile however never reached his face as he dragged his hand across soft petals that may have brightened his day once. But now they only pulled him further into an unknown darkness of his own emotions.

Why had George even asked him to be his boyfriend if this was how it was going to end a few weeks later? Why had George shown him so much *love*? So much affection? Had George pitied him somehow and pretended to return the feelings?

The confusion just grew as he thought back to how George had asked him to be his first kiss. No one would pretend to ask that, surely.

They had exchanged so many fond words of love, of their future. They had planned so much, but here he was left on his own to wonder what went wrong.

Dream had done nothing but return the love. He had done his best to show George how he felt.

Yet there he was sitting at his desk, alone, terrified of what the future now held for him.

It was even scarier knowing that all he saw for himself was George.

With quivering lips he grabbed his wallet and pulled the polaroid out, setting the rose aside. It was one of the first George had sent. It was him standing in what seemed like a living room, his hair fluffy and soft looking as it always did. A wide smile on his face. A smile he longed to see in person. He longed to show George *his* smile. It was the only thing he had kept to himself till the end.

All he had wanted was to smile at George. *For* George.

---

*Baby,*

*I could use that hug right about now...*

---

Joshua pulled him onto his feet, an arm thrown around his shoulders as they returned to the

booming music and dancing classmates, leaving behind the stars. Nothing had changed inside aside from the music and the people going in and out.

“Do you see Skye? She’s been gone for a while now...” Dream murmured, eyes scanning the dance floor for any sign of their friend. She had been gone for ages now.

“M’not sure. Maybe the cheer squad took over?” Joshua added jokingly as he looked around as well. But there was no sign of their friend's blue dress across the floor.

Hopefully Joshua wasn’t right though. He knew how the cheer squad got, and he hoped they weren’t forcing her into some awkward situation.

“Quit worrying, Clay. Should we go see if someone snuck in some beer?” Joshua asked, eyes twinkling mischievously.

He raised an eyebrow. “You think someone actually managed to do that?” he pondered.

His friend simply shrugged his shoulders. “Let’s go find out.” And once more he was pulled into the heat of the crowd.

It turned out though no one had been successful in bringing in booze. Instead he was thrown into a group of football boys and their girlfriends.

Most days he wouldn't even care about being the single one. Small touches and hand holding wouldn't have affected him a day ago. But now all they did was remind him of George.

He and George were supposed to be like that.

He could’ve had that.

With pursed lips, the words were on the tip of his tongue, desperately wanting to be pulled away from all this happiness.

Another selfish thought.

“Hey can we-“

“Oh, there’s Skye!” Joshua called out. “Is this why you took ages? Another stray to adopt into our little group?”

His words were interrupted by Joshua. *Oh Gods*. Skye was back and he had tears pricking in the corners of his eyes. Not to mention another person brought along to see him inevitably break down. He didn’t dare turn around, pressing his palms against his eyes to stop his impending fate of sorrow.

“Sure did! Poor kid woke up in the wrong country or something. Anyways, this is George.”

*This is George.*

George.

His heart skipped a beat as he heard that name, hands flying away from his face. His head felt like it was spinning as he stared beyond Joshua’s shoulder. That wasn’t possible. That couldn’t be- It couldn’t be *his* George.

Joshua’s reaction was drowned out as he whipped around to face the pair that had arrived.

And there he was. Right beside Skye stood a short brunet in a perfectly tailored suit. On one side there was a pin with the letter ‘D’, and on his wrist there was a glimpse of blue.

Their eyes locked next, soft and deep brown that he had only dreamt of looking into. Brown eyes that probably glowed in the sun. Brown eyes that looked at him with nothing but love.

“Hi Dream.”

The greeting was soft and sheepish, almost shy. But it was accented and Dream felt like he could

have collapsed then and there.

George stood in front of him. The boy he had fallen in love with in months and planned his future around. It felt like the sun had risen over their heads for the first time since he had touched the package of red roses.

*“George.”*

The name left his lips breathlessly, muffled cotton freeing his racing mind from deafness. It felt like the weight of the world lifted off of him as he practically fell forward and pulled George into his arms.

It was like the world was filled with color once more. Auric rainbows that the brown package had stolen from his life were back. Blossoming with a single touch.

George was real.

Dream couldn't stop the tears from falling this time as he buried his face against his neck and pulled George impossibly close.

He needed to feel him. He needed to hear his heartbeat.

George was here.

George was here, in Florida, in his arms.

He pulled back, vision blurry from the tears as he looked at George. With him there, he felt like he could've stared endlessly at the love of his life.

Half of it was from disbelief. How had George gotten himself all the way to Florida? When had he arrived? How long had he been out there?

He knew there was a ridiculously large smile plastered across his face, mixed with tears and his

trembling hands holding onto George. He most likely looked like a mess, and this was how George was seeing him for the first time. Freckled cheeks wet and green eyes rimmed with red.

“How? How are you here...?” Dream managed out, fingertips pressing into his waist. “I don’t get it... The note you sent– with the flowers. I-” he was at a loss for words, struggling to even manage a sentence as he looked right at the impossible.

George had his own impossibly wide smile stretched across his face as pale hands went up to his face and wiped away tears gently, ignoring his own that seemed to fall with tenderness. The touch was so gentle it almost made him want to cry harder.

George was here in his arms.

“Oh baby...” his voice was as gentle as the touch to his face. “I’m sorry for doing that to you... this wasn’t the original plan. I was meant to- God. I’m so sorry, I didn’t mean to make you worry and cry...”

In his mind though it no longer mattered. The hurt in his chest had melted away at the sight of his boyfriend. His boyfriend who was finally in front of him. Who he was able to hold and touch.

His hands came up, placing them over George’s. His hands were as soft as he had imagined, feeling small under his own. This was *real*. The tears wouldn’t stop as he pulled George’s hands from his face and pulled him back against his chest.

“I love you so much...” he choked out without hesitation. “You scared me so bad, George. I-I didn’t know what to do with myself...” he whispered against his hair. “Please don’t leave me again.”

The prom was long forgotten. The people, the music, it all had fizzled away. It didn’t matter if people were staring or whispering.

He had George.

It was probably a nuisance for George, him hanging off him like an oversized puppy. But when he felt arms circle his waist and squeeze him back, the worry lessened.

Dream didn't know how long he clung on, never wanting to let go until George began wiggling in his arms.

"Honey, I think we stole a bit of attention..." George murmured softly, and instead of reacting, all Dream could do was stare as a slow blush rose up to his cheeks while he processed the nickname. As he processed he was hearing George's voice for the first time ever.

No longer did he have to re-read old letters and imagine what George's voice sounded like.

He didn't have to wonder about how George would feel in his arms.

Now he had him in front of him. He could see the twinkle in his eyes and the scar going through his eyebrow. The little mark on his chin and his bright smile.

He pulled back a little more, staring down at him sheepishly. "Sorry... I just... I can't believe it. You're really here."

All he wanted to do was live in his own little bubble with George. He couldn't even tear his eyes away. Half afraid George would disappear if he looked away and the other half didn't want to know the amount of eyes on them.

"I'm here, I'm right here. I'm not going anywhere, Dream."

And that's all he had ever wanted, squeezing George's hips gently once more. Just to help him believe it a little more.

"Good. I won't let you get away from me now. But when did you even plan this? How did you even get here? I'm so confused. Did Skye know?" The questions tumbled from his lips. There was much to ask and so many answers he needed, but at the same time he just wanted to hold George and forget about everything before this moment.

The gentle hands on his face continued to wipe away the tears that left his eyes. Tears clinging to his eyelashes as he wondered how lucky he was. How pointless his worrying had been.



“I didn’t want to wait anymore, I couldn’t wait— I... Dream. I was going mad and I couldn’t fathom being away from you any more, so Wil booked me a flight and I planned it so I’d get here in time to catch you before— but, I was late. I missed you and I—“

“No—“ he stated softly, cutting George off before he could ramble on with apologizing and regrets he had with the plan. He pushed the hands from his face so he could hold George's trembling hands. “You weren’t late. This is perfect. It’s okay. You couldn’t wait so you booked a flight early, baby. That over takes you being late any day because you’re here...”

The tears never seemed to want to stop. All the built up emotions wanting to wash over him all at once. He bit at his lip, a hand reaching out to gently push George’s hair out of his eyes. “Fuck. I still can’t believe it.” He glanced down, fingertips brushing across the blue bracelet tied carefully around his wrist. He was repeating his words. He felt like a robot, George had stolen all his words in mere seconds

“Please believe it, please. Dream I’m so sorry I scared you, I never meant to hurt you and I just...”

But before George could ramble off on another apology, he tugged him forward, gently pressing his lips against the side of his head. It was a soft touch because he didn’t know how George would feel with affection like that. It was all so new. It was terrifying.

“I missed you too much. I needed to see you.” George continued in a muffled voice but it was clear as day for Dream as he pressed himself closer. So close he could hear his heartbeat.

“Gods, George, you killed me with the roses and note. I was so confused. I didn’t know what you wanted from me. Andrew said maybe you needed some time, but it was so worrying. And Wilbur said you said you loved me... I was so lost. I— I didn’t know what to think, but I couldn’t bear the thought of losing you. I’m so glad I was wrong. I’m so glad you’re here.”

His words were whispered right against George’s ear. Words he wanted only for his boyfriend to hear.

It was George who moved back first, but thankfully not far as they kept their foreheads pressed together.

“I love you. *God*, I love you so fucking much, Dream. I can explain everything more later but I just

— I'm never leaving you. I'm right here, I'm with you. This is *all* I want.”

The blush on his cheeks seemed to glow even darker as he heard those words. The words he had longed to hear in person. George loved him. He was loved.

Maybe because of the events of the morning it felt too unreal. He had worried for hours that he had done something wrong for George to not want him anymore. It felt almost wrong hearing those words come from George after letting himself think they could be done.

“I love you too... I'm so fucking happy. Fuck. I love you. I love you. I love you.” he stumbled over his words, an overwhelming feeling of *want* falling over him. “Gods, there's so much to tell you... to show you. And you already met Skye. I can't believe you spoke to her before me.”

He was rambling a little, all his thoughts flying through his head at once as he registered how *real* this was. That he could show George his life now.

But George seemed to have a different plan.

"Berate me later, just— hold me for a moment."

Dream felt himself pout just a little as he was denied from talking George's ears off. So he tucked George's head under his chin, their height difference just as adorable as he had thought about.

"I can't believe you're real... I can't be—“

“——Prom King is Clay Thomas!”

George had been cut off by the announcements for Prom King. Time seemed to stop for the third time that day as he tuned back into the world around him as his name was announced and his friends cheered with roarious excitement around him.

He was Prom King? *He'd won?*

George seemed to react faster than him, pulling back from him and smiling with pride. “You won! You’re Prom King, Dream! Just like we said in the letters.”

It was exactly like he had said in the letters, except that there had been a lot of faux cocky attitude to impress George added. He hadn’t actually expected to win.

He was a little dumbstruck as Skye and Joshua appeared back by their sides.

“You did it, Clay!”

“Go up. They’re waiting for you!”

Compliments were clumped in as others came to congratulate him, but all he could focus on was George standing in front of him, looking ready to step aside.

He grew a little panicked, biting his lip as he grabbed onto George’s hand before he could slip away from him. He tugged him closer once more. “I– I just got you.” he huffed softly, “I don’t wanna go up on stage and leave you here.”

There were more words wanting to escape. They were on the tip of his tongue, but how did he explain to George he was afraid he would disappear? That if he left and went up on the stage, looking into the crowd, George wouldn’t be there anymore.

George would think he had lost it.

But George didn’t push or ask why. Because this was George. Sweet, caring George who simply squeezed his hand before reassuring him. “Go, baby. I’ll be right here. I promise.”

*He promised.*

There was more gentle prodding, Skye giving him a promising look. “I’ll watch over him, don’t worry.” she murmured with a gentle push towards the stage.

George's hand slipped from his own as he began his walk up, and he felt cold once again. The girl chosen to be Prom Queen already up on stage soaking up most of the attention.

He was free to walk up with little focus, and he was sure he could have been more excited, but right now nothing mattered more than being with George.

It was a bit of a blur as Dream climbed up the little steps and was met with the people on stage. There was a crown placed on his head and the girl crowned queen began to talk.

But in his mind, all he could think of was George. George stood in the crowd, looking at him proudly. He'd made him proud by winning prom king, just like Dream had been proud of him for acing his exams and getting into college. Though George's accomplishments were grander, he still felt happy George was there to see him accomplish something.

For anyone else, this probably would've felt like the highlight of their year. But his own highlight was standing without him right now, and all he wanted was to get to him.

One thing that had slipped his mind though was the dance at the end of the announcements. Prom King and Queen usually tended to share a dance. Prom King and Queen usually didn't have an awkward history either though.

The lights were dimmed, a focus on the center of the room as they were ushered down the stage and it was when Dream got the first look at the said Prom Queen.

Earlier, he had been too frazzled to think much, but now seeing her there was a realization.

It was Audrey, his ex.

He had known of her running for Prom Queen, so it wasn't a surprise considering her presence in school was always up top. She was often the center of attention, participating in so many things. He wasn't surprised by her win, maybe it was because he hadn't himself expected to win.

The idea of them both winning had never crossed his mind.

She looked pretty as ever, hair curled, soft makeup, and her gown a stunning shimmer of purples and pinks. He wondered for a moment how George would see her. Would the colors be as bright as they were for everyone else?

“Didn't think this was how we were going to meet again, but-“ Audrey spoke softly, a smile on her face as she reached for his hand.

But he pulled back. There was only one person on his mind. The one who had made his home in his heart. “I- I’m sorry Audrey. I actually have someone else to dance with.”

Audrey frowned, “But we’re Prom King and Queen-” she protested, glancing around as more eyes settled on them as they were standing still.

He felt a little bad knowing he was leaving Audrey with no one to dance with, but surely she had a date who could rescue her as well.

“I know. But maybe you can ask your date to dance? I have someone else to ask. Sorry!” The words left his lips quick as he turned around and his eyes settled on George who was standing right next to Skye, looking a little confused.

He strode forward, letting his heart guide him as he approached George and tugged him forward into the emptier space.

“Dream? What are you doing?” the smaller asked, eyes wide and filled with curiosity as he laced their hands together for a moment.

“We’re going to dance, idiot.”

A small noise of surprise left George’s lips. “But the Prom Queen- And you haven’t- Are you sure?”

Dream simply shook his head. “Of course I’m sure, I’d rather dance with you.” he whispered, a soft blush spreading across his face as he admitted it. “Is that okay?” he added, not wanting to make George uncomfortable minutes into them finally having each other.

“Yes, yes of course. I’d love to have your first dance.”

*First dance.* That sent a thrill of happiness through him. When they had spoken of their first dance, prom had seemed impossible. Their idea had been to simply dance in their new apartment, with fairy lights surrounding them and Patches as an audience. Yet here they were being watched with everyone Dream had spent his high school years with.

At one point he was sure he would’ve been terrified. Terrified to dance with a boy without anyone knowing that he was bisexual. But right now, he feared nothing. It’s how George always made him feel. *Fearless.* He didn’t care who saw, because this was who made him happy.

He tugged George further away from the crowded students, pulling him close. His hands moved to his waist with ease. Having him so close, getting to finally understand their height difference, it all made his heart skip a beat. It was a moment to relish in it. Seeing how George needed to raise his head to look at him and how he fit so perfectly in his arms.

“Can we still have our second dance in our apartment?” he asked softly. “I don’t want to miss out on our fairy lights and cheesy music.”

George smiled, “Of course, honey. We can have as many dances as you want.”

All the dances he wanted. He didn’t want to dance with anyone else in this life, and maybe in the next he’d find a way to get to George again.

Slowly, they began to sway to the music, and the smile on his face never left. It still felt unreal in a way. That George had flown all the way there without saying a word. That Wilbur and Skye had helped them meet. They truly did have the best of friends.

An idea came to mind, as he noticed Audrey’s crown shining in the crowd from all the lights. There was another thing he had told George in those letters.

He gently stilled them, hands leaving George as he picked the crown off his head and placed it on George’s. It fit perfectly, the gold glinting wondrously against chocolate waves.

George looked at him, eyebrows raised. “Giving away your title already?” he asked with a small laugh.

Dream shook his head, hand reaching out to push some stray strands of hair from George's eyes. "You're the prince, remember? And I'm your knight in shining armor. I may not have been able to escort you to prom like a good knight, but I won't let you leave without your crown."

"You're such a dork." George giggled out, rolling his eyes. "Is my knight going to escort me home after this dance then?" he asked, hands resting against Dream's chest as he seemed to press himself up onto his tiptoes.

Home. George had called wherever they were going after this, *home*.

But before home, there was another place he needed to take him. "If his highness is okay with it, I'd like to show him something special first." he whispered, tugging him forward until their chests were pressed together.

"I'd love to see anything you want to show me, Dream."

## Chapter End Notes

note from tad:

EEEEEEEEEEEE IT HAPPENED, okay first hello, I hope you all enjoyed the long awaited chapter !!!! They have finally METTTTT, the hug and of course Dream shed a few (a lot) of tears. God I feel like I was somehow waiting with you guys even though I wrote this. I hope this was everything y'all hoped for and more <33 I'm super happy with how the chapter came out in the end. Thank you for all the support and love till now for the big moment :))))

comments + kudos super appreciated!

socials:

[kat's twitter](#)

[tad's twitter](#)

# fruition

## Chapter Summary

“We’re here, let me keep being a gentleman,” he started, lifting his hands to pull the crown from George’s head before moving to set it on top of the dashboard, “and let me get your door for you.”

## Chapter Notes

[fic playlist](#)

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Time froze for the first time in forever without caution or distance, rather warming his skin where Dream’s hands rested around his waist. For the first time, even though a messy tear stained greeting and fluster of words had traveled between them, he was looking up into the sparkling eyes of the boy he had fallen madly in love with.

He was real. *Dream* was real, in George’s grasp, heart beating against his own as they moved across the dance floor with as little space between them as humanly possible. Steps were small, Dream’s feet leading them as the crown that had been moved to his own head reflected prismatic rainbow lights against their faces.

“If his highness is okay with it, I’d like to show him something special first.” Dream whispered for only them to hear, his voice softer and more warm than George could have ever imagined.

He tried his best to ignore the goosebumps that littered his skin under his own suit as Dream spoke so softly and closely to him, he tried to ignore the feeling of their flushed cheeks pressed together as they whispered back and forth while music filtered around them. But as he pulled back from their ever so comfortable proximity to meet Dream’s eyes and move his hand to cup his smoothly shaven jaw, he felt himself melt even further than he already had.

“I’d love to see anything you want to show me, Dream.” he said back sweetly, not missing the softness that lingered in the way Dream’s eyelashes fluttered when he smiled.



He was beautiful, and sure, George had seen bits and pieces of him before through somewhat blurred and flashed out polaroids, but nothing compared to being face to face with him. His eyes were green, he knew that even when he saw gold and topaz swimming together under the moving lights in the dance room. Freckles were splattered like messy paint across the bridge of his nose and cheeks where a warmed blush only enhanced them into more defined constellations. And his smile... *God*, his smile.

“Come with me.” Dream whispered, pressing his lips chastely against George’s temple like he had back when they first wrapped their arms around each other. It wasn’t a *real* kiss, but it was something close, and one feeling that let the warmth that embodied Dream radiate throughout his body.

Their fingers fit together perfectly, Dream’s grasp swallowing George’s hand just like he’d always said it would. It was a comfortable feeling, having his hand held as he was pulled along to bid farewell to Dream’s school friends. It felt natural, like they were meant to be laced like that forever, and he never wanted to let go. There was a surety in the way his palm was squeezed with a gentle strength that Dream wanted to hold onto him forever too, and that feeling was the best one he could have ever imagined.

The letters meant something. They meant *everything*, and not only to him. There was a real person, full of love and life, on the other side of them... And George finally had him in his grasp.

“It was so good to meet you, George.” Skye said politely, smiling brightly at him as she held her arms out. He looked to Dream, smiling gently as he pulled his hand away so he could wrap his arms around Skye, his saving grace.

“You as well, I don’t think I could have done this without you.” he mumbled against her hair, squeezing her tighter before pulling away. She pulled their hands together, smiling brightly at him.

“We all need a little bit of encouragement sometimes. Plus, you got yourself across the ocean, least I could do was take you the last few steps.” she hummed delightfully, turning to smile at Dream as George felt a warm hand slide across his back to hold his waist as Dream’s body pressed against his.

*Comfortable. Warm.*

“Do you want me to drive you home, or to the afterparty? I don’t want to ditch you when you’re my date.” Dream chimed in, reaching out to take one of Skye’s hands.

She shook her head with a small laugh, glancing to the side to smile at a group of girls before turning back to face the couple. “Nah, I’ll catch a ride with the other girls. You two have a good night together.” she assured, squeezing Dream’s hand before stepping back and turning to run towards her assumed group of friends.

George got lost in smiling at them for a moment, only to be pulled back into the sensational presence of *his* reality when soft tufts of golden hair tickled the side of his face. He hummed, leaning into the soft breath that fanned against his own hair as his fingers found their way to be weaved together with his love’s once again.

“Let’s get out of here.” Dream mumbled against his hair, and although he’d been hearing it for a little bit now, Dream’s voice still made his skin feel like it was catching on fire. All he could manage was a nod as he looked back up to meet *his* boyfriend’s eyes, feeling more securely lost in thought now that he’d been found.

Words weren’t needed as they strode hand in hand out of the dance. The hallways melted into the night sky surrounding them as laughter bubbled between them, and Dream turned to walk backwards as their hands met in the middle, keeping them strung tightly together. George was pulled forward, and as if on instinct, he released Dream’s grasp and opted to wrap his arms around the blond’s neck.

Swift hands reached under his legs to hoist him up, and with ease, George was letting Dream pick him up as he wrapped his legs around his waist. Strong arms wrapped around his back, holding him steady as he pulled himself close to Dream’s body, muffling laughter into his shoulder as he was carried the rest of the way to the car. The ridiculousness of Dream’s persistent drabbles about picking George up whenever he could rang through his mind, and for the first time, he was glad to have been wrong about the idea of it all. He loved being in his arms, keeping their hearts pressed together as Dream moved them and finally stopped with his back against the side of the car.

George pulled away from the hug, keeping one arm around Dream’s neck for support as he brought his other hand forward to hold his boyfriend’s face. Starlight dancing across his cheeks couldn’t have looked more glorious than it did in that moment, and he felt every bruised bone in his body mend with the way the moonlight overhead shone in his eyes.

“Hi…” he whispered, rubbing his thumb in a small circle against warm skin, feeling his chest blossom with an intoxicating warmth as Dream smiled at him, yet again.

“Hi baby.” Dream whispered back. The world could have ended right then and there, and he would have still considered himself the luckiest person in all of human existence.

Hearing a pet name that had started as a joke that they let evolve into something beautiful sounded symphonic as it left *his* boyfriend's lips. The sense of belonging that had finally become a reality felt so freeing, he could have screamed it into the night sky and let it travel across the world with the clouds. But in that moment, he held his entire world in his hands, and whispers were loud enough to make his ears ring.

"I love you. I love you *so* much." he spoke softly as he pressed his forehead to Dream's once again. There was a new feeling, something magnetic that kept pulling him forward. He knew what it was, he recognized the invisible glow that enticed him to tilt his head to the side.

"I love you, George. I still can't believe you're actually here." Dream mumbled, and George knew the time wasn't *quite* right yet. He pulled his forehead away, watching Dream's head move with him for a moment before retreating in defeat.

He smirked to himself, caressing Dream's face once more, "Take me to this super special and secret thing you *have* to show me now. We have too much to catch up on."

"Anything for you."

After being lowered back to the ground and assisted into the front seat, George waited patiently for Dream to get in his own seat and shift into drive. He wasn't as reckless of a driver as Andrew was, he wasn't speeding around other cars or anything, he simply took his time and let music filter through the speakers softly as he reached for his hand to intertwine their fingers again.

As promised. Always promised, and finally fulfilled.

"This song," George started, reaching forward to turn the dial until he could hear the lyrics clearly.

*How can you miss someone you've never met? Because I need you now but I don't know you yet.*

"Its meant more to me than I ever thought was possible." Dream chimed in, squeezing his hand lightly.

*And I don't wanna be modern art, But I only got half a heart to give to you.*

“Dream...”

“I– I never thought. *Fuck*,” Dream started, pausing to sniffle as they stopped at a red light. George watched him bring his free hand from the steering wheel to wipe away tears that had continued to fall. He wasn’t sure if they’d ever stopped from the moment they first locked eyes, he wasn’t even sure if he’d ever stopped crying himself, but he felt a peaceful calm wash over him as he understood that both of their tears were that of something made of love.

“I never thought I’d actually have you... here. Like, Gods, I don’t even know how to explain it. I think for a while, at least, I convinced myself that you weren’t actually real. Like, I don’t even know. The distance made it seem like it was possible that I was delusional.”

“You’re not crazy, Dream. I’m real, I’m right here, and I’m not going anywhere.” George assured, lifting Dream’s hand to his own face. Their fingers that fit like perfect puzzle pieces were warm against his cheek as he held them tight, and for once, he didn’t second think his own movements.

With a gentle turn of his head, he pulled their hands closer and pressed his lips against the tops of Dream’s fingers. He caught the gasp that seemed to leave Dream’s throat without hesitation, and he felt that same undeniable pull from before urging him to flutter his eyes to a close for *just* a moment before he pulled back from kissing his fingers.

“*This is real.*” he whispered against their grasp before pressing his lips against Dream’s hand once again, letting the kiss hold for just a moment longer before he pulled away and tucked their hands under his chin.

City lights seemed to bounce off of Dream’s skin with glittering perfection, street lamps flashing in waves of crimson and emerald that he could only imagine. He’d catch Dream’s glance and smile every few seconds as music they’d shared across the Atlantic continued to tie them together as the car moved through the streets. He was so overcome by a daze of wonder that he barely noticed when Dream pulled the car to a halt, moving their shared clasp down to shift the car into park.

“We’re here, let me keep being a gentleman,” he started, lifting his hands to pull the crown from George’s head before moving to set it on top of the dashboard, “and let me get your door for you.”

George nodded, watching Dream move from his seat and out around the car to meet him at his own door. As he stepped out, he recognized his surroundings. Sure, he’d only seen them through those same polaroids, and maybe in a passing glimpse as his Uber driver had taken him to Dream’s

home. But he'd know that tree anywhere.

"Oh my God."

Dream laughed, locking their fingers together once again as he closed George's door and clicked a button on his keys to sound a muted beep. "Come on, I promise you can trust me." he urged, stepping backwards yet again to pull George along with him.

"You know, you're going to trip and fall if you keep walking like that." he teased, stepping over a small cement barrier that Dream had somehow memorized the placement of as he moved backwards over it with ease.

"I don't care, I can't stop looking at you."

He couldn't help but scoff and roll his eyes at the comment, jumping in his step to catch up with Dream's strides, almost running into him as he did. It all felt so natural, though. He didn't feel awkward or nervous about his movements, there wasn't an ounce of doubt in his mind that he shouldn't be there when he was *finally* looking up at the one person that had managed to steal his heart with scribbled out confessions and the ultimate waiting game. He felt happy, really, truly, and entirely happy.

The tree was taller than he'd imagined, strong and stable branches poking out in all directions as the moonlight overhead filtered between the leaves. For a moment, he let himself imagine Dream sitting up there however many months ago with paper balanced on top of a book while he kept himself secured between the trunk and its extensions, scrawling down his thoughts with somewhat messy handwriting. There were God knows how many letters that had been written up in that tree that now sat in a shoebox in his room back in London, and seeing the place where they'd come to fruition with his own eyes felt unbelievable.

As he gazed up at the tree, he felt Dream's arms wrap around his waist as the weight of his boyfriend's chest was pressed against his back. Blond hair fell softly against his neck as Dream's chin rested on his shoulder, and he couldn't help but wrap his own arms around the ones holding him tightly.

"You're going to make me climb up there, aren't you?"

"You don't have to if you don't want to," Dream started with a hum, "but remember a few months

ago when I told you I had a secret up there for you?”

The memory ignited in his mind, words scrawled that read *My secret in the tree - of course it's about you. Everything in my life revolves around you.* It was something back in the letter before he'd asked Dream to be his first—

“Help me take my jacket off.” he stated, moving his hands to wiggle under Dream’s arms as he fidgeted with his suit jacket. Dream pulled himself off of him, waiting until his buttons were undone to help pull the fabric off his shoulders. George turned around, quickly reaching for the buttons on Dream’s own suit jacket before realizing what he was doing. He paused, trying not to let his hands shake as he looked up and met Dream’s eyes that were filled with something either nervous or stunned.

“Oh, sorry. I just... They’ll get wrinkled or ripped and I—”

“George, stop worrying. It’s okay, it’s just me.” Dream said smoothly, moving his hands to rest on top of George’s to help him finish with the buttons.

As Dream’s jacket was pulled off and laid on the grass on top of George’s, the brunet found himself looking back up to Dream with stars in his gaze as the sounds from the city muted away to leave them alone in their own little bubble. “You say that so easily, but you’ve never been *just* you.”

“What do you mean?”

“You have always been more than I could have ever imagined for. You’re not *just* you, Dream. You’re... Everything.”

Saying such sweet words out loud felt like sugar melting off his tongue, spoken with an ease he’d been craving for longer than he could have fathomed. Watching a gentle blush travel across Dream’s face was something more beautiful than any frozen frame he’d ever received. There was something entrancing about watching that flush travel and grow, highlighting the *exact* feelings that were coursing through his veins as George could only smile at him.

“How are you real?” Dream asked, stepping forward as he pulled his hands up to cup around George’s face.

In his hold, he felt safe. There was nothing in the world that could hurt him, and he trusted every breath he took. “You make me *feel* real. You make everything feel real, and possible, and just... Help me up that tree already.”

Dream nodded with a small chuckle, looking up at the branches. He showed George the right ones to grab onto as he helped push him up, keeping him stable until he found his footing. He may not have climbed many, or any, trees in his life, but the path to where he was supposed to end up seemed clear.

Even with aging bark biting at his skin and the fabric of his slacks threatening to tear with too wide of steps to hold his balance, George continued to maneuver his way up the tree. When Dream shouted, “That branch!”, he hoisted himself up and found footing stable enough for him to situate himself comfortably seated on the one designated.

With his back pressed against the age-old trunk of the tree, and his hands firmly grasped onto the branches surrounding him as a barrier of safety, he tried to pace his breaths. In and out, in and out, watch Dream swing his body almost clumsily up the tree, in and out, in and out.

Before he knew it, the most beautiful human he’d ever met was sitting in front of him, hands sprawled across his knees as Dream scooted closer to him. George’s legs were pulled upwards to lay on top of Dream’s, bringing him some sense of protection that felt like a safety net. His hands were pulled away from the surrounding branches to be held between their bodies, and he hadn’t realized until then how heavy his breaths had become.

“Hey, hey, I’ve got you.” Dream hushed, moving one hand up to caress his face gently. “You’re safe.”

“I know, I know. I trust you. Just... up really high.” he stuttered, glancing down before quickly pinching his eyes closed and letting his head fall back against the bark.

“Let’s distract you then, tell me everything. Tell me how you got here and— What this whole *plan* was of yours.”

George kept his eyes closed for a moment, trying to recount the events from the past week, the past months, everything that had led up to him being fifteen feet in the air in an entirely new world. “Baby, breathe.” Dream hushed once more, and somehow that simple statement stilled his swirling thoughts enough to let him focus. He kept his eyes closed for a moment, only letting them slowly open as he began to recant everything.

“I passed my exams, and I met with my headmaster to accept my diploma. Once that was all over, and the reality of the future fully set in... I don’t know, I couldn’t help but think I was going to lose you. The weather and postal service had already fucked us over so much, I was scared that if I didn’t get to you in time, that I’d never get to see you.”

It was one of the truths he hadn’t even admitted to Wilbur. Part of him knew he had Dream, and that he would always have him. But there was another part, one that may have been miniscule but more malignant than the others, that convinced him it wasn’t real.

“So, I decided to come to you early. I decided to show up on the day of your prom to *show you* just how much you meant to me, and that I wanted this. That I *do* want this. I knew if I never gave you a sign that I was going to be coming to you, that it wouldn’t work, and that I’d miss you. I hoped that sending a note with the roses would confuse you enough to at least delay your plans for the day.” he continued, finally meeting Dream’s eyes.

“I have– one sec.” Dream mumbled, palming at his pockets until he pulled out a folded piece of paper. He smoothed out the wrinkles, setting it against the branch they were sat on. “I’m still trying to fully understand it. I kind of convinced myself you were breaking up with me... Especially when Wil–”

“No, no I’d never– Dream, listen. I needed to say something truthful that would confuse you enough to delay you. Wil didn’t answer his phone because he had band practice, but he called me the second I landed and I had him text you. I know it wasn’t too reassuring, but I just needed to make sure you were okay.” he tried to soothe in return, but he couldn’t help but be a little distracted by the worry lines running across Dream’s forehead.

“Baby, look at me.” he whispered, pulling Dream’s gaze to him. “When I said I couldn’t do this anymore, I meant I couldn’t do the distance. When I said it was becoming too much, I meant being alone in my house without you felt *too* lonely. When I said I was sorry, I meant it. Because I am sorry. I’m sorry I made you wait, I’m sorry that I ever made you think that this wasn’t *everything* I’ve ever dreamed of... I’m just–”

“You’re not allowed to say ‘sorry’ anymore. I think I told you that in a letter a while ago, but it’s still true.” Dream interrupted, pulling their hands together completely once again.

One of George’s palms was pulled to Dream’s chest, feeling the vibrations of a beating heart echo against his touch. His other hand moved as Dream placed his own palm on top of George’s heart, and between them, he swore he could feel their rhythms fall into sync. Two hearts destined to meet with time and space between them, only to finally be brought together in a tree that held the secrets



of a boy that only ever loved *him*.

“I know, I just needed you to know.”

Dream smiled, letting out a soft sigh as they kept their eyes locked. George didn’t think he’d ever get over how stunning he looked with the night sky surrounding him. And of all the stars above, including the one Dream had hand picked from the heavens just for him, George realized in that moment that his boyfriend would always be the brightest of them all. “Tell me the rest.”

“Right. Well, I landed and got a ride to a hotel.”

“A hotel? What th—”

“Listen, I didn’t fly here in a suit, and I needed somewhere to change... and shower. So I set up there, and got all ready to come surprise you. I had your address, so I knew exactly where to have a driver take me. And he was kind and we had a lovely conversation, and I got myself all hyped up to finally see you, and I knocked on your front door... And you weren’t there. I’d missed you. I was so close, and I missed you, just like I’d been missing you since the day I met you.”

“George...” Dream reached out, holding his face once again in attempts to comfort him, but he couldn’t stop the few stray tears that had begun to pool as they fell between his lashes and his own flushed cheeks.

“I was *so* close, Dream. I almost kept every promise, but you weren’t home. Andrew answered the door, and when he realized what I was doing there, he and Emma rushed to get me to your school. They really love you, you know.”

Dream laughed lightly to himself, pulling George’s hands to his mouth to kiss them gently, just as he had done himself back in the car. “Keep going. Please keep going.”

“Andrew drives like a mad man, but he got us to the school in one piece, even gave me some American money so I could actually get into the dance.” he continued, not missing the way Dream started to fiddle with the bracelet tied securely around his wrist. He turned his hands in Dream’s, letting his fingers glide across the bands he knew to be green with the single line of blue braided between them.

“I almost made it into the dance on my own, but panic kind of took over for a moment. That’s when I met Skye in the hallway. We talked for a minute, after we realized who the other was, and she gave me what I think was probably the fifth pep talk I’d received that day. And *God*, Dream. When we walked towards you, and I saw your back and realized that that was *you*... I think I forgot how to breathe.”

His hands were both moved to settle in one of Dream’s, something that made him smile because he *knew* that Dream loved that he could do that. His boyfriend’s free hand came back up to his face once again, wiping away tears filled with nothing but happiness as he blinked away his own. They’d talked about crying with each other before, discussed the possibility of having unintelligible conversations because all they’d be able to do was let their tears fall once they were safely in the presence of the other.

But this— This was better than anything he could have imagined, anything that he could have ever dedicated with paper and ink.

“You went through so much... just to get to me?”

“Yes, always to get to you. I’d do it all over and over again if I had to.” he said softly, letting his words shrink the little bubble surrounding them to keep them close.

Dream scooted forward once more, looking back down to their hands. George watched him move to spread their fingers out together, seeing his own hand sprawl out much smaller in comparison to Dream’s. And yet, they seemed to still fit so perfectly. He let his hand be moved with their palms pressed together, until he felt rough bark scratch lightly against his skin.

The hand pressed against his own moved around to guide the back, pressing his pointer finger into the bark. Before he could question it, he felt a difference in texture under his skin, and promptly turned his head to the side. There was enough light from the moon and the surrounding city to outshadow the small heart he was now tracing his finger along. It was messily carved into the wood, something deep enough to leave a permanent mark.

Inside of the heart, centered and carved with more care, was ‘D + G’. Dream and George. Forever ingrained in a tree that housed thousands of years of memories of growth, had seen a million lives walk past through sunny days in the park as it grew near the pond that sparkled under the calm night’s moon, and that had become a sanctuary for his love to write to him as they slowly closed the distance that an ocean and the world kept between them.

Something permanent.

“When did you do this?” he asked in a hushed tone, his words dripping like golden honey as he continued to follow the carved lines that made up their initials.

“Back in November, around Thanksgiving, I think.” Dream whispered back, and George would have normally been surprised about how *close* his voice was, but the pull of want for that dissolved proximity was intoxicating.

“We hadn’t even come out to each other back then...” he mumbled, feeling Dream’s lips press against his temple like they had before, this time slower and more lingering, a simple kiss that held the weight of the world.

“I know,” Dream started, letting his lips drag across George’s skin until they landed to kiss against the apple of his cheek. *Soft.* “I knew I had feelings for you way before I admitted it, even to myself. I have loved you...” he trailed off, kissing George’s cheek once again before the brunet slowly turned back to face him.

He let their noses nudge against each other, keeping his fingers attached to the carving in the tree as he felt all of his senses tingle and send a new feeling rushing through his veins. It was warmer than the summer sun, sweeter than saccharine sorbet, more emulsifying than the most tender words in movie scenes. It was a magnetic pull, one that had him submitting to the will of his eyes falling to a close as they breathed each other in .

“I love it, I love you. I always have.” was all he could whisper back, feeling small sparks fly off the embers still glowing in the bottom of his chest.

“George...”

His own name was barely audible as it fell mumbled into his own mouth. Slowly, and without hesitation, their lips pressed together. The embers in his chest ignited into a glowing fire, burning tendrils of *finally* curling their way around every vessel of his heart, his veins coursed with a sweet spring wind carrying soft rose petals through his system. Every word, every ounce of love he’d ever poured into letters carried across thousands of miles just to be read and responded to with equal and that reactive love, none of it could compare to *finally* having Dream like this.

Time faded into nothing as they moved slowly, hands falling from his to hold his face and neck, while George moved his own to cling onto Dream’s shirt and tie. He couldn’t help but keep pulling him towards himself, wanting to taste lips softer than fairy floss more and more. Dream

was slow with him, he was patient, breaking away to kiss against his cheeks whenever George forgot how to breathe.

“You okay?” the question was mumbled against his skin, words dying on his lips and being swallowed as George moved to kiss him once again.

His mind wasn’t numb anymore, there wasn’t a treacherous nagging pulling on the strings tied tightly around his heart, there wasn’t any shame or doubt. Everything, *everything*, felt right. Dream glowed like tangerines and the sweetest nectar, enticing him to keep kissing and keep forgetting how high up he was. When they finally pulled away to meet each other’s eyes once more, he felt blissfully dizzy as if he’d just spent the entire night sipping on bubbling champagne.

“More than okay.” he hummed, leaning in to kiss Dream’s freckled cheek. His skin was almost warmer than his lips, glowing with a love stoked fire that he felt humbled by knowing he had helped create.

“I’ve been so scared that I was going to ruin everything, I just—”

“You,” George interrupted, smiling to himself as he realized that was something they’d never been able to do before. “are wonderful. I didn’t think I’d get four firsts in one night, but here we are.”

“Four?” Dream questioned with a cocked brow. Seeing his expressions in person instead of trying to interpret them from how shaky letters had been scrawled on a page was something George was beginning to find more and more enjoyable.

“Yeah, four. First time meeting you, first time hugging an American, first time having my hand held, and my first kiss. Now that I think about it though, there’s more.” he explained gently.

“Like what, baby?”

*God, that pet name would never stop sounding magical actually coming from the lips he’d just kissed.*

“First time *actually* talking to you, first time being in America, first time climbing a tree, first time meeting some of your friends and family... First time realizing *just* how in love with you I am.”

His last statement made Dream visibly melt as the blond fell forward into his arms to hold him tight. He'd never get tired of being wrapped in Dream, although he'd already gotten used to the cozy feeling of an oversized and warm hoodie drowning him back at home, it couldn't compare to actually having strong arms wrapped tightly around him and holding him close. He felt safe there, protected, *loved*.

Dream pulled back from the hug just enough to seal their lips together once again, sending an excited and somewhat surprised rush through his body once again. It was going to take some getting used to, being kissed whenever Dream was at a loss for words, but he couldn't think of any better feeling in the world.

"I know I've said it, like, a million times already tonight... But I am so fucking in love with you, and I can't believe you're actually here."

"Please never stop saying it," he mumbled before slotting their lips together once more for a last lingering kiss before pulling away. "But if you keep kissing me like this, I'm going to fall out of this damn tree."

"Okay, okay, c'mon then. Actually—" Dream hesitated, shuffling around to pull his phone out of his pocket. "I know it's not a polaroid, but... I just—I need proof that you are real, that you're here. That I didn't just dream all of this again."

"Again?" George questioned, laying back against the trunk of the tree. He pulled one of Dream's hands in his, making sure their matching bracelets would be visible as their clasped fingers rested under his chin as he lolled his head towards the carving Dream had made so long ago.

"I always dream of you," his boyfriend whispered softly, almost like it was embarrassing to even admit.

George smiled for the picture, maybe for a few in a row before Dream shoved his phone back in his pocket, and began maneuvering his way back down the branches. George followed suit, grasping on for dear life in hopes that his own balance wouldn't fail him on his way down. When he got down to the last branch, he looked down to Dream with his arms outspread.

And for once, he wasn't terrified of falling.

Lowering himself down, letting Dream catch his legs as he did, George slid into his boyfriend's arms and let himself wrap around Dream like he would lose him at any second. He never wanted to let go of him, not when soft lips pressed against his skin and whispered about his beauty quiet enough to permeate his being with a permanence.

"Hey you, you look sleepy." Dream cooed, kissing the tip of his nose as he finished lowering his feet to finally meet solid ground.

"I did have a ten hour flight earlier, and I don't think I've *really* slept in a week." he found himself mumbling as he let his forehead fall against Dream's chest.

Gentle fingers moved through his hair, tangling it lightly as Dream held him close. "Then let's get you home. To my house, or... shit, my parents don't know you're here."

"I have my hotel room booked for two days, as a precaution that you'd actually hate me because I overthink sometimes. But, if you want, we could go stay there tonight. Just... be alone?" he offered, moving to look up at Dream as the blond tucked his finger under George's chin.

"Please, yes. Just give me the address and we'll go."

Their fingers intertwined once again as they lazily began walking back to the car, the humidity in the spring air still feeling heavy on George's lungs, weighing him down with more exhaustion than he thought he even held. Dream kept him balanced, he kept him steady.

"Do you need to grab something to sleep in?" George asked once they were settled back in their seats.

Dream was busy typing in the address to the hotel and turning back on a playlist that George had caught a glimpse of being called 'baby <3'. "Nah, I keep a duffle bag in the trunk for changing after gym and going to play football with Joshua or Andrew. I've got some sweats in there I can change into."

"*Trunk*, your American words are funny." he teased back as they started driving back down through roads that Dream seemed to know like the back of his hand.

"Yeah, okay mister *proper vowels*, what do you call it then?"

It was the lighthearted teasing that he knew existed between their words on the pages before, things that would make them smile to themselves as they had tried to imagine what the voice of the other sounded like.

“The boot, obviously.”

“Boot?!”

And laughter had never sounded so serene. No matter what they went back and forth about, small giggles were shared and filtered between them as the city lights passed in a blur through the windows of Dream’s car.

It was strange in a way, finally being within the proximity of the person he’d been craving for months on end. He knew it would be inevitable, but before, it had all seemed so entirely out of reach. He felt like he’d known Dream before, but now... Now he was truly seeing the beautiful person he’d fallen in love with come to life.

Doodles of daisies in the margins of papers full of heartfelt words were visible in the way he’d get lost in his own thoughts. He’d often catch himself saying something before stopping himself, and then shake his head to acknowledge that there were no lines to hide behind any more. There was a difference between knowing someone in a way you’d envision them to be, and then truly *knowing* someone.

And with their fingers locked so securely as they lazily waited for the elevator to take them up to the room he’d reserved at the hotel, he understood just how comfortable that knowledge was. It had a million different components, different quirks and small movements Dream would make with his face. Ultimately, the only way to fully decipher it all was by looking into his eyes.

“You know, Wil said they make colourblind glasses. If we got some then I—”

“Oh my god, wait! I’m looking them up right now. Hold on.” Dream interrupted, pulling out his phone to quickly type away at the screen. George watched with a smile on his face, enjoying the excitement in Dream’s movements far too much.

“Dream, what are you—”

“I found them. You have protanopia, right?” Dream interrupted, looking up from his phone as George opened the door to their hotel room.

“Okay, I swear I never told you the exact name of it.” he quipped back with mild confusion as he moved into the room. Dream paused for a minute, looking around at the modern decor and the balcony, tilting his head to the side as he did. “Jesus Christ...”

“Huh?” Dream replied quickly, looking to George with a sharpness that had pulled him from his mild daze.

“You’re such a puppy. I can literally see your invisible ears perked up right now.”

Watching Dream’s face melt from an embarrassed blush into something sweet and challenging was something George knew he’d end up being addicted to. And before he knew it, he was being tackled onto the bed and peppered with kisses all across his face as he giggled and pretended to push Dream away. His boyfriend was fully captivating in the role of being a puppy dog, and in that moment, he couldn’t have been more in love.

Dream explained that he’d done research when George had told him what colours he could and couldn’t see, stumbling over his words as he spoke while George changed in the bathroom. He liked how much Dream talked, he liked the sound of his voice, especially as exhaustion from the day began filling it with a deeper and more warm glow. Even better was seeing Dream’s reaction to him walking out wearing his hoodie. If he looked like he would melt into the bed where he sat before, now he just resembled an actual puddle.

“Hey now, why are you crying?” George asked as he moved to his boyfriend who was now donning sweatpants and a t-shirt. Dream sniffled lightly, holding his arms out for George to fall into.

“I just– I’m really happy to actually see you in my hoodie. Like, in real life and not in a picture. I can’t really explain it, but it’s nice to keep being shown reminders that this is all real.” he mumbled into George’s hair, pushing it back a little bit to place a tender kiss against his forehead.

“Everything is real, always has been, always will be.” George whispered back, turning his head up to meet Dream’s eyes again.



He couldn't stop himself from lifting a hand to caress his beautiful boyfriend's face again. There was something soft about being able to *finally* hold Dream in his hands, something continually dragging him in to keep looking at his face, and he knew he was only falling more in love with him every time he did. If that was even possible.

Dream leaned down, pressing their lips together again for the first time since the tree, and George felt that same dazed draw pull him in. There was a warmth that bloomed from his chest like a rose right after a rainstorm, expanding with grace into full fruition as the sweet and gentle scent carried through beams of sunlight finally breaking through grey clouds turned fair and comforting. Each movement tasted sweeter than strawberries and the promise of forever, and George didn't even need to decide any more.

This was his forever, and he couldn't be more enthralled by the idea of it all.

"I have something for you." he whispered against Dream's lips as if it were a secret to be kept between them.

"What's that, baby?"

Slowly, he reached into the front pocket of his hoodie, pulling out an envelope without any stamps. The front read 'Dream', and without an address or any other scribbles written across it, he handed it over. For the first time, he was delivering a letter without the pain of a wait.

"What is this?"

"It's a more appropriate version of a response to your last letter. It's not as long as it should be, but I figured finally being together makes up for that."

Dream pulled him closer as they moved under the covers in a shared bed for the first time, and George let his head fall against his boyfriend's chest as he watched him read.

---

*My baby,*

*If you're reading this right now, that means I didn't die in a fiery plane crash. It also means that I'm with you right now, like actually with you. I know we had a plan before. I was going to come to your graduation, and you were going to pick me up at the airport so we could have this incredible first time meeting each other in person. But, I'm surprisingly more impatient than I ever intended to be.*

*I sent you a note with roses to delay you, and I feel terrible about it. It hurt to even write, because I know exactly how it would be interpreted. I hope that right now we are somewhere alone, lying together comfortably and that you don't hate me. I hope that you're not upset with me, and that I've been able to explain everything to you in full. But most of all, I hope you're as happy as I am.*

*I'm writing this from my windowsill right now while waiting for Wilbur to come pick me up and take me to the airport. This is the last letter I am going to be writing to you from this little spot, and I hope you know I still have that rose pinned up in here, along with the daisy patches once brought. I have the leaf you sent me still marking as a placeholder in my copy of *The Great Gatsby*, I'm still wearing the bracelet you sent me, the certificate for my star is still up on my wall along with your polaroids. And I'm leaving all of it.*

*But I'm not sad to be leaving. In fact, I couldn't be more thrilled. I'm leaving it all to have you in my arms after over nine months of waiting, and I couldn't think of anything more wonderful. I can't believe I'm actually going to see you, and I'm going to hopefully see the look of shock on your face when I show up at your front door. I hope it's not too alarming, and I hope Skye will forgive me for stealing her date.*

*I think I just hope most of all that you're happy. That you'll be just as excited to see me as I am you. I haven't slept in a week because I've been too anxious and excited at the same time for this, and I apologize in advance if I'm terribly sleepy when I finally get to you. Just... promise to hold me. I think the only thing in the world that could cure a restless week is one night spent in your arms.*

*I love you. I love you so much that, at times, it hurts. Before I fully knew how you felt too, I felt like a hopeless romantic who was getting too lost in his own thoughts. But since then, I've only been able to love you to the moon and back in hopes of landing amongst the stars. I am more head over heels in love with you than I ever thought was possible, and I'm happy to be as well.*

*I can't imagine my life without you, and although this may be the last letter I ever write without you fully being in my life, I promise you this; I promise to keep writing you letters, even if they are on post-it notes that are left around our apartment when we finally have that together. I promise to keep you as close as possible for the rest of my life, because I hope you'll do the same with me. I promise to show you every letter that I never sent, because I think you'd like to see my thoughts back before I could tell you how beautiful I find you.*

*I promise you forever, even before we go to Paris.*

*I love you. I can't wait to see you.*

*- your George <3*

## Chapter End Notes

note from kat:

hopefully this makes up for the cliffhanger from ch 31 lol! hi, thanks for reading. Your guys' support means the world to us <3 your questions and headcanons on curiouscat have been very fun, and we love talking to you guys!

comments and kudos are hella appreciated here <3 don't forget to user sub to us both so you can get updates on when we post new chapters, as well as other fics we post updates on!

Socials:

[kat's twitter](#)

[tad's twitter](#)

# family

## Chapter Summary

Once all of George's bags had been piled in front of the door, he hummed, eyes glued to his own front door. "Are you ready?" he asked, but he wasn't sure if he was asking himself or George.

## Chapter Notes

[fic playlist](#)

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Waking up next to George was something he had only imagined for the past months. Being able to open his eyes and have his boyfriend tucked in his arms. Being able to press a kiss to his head whenever he pleased and just being able to be George's presence.

It still felt unreal.

George had been exhausted last night, talking about how he hadn't slept and gotten right off the plane and into his arms. So he had woken up first with no surprise. But he hadn't dared to move. George had an arm wrapped around his chest with his face pressed up against his neck, and Dream could feel his gentle breath tickling the hair by the back of his neck.

Dream took the moment to relish in the presence of his boyfriend. Just a day ago he had been worried he would never be able to touch him, never be able to tell him 'I love you' in person. But George had come straight to his arms.

The panic felt silly now that he thought about it. He should've known George was planning something. He wouldn't have broken up with him like that out of the blue. Especially not without a proper goodbye letter.

A goodbye letter.

His heart ached at the mere thought of it. A goodbye letter would have somehow been worse, and better, at the same time. It would've given him proper answers, but then he would've been left alone with all the love he carried for George.

A small frown formed on his face as he pulled George closer to him, pressing his lips on top of soft brown locks. A protective kiss almost as if someone was going to steal George away. He placed his chin atop of his head and tucked the blanket around them once more.

But his movements must've woken up George as he stirred in his arms and he was greeted by George's half open eyes, puffed out cheeks, and hair falling messily into his eyes.

"Morning, baby." he whispered softly as half open eyes blinked up at him in sleepy confusion.

However the confusion melted into a fond smile as if it seemed to settle in his boyfriend's mind too that this was real. "Dreamie, good morning." George hummed softly and leaned forward to press a kiss to the corner of his mouth.

It sent a flutter up his chest as he felt soft lips press against his skin. This is what he had longed for. He let George slip out of his arms, the other stretching his arms out.

Dream watched him quietly, bottom lip captured by his teeth as he bit into it. It felt weird to see George like this. Half asleep and in his hoodie in person. The material just like he had imagined hung on his boyfriend loosely. It was adorable. George was adorable.

"You're staring, Dreamie..." George huffed softly, cheeks a strawberry pink. He wasn't sure if it was from just waking up or from the staring. A lot of George was just pink. He noticed it yesterday when holding his hand and kissing his face.

Dream moved, sitting up in bed to match George. "I... I think in my head it just all feels like a dream still..." He wasn't sure why he was whispering when they were alone in the room, nothing but the sun peeking out from behind closed curtains. "I just didn't think I'd get you like this..."

It was like he didn't deserve it. What did he do to deserve George like this? To see him wake up and smile so brightly. His worries were getting the best of him.

Until warm hands settled on his face and he was pulled out of his head by George. "Honey, I'd

want no one but you.” George whispered softly, it was evident his accent was stronger from just waking up.

It put a smile on his face whenever he remembered how far his boyfriend had come to stay with him. That George had wanted to surprise him and couldn’t wait to be with him. It was reassuring.

Nothing mattered more than this moment. Dream was sure he would be remembering this moment even after years of living with George. The first night he spent with his boyfriend. Even if it was in a hotel room the night after prom, and he had spent all the time before worrying George didn’t love him. That George didn’t want him like he wanted *him*.

“Dreamie, you’re thinking too hard...” George hummed softly, gentle hands coming out to brush messy locks out of his eyes. “It’s just me. The same boy you called an idiot because I didn’t want to climb that tree. But I did it, didn’t I? You made it less scary for me, baby.”

It was just George. The same George he had written countless letters to. The George he loved.

He leaned into George’s hand tangled in his hair, shrugging, “Can’t believe I got this lucky.” he reached out, an arm wrapping around his boyfriend’s waist as he tugged him closer with a smile.

George giggled, head gently falling to rest on his shoulder, “That makes the two of us. Not to complain, but what time is it? It feels like I slept two hours...”

Blindly he reached around the covers, finding his phone. The screen flashed bright, 10 a.m. glowing across the screen. “Ugh. Too early, definitely...” he mumbled, letting himself fall back, tugging George alongside who simply let it happen, head resting on his chest.

It was unclear how long they laid there, simply existing in each other’s presence. They were in and out of sleep, waking each other up when they moved too sharply or the sun peering between the curtains began to bother them.

And he loved every second of it. He loved being able to reach out to touch him whenever he wanted. He enjoyed learning how George got comfortable. How he tucked his face against his neck and his hands bunched up the fabric of his shirt. It was all so endearing.

This is what it felt like to be able to live with everything he had. For so long, all he had was pen and

paper. All he could do was write the words over and over again and hope George felt the love somehow through the written words.

But now he was able to show it. He could brush his lips against his cheeks, his hands. He could whisper an *I love you* against his lips before kissing him. He could take him out on a date every single day, and soon enough, they'd have their apartment. Their *home*.

Eventually, it became clear they needed to climb out of bed. George became much more awake as the clock hit one p.m. and Dream's phone began going off. He groaned, letting George roll off of him as he grabbed the device. He sat up in their tangled bed sheets, a missed call from Andrew and texts from his friends and parents visible on the screen.

Maybe he should have mentioned he wouldn't be back home on time.

"Are they worried?" George asked softly, chin resting on his shoulder as he peered over to look at his phone.

Dream hummed, sending a quick 'be home soon' text, "They're just doing what family does. Did you call your parents? You should later if you haven't. I don't want them thinking I stole you completely."

George rolled his eyes, smiling softly, "They'll be fine. I'll talk to them and Nanny Beth later once I've met yours. I don't want to keep your parents waiting for too long."

That was another thing he hadn't expected to happen so quickly. He knew eventually George would be meeting his parents, but he had always thought he had more time. But here they were, only an hour or two away from introducing George to them.

He chewed on his lip, twisting the fabric of the blankets. His parents knew of his sexuality. They knew of George. They knew how much he meant to him, so it couldn't be a disaster. Right?

With George's chin still hooked over his shoulder, he glanced at his side when slender arms wrapped around his waist, tugging him back. "It'll be fine... I promise." the gentle whisper came and left, George pressing a delicate kiss to the side of his neck.

It immediately sent heat to his cheeks once again, his hands overlapping George's that settled so

nicely around him. It was perfect.

“They already love you, you know? My mom gets so excited seeing one of your letters in the mail.” Dream gushed softly.

“Really? Well quit making them wait, Dreamie! Go take a shower. I’ll be right here.”

It took a little more coaxing from George before he let himself slip out of his arms. With a final kiss pressed to the corner of his lips, he stumbled into the bathroom.

In a way it felt like he was floating as he got inside and shut the door. His cheeks were flushed still and his eyes bright despite the late morning.

George was already making his head spin.

Dream lifted a hand up to his neck, fingertips brushing across unmarked skin, yet he could still feel George’s lips against them as if they were still there.

The thought only made him want to get back to his boyfriend's arms. So he was quick as he got his clothes off and stumbled into the shower. It took a second, fumbling with the shower as he got the hot water running and relished in it for a minute.

But he didn’t let himself linger too long. With a quick wash of his hair with the flimsy bottles the hotel had provided them, he was back out, hair dripping wet as he grabbed a towel.

A small realization came to mind as he noticed he hadn’t brought clothes with him, but then again all he had was a wrinkled suit he had left on the extra chair and table in the room.

With a small frown he pulled on his underwear and sweatpants, deciding against the shirt as his hair was still wet. But even the shower didn’t help the sleepy daze that was covering him. Maybe the hot water was a bad idea.

He stepped out of the bathroom, towel thrown over his shoulder as he threw his shirt on top of one of George's bags.



That's when he noticed the eyes on him. George was just like he left him, tangled in sheets, tousled brown hair, perfect pink lips pursed as he stared at his own phone, and of course still drowning in his hoodie. In person. As George looked up to smile at him, he noticed his eyes widen.

Dream couldn't help but smile a little smugly, canines digging into his bottom lip. "I didn't lie in the letters did I?" he hummed teasingly as he went over to the bed.

The blush on George's cheeks was a good enough answer. "Your freckles..." the words were soft as George's eyes wandered across his shoulders and neck.

His freckles had always been an upside for anyone who found him attractive, and he had always been fond of them too. But for George to find them attractive as well was just the icing on top of the cake.

"I got a lot of them, hm?"

Wordlessly, George nodded as he watched Dream climb onto the bed. The bed was as soft and pillowy as it had been earlier, the urge to nap sinking further into him. "Hm, I'm kinda feeling another nap, not gonna lie, baby. Can we just visit my parents tomorrow?" His face was turned away, directed to the opposite wall.

"Are you purposely trying to avoid taking me home?" George asked playfully, but he didn't seem mad about it, because a moment later there was a weight settling in his side and a hand brushing across his shoulder blades.

Any remaining tension immediately melted from him, relaxing under George's gentle hold. It felt amazing feeling George's fingertips brush across his tanned skin. His hot breath could be felt near his neck as they laid there in silence.

He hummed, eyes fluttering shut as he sunk deeper into the sheets and George's hand began tracing shapes across his back.

"They're kinda like constellations..."

“Hm?”

George shifted, a hand running through his hair. It made him smile as he recalled writing about it in his letters. George had remembered.

“Your freckles, they remind me of constellations. It’s funny you bought me a star when you’re covered in them.” he continued to whisper, the hand returning to his back.

Warm lips pressed against his skin next.

“I can be your personal star down on earth then?” Dream suggested softly, finally turning his head to face George.

They shared a smile, Dream was sure his cheeks were going to begin hurting with how much he smiled around George.

“That sounds absolutely lovely.” George murmured right back, fingertips grazing across the nape of his neck before moving to rest on his cheek.

Every single touch George left on him sent a spark through him. It was like he was being touched for the first time.

Even silence felt right with George beside him. At most times he was used to noise. Whether it was humming or talking to himself or tapping something. But with George he felt like he could listen to his heartbeat forever.

It was all he needed.

“Breakfast?” Dream suggested.

“It's a bit late for breakfast, isn't it?” George retorted, eyebrows raised, while moving to sit up anyways.

“Lunch then?”

With slow movement, the two gathered their things and got ready. It was a lazy movement but it felt wonderful. They moved with ease around each other as George gathered his bags to take to his house, and they collected the unnecessary amount of pillows to throw back onto the hotel bed.

They headed out of the little hotel, bidding, hands filled with too many things to count, but Dream felt the urge to ask to hold George's hand nonetheless.

The car drive to a little restaurant for a quick lunch failed to let him hold it as well. Ordering sandwiches and drinks and enjoying the spring weather as they sat outside.

George looked absolutely beautiful in his hoodie, asking questions about his town. Everything from his family to Disney. And somehow it was even easier to converse with George than he imagined. In letters they could drag on and on, but the ease of being able to just speak without rewording himself, scribbling over questions he thought weren't important enough to ask in a letter. Now in person his thoughts left in a jumbled mess and answering anything George wanted to ask forever excited him.

But as they turned onto his street, passing by countless palm trees that had always been the usual to him and the sidewalk he had learnt to ride a bike on, his anxiety swarmed in the back of his head.

This was it. He was going to officially introduce George to the rest of his family himself.

"I still think it's unfair you met Andrew and Emma before me..." he mumbled out, a small pout on his face as he glanced at George.

George simply giggled, "Why? Were you afraid Andrew was going to steal me away from you?" he teased, "And remember, the original plan was to come to you, not my fault I was late. I'll blame the plane."

"Excuses!"

"Sounds like jealousy to me."

Before he could even continue to complain though, lips pressed against his cheek, George giving

him a quick kiss. It was still hard to get used to it, though George was pressing his lips on him at every chance possible. "It's cute, don't worry," his boyfriend mumbled against his cheek before settling back into his seat.

Gods, was he lucky.

With slight ease he drove onto their property, parking the car. Both of his parents' cars were already there with Andrew's parked on the curb.

They clambered out of his car, Dream grabbing George's bags before the other even had a chance. "I got this, don't worry."

Once all of George's bags had been piled in front of the door, he hummed, eyes glued to his own front door. "Are you ready?" he asked, but he wasn't sure if he was asking himself or George.

He was greeted by silence though. Instead, fingers curled around his wrist and he was tugged to face George. "It's going to go fine, honey. I promise. Plus if they hate me, we can go back to the hotel. Okay?"

Dream nodded, but that was the last thing he wanted and he knew it was impossible for anyone to hate George.

"Alright." Dream laced their fingers, squeezing his hands gently. He shifted on his feet for a second before leaning down, wanting another kiss before potential chaos, but of course they were interrupted.

The door suddenly was flinging open, hitting the wall inside a bit too loud as they both darted straight up and a small body was hitting his boyfriend's chest.

"You're here!" Emma squealed excitedly, looking up at George who had seemed less surprised by the sudden attack with a smile across his face.

"Gee, glad you missed me too, Ems." he huffed, nose wrinkled.

The younger girl simply shrugged, “I have to see you everyday of my life, George is special.”

But nonetheless his sister was giving him a quick hug before grabbing their hands and pulling them both inside. “Mom and dad have been waiting all day!” she announced grandly, “Couldn't you have mentioned you were staying with George for the night? Me and Andrew had to cover for you, idiot.” she remarked, shaking her head at him.

“Sorry. Slightly my fault for not planning the best,” the brunet spoke out sheepishly as his eyes wandered around the house.

In the back of his mind he wondered if he had put away his laundry, or even done it. Or if his room was clean or a mess. He had not thought this out better. He still felt an urge to present himself well in front of George.

“What on earth is taking you all so long?” his mom’s voice rang out as he looked up at the entrance of the kitchen to see her standing there. She seemed taken back as her eyes landed on—  
“George?”

Dream gulped, nodding his head slowly. “Sorry. I-I meant to tell you, I swear! Well, I mean, I didn’t even know until yesterday if I’m honest. But gods- I didn’t think it would happen this quick. I-“

But he was cut off as his mom interrupted him. “Oh, sweetheart, hush! I’m not upset with you. Stop your rollercoaster of words now, goodness. Come in, come in. Why are you all lingering in the entryway?”

He blinked, confused as his mom brushed past George’s presence in their house. In America.

“Sorry mom!” both siblings uttered out as Emma quickly shut the door behind them before running up ahead and disappearing into the kitchen. It left the three of them in the hallway, and Dream’s nerves were skyrocketing.

And of course his mom knew.

He glanced at George who seemed as nervous as him, shifting on his feet. Slowly, Dream leaned to the right, bumping their shoulders lightly and shot a smile at the shorter.

“It’ll be fine, remember?” he whispered softly.

His mom simply raised her eyebrows, but her smile remained kind as she approached them. “Now then, this certainly is a surprise. Aren’t you a long way from home, George?”

Sheepishly, George nodded. “I- I am a little, yes. I just couldn’t wait any longer. I had to see him...” the words were whispered at the end as George’s cheeks turned a soft pink once more.

The smile never left her face though as she shook her head. “Young love is just the purest form of love...” she murmured almost dreamily.

Dream’s own face turned a matching pink as he heard his mom utter the word *love*. His mom was meeting his boyfriend for the first time and it wasn’t going badly. It was going... perfect?

“It’s lovely to meet you finally, Mrs. Thomas! Your home is beautiful.” George spoke up.

She simply shook her head. “You don’t have to be so formal with me, sweetheart. Now, is it alright if I ask for a hug, George? You *are* the reason my son’s been smiling so much often after all.”

Heat rushed to his cheeks at the admittance, “Mom...” he hissed softly, but George was happily nodding and being pulled into a hug a second later.

And the second following had him pulled into the hug as well, his mother squeezing them both tightly. “God, Look at you two.” she praised, pulling back to look at them as her hands came to pinch at their cheeks.

“Now that I’ve given you both some love, come on, dinner’s going to get cold. I told your brother to set up the table and your dad should be done washing up by now.”

Sitting down for dinner with his family was nothing new or exciting. Sure, his mom had prepared a special meal of steak and fries because of course he’d found some way to let her know that that was George’s favorite meal, and all he wanted was for everything to be perfect for George. And of course Emma and Andrew had let them know George would be coming over. Still, anxious tension seemed to bubble within him as he sat across the table from his father, doing his best not to meet

his or Andrew's eyes.

He wasn't ashamed, and he knew they'd already welcomed George into their home with open arms, but something still seemed to keep him on edge, nagging at the back of his mind that it was all some big mistake. He'd barely even had George to himself for a day, and he was still seeming to let his mind convince him it was all a dream. How could something so wonderful be *so* real? How could the most beautiful person he'd ever met *really* be sitting right next to him making small talk with his family with ease and as if he'd known them for years?

When gentle fingers rested atop his under the table cloth, he felt himself still to catch his breath. He'd let their fingers intertwine, grounding him back to the reality of just how lucky he was, how incredible his *boyfriend* was, how much he loved his family and was loved by them.

Maybe it was the idea that he'd have to board a plane and make as good of an impression on George's parents as he had his, or maybe it was the ever present thought that he somehow didn't deserve the love George would always seem to give him. But when George squeezed his hand under the dinner table and would follow the movement with a gentle whisper to make sure he was doing okay, the answer would always be 'yes'.

He felt safe, he felt at home with George, because George *was* his home.

Eventually they managed to escape his family. As nice as it was, the urge to spend time alone with George had grown immensely over their evening together. Hand holding and soft smiles weren't cutting it.

So with a quick excuse of George still being jet lagged and needing his beauty sleep, they made their way upstairs. It was a slow trek making it to his bedroom as George insisted on stopping and looking at their family photos. Everything from baby photos of him, to Andrew's graduation photos and odd photos from family gatherings here and there.

"You were such a cute baby!" George cooed, giggling as he pointed towards a photo, "I think you're lacking some eyebrows here though."

He wrinkled his nose, tugging on his wrist, "Come on," he drawled, "I wanna show you my room."

Finally George accepted, letting Dream drag him all the way to his bedroom. It was at the end of

the hall, a room he had always been happy to have since he was young. It was the farthest away from his parent's, which meant he could easily talk the hours away with Sapnap during the night. Not to mention he easily heard anyone coming down the hall as well. It wasn't next to his parents bedroom, and it wasn't next to the stairs for anyone to peek in right away.

It was perfect.

He pushed open the door, his name 'Clay' plastered across it in colorful letters. Emma had done that when she was younger, and it was too cute to take off, so they had stuck, Andrew having a matching array of letters for his name on his own door.

"Well, this is it." he announced softly, fingers raking through his hair nervously as he watched George walk around, curious eyes moving across the walls and shelves. His attention lingered on his desk, Jay was happily swimming around in its fish tank. Emma must've moved it for George to see.

This is where he had spent countless hours loving George, where he had poured his heart out in letters. Where he had come out to his Patches and Jay to hype himself up and tell himself it was going to be okay.

George was finally standing in his room and, come to think of it, where was Patches? She hadn't been anywhere downstairs. Odd.

What also hadn't occurred to him was his setup. It wasn't until he looked back at George and he was staring at the polaroid wall.

"This kinda feels like a shrine."

For what seemed like the one hundredth time that day, blood rushed to his cheeks as George examined the little collage and the dream sign glowing next to them.

"Shut up!" he huffed softly, shuffling over to him. But George was smiling bright, his own cheeks flushed.

"I mean, nothing to be embarrassed about when you're my boyfriend, idiot." he cooed teasingly, "I think mine would also count as a shrine to be fair."



Dream had lost count months ago of how much he imagined George standing in his room, looking at all his things. Most of the time he hated when people invaded his space, but George belonged here. He belonged in between his messy sheets and cluttered desk.

He just wanted George.

And now he had him.

He hummed, turning his chair as he sat down on it and tugged George forward until the other was settled in his lap sideways. It was probably uncomfortable, but he didn't complain, arms wrapping around George's waist while the other pressed his lips against Dream's temple. "You know, I thought you'd be chattier than this, Dreamie."

He shrugged, pressing his face down against his neck, "Hard to believe this still..." he whispered, "trying to register that you're actually here."

Even silence was okay with George here. All he heard was the soft splash of water from where Jay seemed to show it's own excitement of seeing George.

Gentle hands raked threw his hair once again as they blossomed in each other's company. Dream knew eventually the disbelief would leave. That he'd be able to look at George and not worry about him disappearing and that maybe he really had lost himself in love.

But that wasn't right now.

"Can... Can I show you something?" he asked softly, finally raising his head to look at George.

The brunet nodded with no hesitation. "Anything."

He leaned over, pulling open the drawer that had been filled with unfinished letters, little notes and all of George's letters neatly tucked into a stack.

George looked down curiously, “The letters?” he asked.

Dream nodded, grabbing a few on the top and nudged him gently, “Let's go over to my bed.”

The both settled down in his bed, blanket and sheets pushed aside so they could lay out the letters properly.

Slowly, they began to go through them, Dream pointing out all the paper cut letters he had received from the other. “You’re pretty clumsy with paper.”

George simply rolled his eyes, “At least I didn’t trail off and start doodling in between sentences.” he snapped back playfully.

“But you said you liked my drawings!” he huffed.

“And that I do.” Another kiss was pressed to his cheek to make the pout disappear.

It was interesting finally looking over the letters with George in person. He was finding out what George thought as he wrote the letters.

Though as his boyfriend’s fingers tried across a specific letter, the envelope and letter both crumpled at one side, Dream frowned at the memory.

It was a bad one, but it didn't match up in his brain anymore. Andrew and him had talked. He had come out to him, accidentally, and he had met George. Had even driven him all the way to prom.

“I had to pull that one from Andrew’s hand. He was teasing me for it. I guess he kinda figured out you meant a lot to me before I even did.” Dream whispered, his own hand attempting to smooth out the wrinkles in the letter. Nothing that George wrote deserved to look ugly.

George hummed, hands bumping as they both began to work to bring the letter to its original look. “Well at least it has character?” he joked, nudging his knee a little with his own.

Hm, maybe it did give some character.

They spent most of the evening like that, spread out and speaking softly about the letters. It wasn't until their words began to fall into whispers and their words became jumbled they let themselves drift off.

In each other's arms once more, and Dream wouldn't have it any other way.

Having George in person had turned out even better than he could've ever imagined.

The second night they had slept together, he woke up slightly surprised in his sleepy state. A warm body pressed against him, a hand curled up in his shirt as he had an arm around George's waist. Surprising, but it felt so right.

He couldn't help but lay there in a sleepy daze, admiring George's every feature until the other was waking up with a yawn and knocking a hand against his chin.

If he hadn't been awake now, he had been after that accidental hit. But even with a little ache to his chin, it didn't matter when George was staring at him wide eyed and soft apology leaving his lips.

What stole their attention next was a soft purr. Both boys moved to look at the end of the bed where Patches was perched on top of his comforter. The cat was looking at them with a tilted head, as if silently questioning who was invading Dream's bed.

"Hey girl... where have you been?" Dream cooed softly, reaching a hand out, and Patches immediately moving forward. She made her way between the space of the two boys, letting Dream's hand run across her back before continuing to stare at George.

A sleepy laugh left George, staring at her fondly, "Well you're definitely as pretty as Dream claimed you were." he praised her.

Patches simply purred again, tail swishing behind her as she was acknowledged.

"Patchy, that's George. Remember when I talked about him? It's why I wrote all those letters and

didn't give you enough attention, George stole it all.” He whispered the last words teasingly.

“Well, she’s coming with us, she needs to learn how to share!” George declared, but Dream was focused on the hand hovering unsurely.

“You can pet her, George. She hasn’t attacked you yet, so that’s a good sign.”

Well, at least he hoped. Patches was usually good with the people who came to their house. The final item on his list of wants was for her now to like George.

He watched quietly as George nodded and reached out, a hand slowly running up and down Patches back, and it was going well. Perfect, even. She didn’t move, instead leaning into George's touch and softly purring.

“See! You'll be sharing in no time.” Dream hummed happily.

The rest of the morning was spent lazily lying in bed with Patches until Emma was knocking at their door yelling about breakfast getting cold.

“Guess we gotta leave the comfort.” Dream whined but didn’t move, pulling the comforter over both their heads, “maybe she’ll leave with no reply.” he whispered.

Alas, it didn’t work as Emma barged into the room and the comforter was pulled away, and he was left scrambling for words as George was laughing softly, spread out on the bed. “It was his idea, Emma!” George claimed with a smile.

Getting ready for the day had a new sort of joy with George with him finally. They bumped a little in his bedroom, Dream looked for clean clothes whilst George searched through his own bags. Even brushing their teeth had its own joy to it. George pressing cold hands under his shirt and flicking water onto his boyfriend's face playfully.

They both weren’t used to sharing a space, and it was a beautiful learning experience. It felt perfect even when they bumped heads and whenever George looked at him for help. Not that his boyfriend needed much help. He had continued to get along with everyone perfectly

Even his friends had grown fond of him quickly. Skye and Joshua had showed up at their doorstep after a day of hiding away in his room, demanding they all go out and have some fun. That George deserved to see the city and not to be held hostage in Dream's house.

They spent most of the evening out with them, venturing into arcades, cafes, even an escape room which Skye had managed to find them.

Another day Emma had decided to take control of their evening and had shown George all her favorite spots.

When they *did* get time for themselves, they happily lounged around talking about anything and everything. They even visited *their* tree a couple times. George slowly grew less scared of climbing up once he had discovered the most stable branches.

The week continued to quickly dwindle away until it was finally his graduation day.

He was graduating high school with his boyfriend able to watch him in person.

"Do I look alright? The hat feels weird."

"Stop fussing so much. You look perfect."

The words were soft and George's smile was even more telling of the statement.

He leaned over, pressing his lips against George's once more. "To hold me over," he whispered before they pulled away from each other one more time.

Some part of him almost wanted to drag George across the stage with him. He was half the reason he had even wanted to finish school in the end.

But he resisted the urge, watching George disappear to go find his family or find a spot to sit.

There wasn't much time to think about George though as he pushed into a whirlwind of classmates.

Today he was seeing people he'd said maybe one word to, others he had spent years playing football with, others who probably didn't even know he existed.

Maybe before, he would've cared. Maybe he wouldn't have even been here. Maybe he would've been in London spending time with George's family. Maybe he would be moving there instead of George moving to America.

There had been so many paths for him to take the second he met George.

He glanced over into the crowd as he awaited his name to be called out. His fellow classmates walked the stage with a diploma every minute.

It was hard to spot who he wanted. Skye, who was just a few people behind him, smirked at him with a raised eyebrow. Of course she knew who he was looking for.

In no time though he had crossed that stage and so had his friends. High School was officially over and now he was free to start his new chapter with George.

"You promise to let us visit, right?" Skye urged eagerly.

"Virginia's such a long drive though." the complaint coming from Joshua as he chimed in.

The complaints were light hearted ones as he had told his friends a week ago what the plan was. That he was moving out with George where his college was going to be.

"Too lazy to visit your closest friend?" George's voice broke in, Dream turning to see his boyfriend finally after much too long. He pulled George close, "Mm, apparently we aren't worth it, baby." he pouted softly.

"Driving's a pain!" Joshua whined, shrugging his shoulders.

They continued to chat, their families coming over and exchanging a few photos and small talk. Emma had excitedly congratulated him as Andrew had ruffled his hair to show his own appreciation. Somewhere in the mix though, Skye had disappeared and Dream had caught on.

He frowned, glancing around until he saw his friend. Skye was talking to a girl he recognized from the cheer squad. No name coming to mind right away.

But there was blush on Skye's cheeks, and was that hand holding?

His eyes widened as he nudged George's side, subtly nodding in Skye's direction. "Do you think-?"

George's eyes followed the direction, a grin spreading across his face. "Oh my God, do you think they're dating, or maybe a confession? They have to be something..." he murmured curiously, leaning on his tiptoes to peek over the shoulders blocking his view.

As happy as he was for Skye, he couldn't help but stare at his own boyfriend. He was so endearing. Which is why he couldn't control himself sometimes. He leaned forward and scooped up George in his arms.

He was met with a small yelp from the smaller, hands grabbing at his shoulders as Dream lifted him up. "Dream what on earth are you doing?"

He didn't answer George's question, rather smiling, "I love you..." he whispered softly, just as Emma called out "Cheese!"

"I got it! Oh my god, this is so cute."

They didn't look at the camera, the photo forever capturing the heart eyes they gave each other, blush spread across their cheeks and pure love.

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It was one of the rare evenings of being able to stock the shelves. He was freed of the duty to ring up product after product and bag countless groceries while setting gallons of milk aside and leaving cartons of eggs to stack on top of others.

Instead, he simply had to lift boxes and fill the shelves. In a way, it wasn't any different, but he didn't mind it. It gave him a little more solitude as no one approached the tall blond handling box after box.

At least he thought.

Working in the end was more agony than usual. He had almost thought of quitting already as he was moving anyways but the need to save up a little more for the apartment was stuck in his head. Or at least the thought to buy a few nice things for it.

But working meant needing to leave George alone. Well, technically the other wasn't alone. Emma had promised to take good care of him whilst he was at work. He trusted her, but George already had to wait around for him to get back from school the previous days.

All he wanted to do was spend all his hours holding George, seeing him smile, taking him out to all his favorite places.

But instead he was in a grocery store, stocking shelves with food.

He'd finally gotten to the snack aisle, putting his fiftieth bag of chips away when a customer approached him.

"Do you know where I can find bread?"

Without even looking back the aisle number left his lips, "Fifteen." He had the store memorized like the back of his hand at this point.

The customer, out of the corner of his eye, lingered, a small huff leaving his lips before disappearing out of the aisle. He glanced back now only to find the man already gone. He frowned but shrugged it off, opening up the next cardboard box.

Except the voice returned. This time it was when he was carrying boxes in his arms. "Excuse me, do you know where I can find chocolate raisins?"



Chocolate raisins? His nose wrinkled at the mention but at the same time he thought of how George liked them. Maybe he should get some for him?

“Down in twenty three.” he hummed out as walked off and pushed the ‘*Employees Only*’ doors open with the boxes and stepped into the storage place. A thought of hearing a British accent lingered in his mind.

It wasn’t until he was finally finished throwing away the empty shipment boxes he realized what had just occurred. As he stepped out of the doors once more, there was George, arms crossed and a pout visible.

His boyfriend had come to visit him at work and he hadn’t even realized.

“George? Oh my Gods-“

“-did you just ignore me like that?”

Their words stumbled over each other as they stood there a few feet apart.

“How was I supposed to know it was you?” Dream exclaimed out, walking closer, reaching out for George’s hand, “I was busy! Please forgive me?”

“You didn’t even look at me...” George complained, pulling his hand away. But it was evident he was fighting back a smile.

Gods, was he cute.

“I’m your boyfriend! The light of your life, your one true love, and you just-“ but Dream cut him off with a single kiss, hands pulling him close by his waist. It was a quick one, just in case management was near as he pulled away, cheeks glowing as George was fighting back a smile even more.

“I suppose you’re forgiven...” the shorter mumbled out, eyes averted as suddenly a package of rice was much more interesting than their ‘argument’.

Dream only laughed, bringing George into a hug, the smile on his face almost making his cheeks ache. *He was so lucky*, he thought as George wrapped his arms around his waist.

“Buy me chocolate raisins?” he mumbled against his chest.

They may or may not have left with a few boxes of chocolate raisins later that evening.

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Waking up alone in his bed for the first time since George had arrived had caught him off guard. He had grown used to having a warm body pressed against him when he woke up. George’s breath against his neck, or the other having rolled over on top of him whilst sleeping. It was endearing no matter what.

As he slowly woke up and rolled onto his side it immediately felt wrong. With closed eyes, he felt around the bed, both arms used as he realized he was in the middle of the bed and lacking someone vital.

George was gone.

That easily pulled him further out of his sleepy daze, eyes half opened as he glanced around the room and bed, but it was bare. George wasn’t there. Maybe it was the sleepiness or the small worry that he kept shoved in the back of his head, but he couldn’t help but feel anxiety swirl in his stomach. That somehow George had grown sick of him and left. Or he had imagined the past few days.

Yet the sound of pots and pans signaled something else to him.

Dream clambered out of bed with one thing on his mind, *George*. He pulled on the nearest hoodie, hood covering his hair as he almost tripped over George’s suitcase.

Over the days since George had arrived, his bedroom had easily become *theirs*. There were signs of his boyfriend everywhere, from their mixed up clothes to the shoes neatly set next to the door next to his own clumsily thrown pair. The neatly folded towel on his desk was another sign. Maybe they should put the suitcase aside though.

For now, his mission was a different one. He stumbled out of his bedroom, hands coming up to rub at his eyes to seem a little more awake. The other bedroom doors were shut still, indicating Emma and Andrew were fast asleep.

This was the first morning he had woken up alone since, and had already decided it was the worst. It simply felt wrong being awake without kissing George good morning or being woken up by fingers gently tracing the lines between his freckles on his cheeks.

With a small pout he went down the stairs, the smell of bacon and pancakes hitting him as he did. One thing for sure was his mom was up early as well.

However to his surprise as he grew more awake and peeked his head into the kitchen, he was greeted with a slightly unexpected sight. His mom and George were cooking breakfast *together*.

He felt himself grow fond as he watched for a moment. Both of them had aprons on, his mom softly instructing on how to flip the perfect pancake. The sight had his heart skipping a beat.

This was all he had wanted. For the people he loved most to come together.

Time seemed to slip away as he watched them, a smile on his face as George listened so intently to his mom's words. From the perfect seasoning for the potatoes to the method of flipping a pancake.

The pancakes seemed to be George's favorite part as he attempted flip after flip.

"Why're you being creepy?"

The hushed voice made him jump as he glanced behind to find Emma standing there looking equally as sleepy as he was. Still in her pajamas and hair sticking up as he reached a hand out to flatten it with a few pats. "I'm not..." he hushed quietly.

For a moment he was confused by her early appearance until he recalled a camping trip for her at the end of the school year. That was today.

“You are,” she repeated before walking into the kitchen. “Mom! I can’t find my sleeping bag!” She cried out, bringing two sets of eyes towards them both.

“Morning Emma, Dream!” George called out, smiling wide and looking like he had been awake for hours now. How did someone look so pretty so early?

“Emma, I told you to find it yesterday.” his mother scolded, quickly taking her apron off, “And Clay, don’t just watch, help us out.”

The two passed him, Emma prodding him in his ribs as they chatted and disappeared back upstairs.

Helping was the last thing he wanted to do half asleep. He wrinkled his nose as George’s attention had gone right back to the food. So he shuffled across the kitchen and wrapped his arms around his waist before settling his face against his neck.

“Dream.” George tutted softly, shoulders moving up and down, but it would take more than that to get him to move.

No matter how many times George said it, nothing beat when he called him ‘Dream’. It was their special name between the two of them, and it was the only thing he wanted to hear from George.

“You left me alone in bed...” he whined childishly, bringing George closer with a small tug to his waist, “you didn’t even kiss me ‘good morning’.”

George only further wiggled in his arms, “Actually, I did, just soft enough not to wake you. You look too cute when you’re dreaming.”

The words alone were enough to make him blush ever darker, pressing his face further against George’s neck. “Shut up... what’s the point if I don’t know,” he mumbled, lips pressed against the bare skin across George’s neck.

It left George giggling softly as he turned his head a little, “Here, come up, baby.”

That grabbed his attention as he raised his head, to find soft lips pressed across his cheek, “Good morning, baby. Is that better?”

Dream hummed approvingly, hugging George tighter as he leaned into his every touch. “Absolutely perfect.”

It didn’t mean he was moving though. He continued to cling on, loosening his grip just enough so George could continue his pancake flipping, hiding the burnt ones under his mom’s.

With plates filled with pancakes and bacon, they settled down in their breakfast nook, thighs pressed together with how close they sat. It was always nice to take the opportunity of being alone, especially when they had half the day planned already.

Apartment hunting was the main event of the day. It was harder since they planned to move all the way to Virginia, but his mom had promised to help the night before, having rambled on about possible places. The excitement was nice, but this was something he wanted to do just with George.

It was already such a huge step and he wanted to make sure it went as smoothly as possible.

So with a list of options lined out for them and gently coaxing his mom out of the room they settled down in front of her computer and began looking through the options.

His mom had pulled out good options. All sorts of studio apartments for them to look at. Some with balconies and others with large windows in their place, some more cramped, others with more open space. One even had interesting floral wallpaper, which they both agreed wasn’t their taste at all.

Eventually they came to settle on one. It was an open floor based studio, exposed brick walls, a nice balcony and framed windows which gave a ton of nice sunlight. The bedroom area wasn’t too cramped, and was nicely sectioned off with a half wall. It was perfect. It could be their first home together.

Maybe their only home together. Dream didn’t care where they ended up as long as George was by his side. It was too hard to imagine them apart now. Even now, watching George scroll through the different shots of the apartment, watching him point out little things about it.

Where they could hang up the fairy lights and where their Christmas tree would go during the winter. Where they could set up their bed and have plants. It all felt so beautifully domestic.

The love just continued to bloom in his heart as he watched George ramble on and ask questions.

And this was only the beginning.

They still had a whole roller coaster of events to get through.

Soon he would be going to London to meet George's family and friends. He would be seeing his boyfriend and his best friend walk across the stage. He could show how proud he was. He'd spend time with his family.

*His family.*

George had, and still, kept continuously reassuring him that they would love him. But his nerves didn't let up. A whole new world to explore when he had barely left Florida. Now he would be crossing the ocean and attempting to impress his whole family.

At least Gracie already liked him.

"What're you thinking so hard about?" George asked, eyes on him now as he raised his eyebrows, "You're gonna give yourself wrinkles."

Wrinkles. He smiled a little at the quip, pulling George in for a little kiss. "Just thinking about you and London."

"My parents adore you already, honey. If you worry too much just tell me, I'll be here to remind you."

And that made Dream smiling even brighter.

George would be there.

## Chapter End Notes

note from tad:

Hello hello !!! I hope you all enjoyed this little domestic chapter especially after their first kiss :))) i really loved writing this even though it was a little harder since I got use to writing the letters all the time. But anyways thank u again for all the love and support for our boys <33333 kudos and comments very appreciated

Comments and Kudos super appreciated! <3

Socials:

[kat's twitter](#)

[tad's twitter](#)

## champagne toasts

### Chapter Summary

Dream hummed, running his pointer finger over the spot George was talking about, quickly burying his face in the crook of George's mouth with a warm flush and guilty smile pressing against his skin. George couldn't help but laugh, reaching one hand back to tangle through blond locks.

### Chapter Notes

[fic playlist](#)

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

There was a dazzling wonder that seemed to light Dream's eyes up like stars on a cloudless night whenever he was caught marveling at his surroundings. George found it entrancing, smiling lightly to himself as Dream's chin tipped up and his jaw dropped minimally as he took in his surroundings. The first night at the hotel had been the first time he'd noticed it, every moment before they were finally alone there together was filled with Dream's eyes being trained on nothing but him.

But his newfound intrigue with the world surrounding him that he'd never been a part of was, well, adorable. It was a golden excitement that perked up invisible ears while an invisible tail wagged with the hyperattentive need to take in *everything*. And yet, there was a gentleness to the way he'd squeeze George's hand back as he was dragged from the first class flyer's room and onto the airplane.

"You're going to get us kicked out of first class if you keep acting like a kid in a candy store." George teased as Dream leaned forward in his seat to flick through the various pamphlets and magazines in the compartment next to him.

"I've never flown like this before. This is normal for you?" he asked, turning back to face George with a slight tilt to his head. George could only smile, lifting his hand to ruffle his fingers through the blond waves he could never get enough of.



“Not exactly... Usually we’re on the private jet, which is much fancier.”

Dream rolled his eyes with a pout, obviously biting back his own giggles that always seemed to bubble out without caution. “Can we fly on that next time?”

“Yes, idiot.” George whispered, leaning forward to press his lips against the ones that had whispered nothing but promises of love and forever into his skin for the past week and a half. “Only the best for you.”

Gentle fingers held his face, pulling him back in for a lingering kiss, holding him with a closeness that neither of them could ever seem to get enough of since the moment they’d met. Flashes of waking up next to Dream sleepily memorizing the features of his face before greeting him into the day, hands firmly gripping at his hips, fingers intertwining with his own, honeyed lips mumbling languidly against his own.

Everything, *everything*, with Dream was heavenly. When it was just letters and distance between their very different lives, he’d been able to convince himself it was something that would make him the main character of his own story, something he could tell his future family about one day. But then the letters evolved into something so much more, and he found himself drowning in the possibility of *this* being his future.

“I love you.” Dream mumbled, pressing their lips together once more before moving to kiss against his cheek. *Warm.*

“I love you more, now put your seatbelt on.” he teased back, pressing a kiss against constellation freckles before pulling away to situate himself more comfortably.

Take off was a mixture of engines roaring to life and Dream squeezing his hand with his eyes pinched tightly closed. George had always loved flying, and even in the obscene comfort of first class, he could feel Dream’s nerves getting the better of him. To be fair, being in America had been one anxious endeavor for him, meeting Dream’s family and friends, following through with the grand gesture of making *this* a reality.

Dream had been nothing but comforting to him, always holding him close and reminding him they could leave and be alone at any moment when the world became a little too overwhelming. All he wanted was to give that same comfort back to him, reaching his free hand over turn Dream’s face towards him. He was soft, gentle, moving his fingers back to rake through his boyfriend’s hair as he leaned forward to press their foreheads together.

“Hey, just focus on me, focus on me.” he hushed, pulling his fingers through golden strands as he let Dream’s breathing stabilize to match his own.

“I’m not scared, I promise.” Dream tried to assure, yet his knuckles still clenched white around George’s as the plane leveled out.

“Mhmm,” George hummed, pressing a quick kiss against Dream’s cheek as he continued to tangle his fingers in Dream’s soft as ever hair. “Then why are your eyes still closed?”

One emerald eye peeked open as Dream’s nose scrunched up, and George couldn’t help but giggle at his feigned pout. “Fine, I’m a little nervous.” he whispered softly, turning his head to fall forward and land against George’s shoulder.

“I know, it’s okay. Only ten hours, and we’ll be safe back on the ground. *And*, this is first class, we have the nice seats that lay all the way down so we can just take a nap the whole time.”

-

Once the flight settled to something more calm and level, Dream was able to relax a bit more. George was able to soothe him enough by continually pulling his fingers through his hair while rubbing soothing circles against the back of his hand. And when they were finally allowed, they were able to close themselves off from the rest of the plane and lay their seats into a combined bed so they could rest.

Falling asleep next to Dream was something he’d easily fallen into the habit of, especially after their first night when exhaustion raked his body and he’d let himself melt into the bed while wrapped in Dream’s arms. There was comfort there, the kind he’d talked about countless times between lines and paragraphs of scribbles and tear stains. Finally having it within his grasp was somewhat unbelievable at times, and there were brief and fleeting moments where he’d convince himself for just one second that it wasn’t actually real.

But then Dream would swoop in with either a random comment about something he’d been thinking about or had seen on twitter, or he’d press his lips against George’s temple or nose without hesitation. When George had first asked about why he did that, he’d told him it was to remind himself too that it wasn’t all still a dream, that George was actually there in front of him and wouldn’t dissipate into the air as if he were a vision all along.

And there was a solace in that, knowing that they both still needed that reassurance that what they finally had in their hold wasn't just words written on pieces of paper only to be shipped across the ocean. They were real, they had each other, and they always would.

But he could sense that anxiety bubble back up when their plane landed and they were ushered back out onto solid ground. He knew it was for the same reasons that he himself had been nervous about, he knew there was going to be some level of underlying anxiousness when it came down to the fact that Dream would have to meet his parents, his friends... be in a new country for the first time in his life.

When George had gone to America, he'd been on an adrenaline high. The world around him had muted and blurred into nothingness, because he had one goal in mind. All he needed was Dream, and everything that came with that didn't matter. But now, now they had each other, fingers wrapped tightly together as they were sitting in the back of a car his father had sent for him, and he *knew* Dream was scared.

Rightfully so. Meeting your partner's family would always be a scary thing to do, movies had taught him at least that much. Actors had always portrayed a sense of fear, with music to match, as the character would stand in front of a looming figure with their arms crossed and steam pouring out of their ears. Sure, it was for dramatic and comical effect, and most of the time it ended semi okay.

Of course there were the times one of the parties' parent's would threaten something along the lines of "*If you hurt my daughter, I'll kill you*", and that was always meant to be some baseless threat. But he knew his parents, he knew the amount of love and acceptance that lived within them, and he knew they'd love Dream. Because he loved him, and all they ever wanted was his happiness.

For him, that happiness was tufts of wavy blond hair tickling against his face as soft breaths fanned against his skin. He'd never been one to sleep on flights, even with the most comfortable features available to them. But he wasn't upset about it this time, how could he be when the most beautiful person he'd ever met was sleeping so soundly next to him?

When they'd slept at Dream's house, cuddled up in a bed that was definitely too small, he'd always fallen asleep first. There was something exhausting about being a new country while surrounded by a million things he'd never seen or done before. And being held against Dream's chest was so intoxicatingly inviting that all he could do was listen to him speak until words devolved into mumbles and hushed whispers with soft lips pressing against his face.

Now, though. Now it was *his* turn. His turn to marvel at the beauty sleeping so peacefully next to him with his arm still holding George's waist with a firm and protective grip. His turn to trace the spaces between constellation freckles with his eyes as he marveled at the fact that Dream was *his* boyfriend. That he got to love him with every ounce of his being.

"I don't deserve you, and if you could hear me right now, you'd tell me to shut up. Or maybe you'd kiss me to shut me up. But... I don't know. I've never had this before, and I still feel like I might not be deserving of it. But I do know that I want this, that I want you, forever." he found himself whispering as soft noises escaped Dream's lips.

George leaned forward, smiling to himself as Dream, even through his sleepy state, tightened his grasp around him. "*I love you.*" he whispered one last time, pressing a kiss to Dream's forehead before letting himself curl into the comforting grasp around him.

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"I'm never getting used to this, I feel like we're going to crash." Dream mumbled, squeezing George's hand tightly as their car moved through London city traffic.

"Okay, first off, that's offensive to Harold."

"Who the hell is Harold?" Dream asked in an even quieter whisper while confusion lingered in his eyes.

"Our driver, idiot. He's my father's personal driver, actually. And second of all," he continued, poking Dream's side to elicit a small yelp and giggle from him, "you *will* get used to it. We're here for a few weeks anyways, so soon enough it'll be normal to you."

Dream let out a sigh, rolling his eyes lightly. "I highly doubt that, we're literally on the wrong side of the road right now. And *Harold* is in the passenger seat with a steering wheel."

George couldn't help but scoff, bringing a hand up to cup his boyfriend's face, light stubble pricking at his palm. "You..." he trailed off, tipping his jaw up to let Dream's lips crash softly against his own, "are an idiot."

"Maybe," Dream started, sealing their lips once again for a moment, "but I'm *your* idiot."

Twisting turns and sudden halts couldn't have separated them if they'd been even harsher and more jolting. There was a draw, a pull, between them that kept them sealed together whether it be hands wrapped around each other's arms or eyes and lips locked in hopes the other wouldn't disappear. Maybe it was because, for so long, they'd missed out on this part of being in a relationship.

For almost nine months, they'd been confined to what they could muster up the courage to scrawl down on pieces of paper with staining onyx ink and a stamp pressed to the corner of an envelope. Sure, there were countless times they could have broken the 'rules' of the project they had been partnered on. But something Dream had once said rang more true the more they got to be in each other's presence.

*I want to break the rules, but I just think it will be better if we talk for the first time in person.*

He'd been right, about everything. George had spent so many nights wrapped up in Dream's hoodie with a pillow clung tightly to his chest, wishing and wanting for nothing but Dream to *actually* be with him. But when he saw him for the first time, when he'd gotten to watch shock, confusion, and excitement all flood Dream's eyes before relief finally set in and those arms he'd yearned for wrapped tightly around him... That was what confirmed it was all waiting for.

When he'd been introduced to Dream's friends, to his family, he'd felt so welcomed without an ounce of shame or unbelonging. He felt at *home*, and he was sure the majority of that feeling stemmed from *finally* being with the one person that had managed to turn his life around in a matter of messy letters and months of waiting patiently.

And now they were stood in front of his home, walls that he'd grown up surrounded by now barricading his comfortable life from the newest chapter of his future.

"What if they hate me?"

"Did *your* parents hate *me*?" he retorted quickly, knocking his hip to the side to bump against Dream's thigh.

"No..." Dream mumbled shyly as a pale blush began traveling across his cheeks.

"Then why the hell would *mine* hate you? My father literally offered to take me to Florida to be with you for Valentine's day."

“Fuck, okay.”

Conversation was quickly interrupted by the doors in front of them swinging open, revealing none other than his little sister with tawny brown hair falling past her shoulders with a bow he knew was green pinning back her overgrown bangs. Before Dream could even speak, Gracie lurched forwards to wrap her arms around his hips.

At the ripe age of twelve years old, Gracie had barely passed four and a half feet tall, making it nearly incomparable to the height of his obscenely tall boyfriend. But even with as shocked as Dream looked, he was just as quick to move down onto his knees to hug her properly, squeezing his arms around her waist as she moved to wrap her arms around his neck.

It was sweet to see two of the people he loved most in the world finally interacting with shared giggles and greetings. Was this how Dream had felt when he'd met Emma? When he'd met Skye and Joshua, or his parents? Did his heart feel like it had melted between his ribs, leaving his insides to be nothing but a messy and warm puddle of mush as well?

“You’re so tall!” Gracie exclaimed as she pulled back from Dream’s hug, watching him stand back up with wide eyes. George moved forward to wrap his arms around her, pulling her close.

“He is, isn’t he?”

Gracie quickly squeezed her arms around him, burying her face shyly against his stomach. She nodded her head, turning her face away so Dream couldn’t see her, but as George glanced down, he noticed her cheeks flush a cherry red as she giggled to herself. “Oh no, don’t tell me you have a little crush on my boyfriend too.” he teased, earning a swift kick to his shin as she pushed away from him.

“Shut up George!” she scolded, turning on her heels to run back inside their home.

George couldn’t help but look over to Dream, who was smiling awkwardly as he bit at his bottom lip. “I’m just teasing her, she’s going through the phase in life where she’s started to like boys. I think she fancies one of the actors from a television program she watches.”

A nervous hand wrapped around his own as he stepped forward, stopping him swiftly in the threshold. George turned quick enough to see Dream’s smile fade as fear filled his eyes. “Hey, it’s

gonna be okay. Do you trust me?"

They paused, locking eyes as George squeezed around Dream's grasp, smiling lightly at him. "Always."

Dream's sense of wondrous awe never ceased as they moved through George's home. Nanny Beth was quick to introduce herself, promptly offering him a cup of tea while they waited for their supper to finish being prepared. He could tell Dream was being more polite than usual, rolling his shoulders back to stand up straight all the while standing a step behind George with a white knuckled grip on his hand.

Gracie was more excited than he'd anticipated, grabbing Dream's free hand to drag him around the foyer and down hallways to show him the library, studies, offices, and bedrooms. Seeing Dream appreciate their home made him realize how much he had forgotten to appreciate his surroundings before. Draped ivory curtains hung from golden rods, intricacies hand carved into the dark oak in the walls, sparkling rivers of quartz rippling through the polished marble countertops.

They were all things he'd grown up with, learned to be around day in and day out. But in comparison, when he was staying with Dream's family he'd gotten used to plastic blinds covering the windows and marbled carpet lining the floors. He'd barely even taken notice to his surroundings when he'd been in Florida, because to him, *Dream* was his favourite version of *home*.

Even as Dream carefully dragged his fingertips along forever curls in porcelain doll's hair while Gracie explained the origin of each painted face, George couldn't help but wish they were alone again. He was seconds away from asking Gracie to let him finish the tour so he could show Dream his room when a silver bell echoed against the walls to summon them back to the dining room.

George let out a sigh, running his free hand up and down Dream's arm until his angelic boyfriend looked down at him with a soft smile. "I promise, as soon as supper is over we can go rest." he half whispered, pushing himself up onto his toes.

Dream filled the space between them, glancing to the side quickly to make sure Gracie had run off before pressing their lips together. He couldn't help but hum against the petal like lips holding him captive, wanting nothing more than to never be parted and forever attached to the person they belonged to.

"I feel a little out of place, Georgie." Dream mumbled, moving to wrap his arms around George's waist and nuzzle his face in his neck.

George pulled his hands up to pull through Dream's hair, reveling in the sweet scent of the cologne he used to don himself, loving the manner in which it had come back into his life. "You, my love, are fitting right in. My family is your family, and they love you. Mum and dad are home as well now, and I just *know* they're both going to want to hear all about America."

"Hmm..." Dream hummed, pressing his lips against George's neck.

"You can tell them all about how you kept me captive in a tree and how I refused to go see the alligators," he teased, pulling back so Dream would be forced to meet his eyes. He giggled to himself, moving a hand forward to hold Dream's face and swipe his thumb against a rosy cheek.

"I'm still gonna make you go see the alligators... One day."

-

Handshakes were ignored in place of hugs, welcoming Dream into their family with warm embraces and kind greetings. George scolded him when he'd introduced himself as 'Clay', muttering something about how his parent's already knew him as 'Dream'. And just as he'd done for his loving boyfriend back in Florida, George intertwined their fingers at the dinner table underneath the protection of table linens and blushing cheeks.

Conversation had flowed with more ease than he'd expected, his father falling into discussions of American lifestyles with Dream. George's mother was sly, smiling at him every so often with a casual wink when she knew Dream wasn't paying attention.

Gracie was quick to take Dream's hand in her own after they'd finished dessert, promptly pulling him back through the house to show him their father's study and novel collection, leaving George with his parents and Nanny Beth for a moment while they piled dishes into the kitchen sink.

"He's quite handsome, George," his mother commented, nudging her hip against his as he ran a plate under far too hot water.

He passed the plate to Nanny Beth, rolling his eyes, "Yeah, he really is. I think I got a little lucky."



“He’s smart too, knows much more about marketing and communications than I’d expected.” his father added, leaning back against the island.

George passed the last sudsy plate under the stream of water, clearing all remaining bubbles before handing the dish to Nanny Beth who smiled graciously at him. Turning away from the sink, he grabbed the towel his mother was handing him as he watched stars that seemed to dance in her eyes light up.

“What?” he asked, wondering why they were both *staring* at him. He watched as they slid closer to each other, locking fingers and looking to each other before turning back to smile at him sweetly.

“We’re just unbelievably happy for you, George. And yes, we’re going to miss you when you’re in America, but I don’t think we could have wished for anyone more wonderful in the world for you to give your heart to.”

Tears pricked at his eyes as he bit against the inside of his cheek, rushing forward to let his parents wrap their arms around him. A lot of kids he went to school with had similar situations with parents who worked and traveled for a living, leaving them to be mostly raised by a nanny of some sorts. But he felt grateful to have parents that didn’t just try to give him more money to get him out of their hair, or who didn’t genuinely care about him.

He knew he was lucky, and he was thankful for the life he’d been given by them. He was thankful they were accepting of him in every way and only ever wanted the best for him. Most of all, he was thankful to have an open relationship with him that made him feel safe and comfortable. Especially when he was bringing someone he cared so deeply about into their lives as well.

By the time Gracie brought Dream back downstairs, he looked a little more exhausted than he had before, but not without a smile on his face. Conversation was kept light while his parents wished them a good night and discussed plans for George’s graduation ceremony in the following days.

And before he knew it, he was walking hand in hand with Dream up to the bedroom he’d spent his childhood in. Dream’s room had been somewhat small, a quaint little bed with a desk next to it covered in letters and memories. So he wasn’t surprised when he saw *awe* line Dream’s face as they stepped in and closed the door behind themselves.

“Oh my Gods, I could cry.” Dream hummed, looking around at everything as George walked forward to lace their fingers together and rest his head against Dream’s arm. Intimate moments had developed with ease between them, the comfortability of even being near each other was more

than enough to cure the heartache of months with endless distance, and he grabbed at every opportunity he could find.

“You okay?” he asked meekly, glancing up to see sparse tears glistening in the moonlight that managed to filter through his window he’d written far too many confessions in.

Dream was quick to turn and pull George against his chest, and the brunet couldn’t help but take a deep inhale as he wrapped his arms around his boyfriend’s waist while a soft kiss was pressed into his hair. *Warm. He is warmth, he is the sun on this cloudless night, and in every star studded sky.*

George couldn’t help but pull himself closer, pressing their chests together as if their hearts could sync in rhythm and keep them steady forever. It was longing, wanting, desperate in a sense of the word, because he could never see himself letting go of something so beautiful. Someone who had been so far out of reach for so long, that letting go would feel tragic.

“Don’t ever leave me, please.” he whispered against the material of Dream’s shirt, his own warm breath flooding around his face as his muffled voice kept his words soft. He pulled his hands up from Dream’s waist, dragging them up his back until he could grab fistfuls of Dream’s shirt in his grasp.

“Hey, hey I’m not going anywhere.” Dream hummed, squeezing his arms tighter around George’s frame.

“I know, it just feels like, sometimes, now that I have you...”

“Hey,” Dream started, pulling George away as he moved his hands up to cup his face. George felt his own tears begin to fall against the warmth cradling him as he gazed up into glossy emeralds, sniffing as Dream pressed a kiss against his forehead. “I’m never leaving you. I don’t care what shit the world throws at us. *This* is forever.”

He nodded silently, pressing himself up onto his toes, knowing damn well Dream would lean down to meet him halfway. Maybe it was the lingering exhaustion or residual jet lag, but when they slotted their lips together with languid and steady pressure, there was an ease that washed through his body. When they were together like this, quiet and alone, left to their own devices, he felt most serene.

Dream pulled away minimally, moving to press soft kisses against George’s freckles as he felt his

own eyelashes flutter against Dream's ever warming skin. "Show me your letters, I haven't seen them since they've been sent."

George nodded towards the windowsill, urging Dream to go sit in *his* most comfortable perch while he pulled the shoebox left on his bed over a week ago into his arms. Anxieties had harrowed through him the day of his flight to Orlando, and he needed that bit of comfort that the old envelopes held within them.

"Don't sit on Cat!" he half-yelled, making Dream jump a little as he moved part of the grey and tattered blanket lying in the windowsill. Cat meowed lightly at the movement, standing up with an arch in his back while his tail puffed out. After a good stretch, he wandered slowly to the other side of the window seat, curling back up into a small ball.

"You can pet him, he doesn't bite."

Before George could turn back around to walk over, Dream had already settled into his spot, leaning over to carefully scratch his fingers between Cat's ears. Loud purring sounded from where they sat while gentle raindrops began to drip along the outside window. The sight alone of Dream filling the space where loneliness used to linger was enough to melt him where he stood.

But if there was anything better than seeing what he'd wanted for so long, it was being a part of it. With simple maneuvering, George made his way between Dream's legs in the windowsill, sitting with his back pressed against a warm chest while gentle arms pulled a familiar blanket over the both of them.

Time slipped and dissolved around them as letter after letter was pulled from the box, curious fingers hovering over words crossed out dark enough that he'd studied them until he'd felt insane trying to decode whatever it was that had been said.

"Come on, you've gotta tell me what you were trying to say here. It says, *'I already fell too hard'*, and then the rest is too dark."

Dream hummed, running his pointer finger over the spot George was talking about, quickly burying his face in the crook of George's mouth with a warm flush and guilty smile pressing against his skin. George couldn't help but laugh, reaching one hand back to tangle through blond locks.

“Come on, just tell me.” he pressed, extending his fingers to massage Dream's scalp as the taller giggled lightly.

“Well,” he started with a sigh, pressing a kiss against George's neck before moving to whisper directly in his ear, “I think it was something along the lines of *‘I can't stop falling for you’* .”

Mumbled revelations continued as they sifted through the letters, confessions previously inked over with staining permanence that seemed to dissolve away as Dream hummed and pressed kisses against his skin. He'd written that he loved George long before they actually said it without lines crossing through their words, he'd scribbled over feelings and just how *much* the distance would hurt at times.

And then they got to a letter carefully taped back together. “Holy shit, you weren't kidding?” Dream stated exasperatedly, running his fingers over the torn words sealed with a clear protective resolve.

“Yeah, she was kind of a bitch. That day, God... That day I think might have been one of the first that made me genuinely cry. Not in front of her, of course. After she left the lavatory, I picked up the letter and left school early. I had to tuck it in my notebooks so it wouldn't get even more damaged from the rain when I walked home.”

“George, I—”

He let out a sigh, leaning his head back against Dream's shoulder as he interrupted him, “It was a long walk, and I soaked my shoes all the way through. But I was determined, I had to make sure the letter was okay. I actually stopped at the post office to drop off my reply to you, and the woman at the counter helped me line up both halves of the paper so we could get it taped up as perfectly as possible.”

Dream pulled the letter away, setting it back in the box with the others. Before George could shake off the memories and grab another letter, Dream wrapped his arms tighter around his waist, pulling him closer against his chest. He couldn't help but let his own arms rest on top of his boyfriend's, lolling his head to the side to catch a glimpse of the face that had been kept a mystery as he fell in love with the idea of it.

“Hey, you.” he hummed, bringing one hand up to cup the side of Dream's face. *Gentle, soft... warm.*

“I’m so fucking happy, George. I– I never thought... Fuck, how do I say this?” he stuttered, closing his eyes for a moment as George rubbed soothing circles against his cheek with his thumb.

“I have wanted something like this for so long. I thought, after Audrey, that I’d never find something that felt *right*. Even with her, it never felt like this, so I don’t even know how to describe it. But I just– I love you, and I’m really fucking happy.” he finally mustered out, finishing his words by pulling George’s hand from his own face to press a kiss against his palm.

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Rainy days saw brief patches of sunlight peeking through breaks in grey clouds overhead. Fingers were laced together as often as possible, holding them side by side whenever they were doing anything that didn’t involve lying in bed wrapped in blankets and Cat purring peacefully at the foot.

On the day of his graduation ceremony, George had spent an extra minute smoothing Dream’s tie down against his chest, a silent signal to his parents that he wanted a moment alone. They understood queues that way well, coming from high society, personal adjustments were always something notable that a private moment was needed.

He’d thanked Dream for motivating him through his studies, kissed him for promising to spend the future with him, squeezed his hand as a promise that he’d be okay alone with George’s family while they waited for the ceremony to be over with. Domesticity had developed with ease between them, and as close proximity continued to set in as a reality, they’d done nothing but *cling* to each other.

So much so, that as a flurry of graduation robes and pointed hats moved around him and Wilbur, he couldn’t help but look around frantically for the one face he’d fallen in love with. Fate was funny, in a way. Because he had to pull his hand over his mouth to keep from laughing as Wilbur nudged his arm, pointing towards his boyfriend making conversation with the one person he’d never expected.

He laughed, letting Wilbur know he’d handle it, giggling slightly to himself as he made his way towards the conversation happening a few feet away. “Hey baby.” George hummed, quickly slipping his hand into Dream’s grasp. Annoyed eyes rolled at him as Dream leaned down to press a kiss against his cheek, and he *had* to smirk at the girl with definite pride in his taunting gaze.

“Hey, I got kinda lost looking for you. But I met your classmate, and she’s been helping me look for you!” Dream sang, smiling back at her. “I’m so sorry, I didn’t catch your name.” he continued, holding his hand out in hopes of shaking hers in a kind greeting.

She looked to George, and the grin across his face couldn't have been wider as she let out a scoff. He reached out, pressing Dream's hand down as she extended her own, making her miss his handshake entirely. "How rude of me, I should have introduced you first."

"George, what are you doing?" Dream half whispered, looking down to him before looking back up to see the girl turning away with a huff, stomping off with defeat in her every step.

"That's Amelia." he said with a giggle, watching a cherry red flush of embarrassment with a hint of anger tint Dream's face and ears.

"Do you have any gum I can borrow? I think I remember saying it belongs in her hair."

-

The after party at Wilbur's house was nothing in comparison to the gala they were getting ready to walk into. At Wilbur's, music had played loudly from his band's setup while cups filled with various liquors and mixers were passed around and refilled with the intent for drunkenness. Dream had settled in well, opting to be sober for that evening in favor of making sure they both got home safe, and George was thankful for that.

But the gala was something else entirely. A week had come and passed, Gracie had been sure to drag them along to help her pick out the perfect dress, Nanny Beth had worked tirelessly with other chefs to ensure the cuisine would be nothing but extravagant, and his parents had been busying themselves day and night to make the best of everything.

Steady hands settled on George's waist as he focused on securing a pin to Dream's blazer that read out 'Clay, He/Him'. He smiled to himself, pressing the backing against the sharp golden needle that pierced through the fabric, and once secured, he smoothed his fingers over it to make sure it was straightened out perfectly. One of Dream's hands came up, a finger tucking under George's chin to turn his head up.

"You look so beautiful, baby." Dream whispered, smiling softly at him. Maybe it was just the overhead lighting shining too perfectly around Dream's frame, or maybe it was the entire atmosphere held within the event of the evening, but his boyfriend had never looked more angelic to him.

“Not as handsome as you, Dreamie.” he cooed, letting Dream pull him closer for a quick kiss.

Kissing, he’d learned, never happened enough. There was always a constant pull for *more, more, more*, and he understood very quickly why Dream had been so excited to kiss him in the first place. Movies had done nothing to fully encapsulate the feeling of it, leaving him speechless at times. But when petal soft lips met his own with an indescribable passion, he’d be rendered unmovable as he melted into a feeling that made his insides feel like they were exploding with blooming flowers and colourful rays of light.

Maybe that was the ultimate point of the event that they were at. Being out and honest with himself and the people most important in his life had finally started to make sense, and being at the first gala that actually celebrated his love made his heart swell with something indescribably content.

Conversations and introductions happened with ease, he’d shaken hands with many of the men and women there before from previous events, but being able to say “And this is my boyfriend, Clay.” felt like a breath of fresh air. Every time he said those words, a gentle squeeze would hold his waist and pull him closer, keeping him secured at Dream’s hip.

And Dream... God, Dream. He’d never thought he’d see him look happier than the day he showed up at his prom in Florida. But seeing people be genuinely happy to meet him, and happy for their relationship, it had sparked a new light in Dream’s eyes. Intoxicatingly warm glitters of gold sparkled in Dream’s eyes as a patron pinned something new to his blazer for him, and George could have sworn tears were threatening to fall from pure unbridled happiness as Dream ran his fingers over the small pin donning the colours of the flag that represented bisexuality.

“I’m so proud of you.” he whispered lightly as he pressed himself onto his toes to kiss Dream’s smiling face.

“Hey,” Dream interrupted, turning quickly to catch his lips in a lingering kiss, making him want nothing more than to leave the gala early in hopes of chasing that feeling as long as he could. “I’m proud of *us*.”

As lights in the ballroom dimmed, George spotted Wilbur at a table with two open seats, and quickly guided Dream to sit down with him. He and Wilbur had gotten along quickly, able to make quick and lasting conversation filled with stories and laughter as George simply marveled at the best addition to his life. It excited him to see the ease of friendship grow, even moreso when he thought about the day they’d inevitably meet the famous Sapnap, who they’d call every day or so to check in with.

He wanted to surprise Dream once they'd settled into their life, already exchanging secret messages on flying Sappnap out to spend a weekend with them so Dream could meet one of his best friends. But conversation in the present died down quickly as glasses of champagne were placed in front of them, and lights on the stage illuminated his parents walking out to greet everyone.

George tipped his glass towards Dream's, clinking the glass lightly against the other before taking a quick sip. There was a tap against his knee, signifying to him that Dream was ready to relax into George's father's speech so long as their fingers could lace together.

"Hello all, welcome to this evening's gala." his father started, standing at the podium with his shoulders rolled back as his mother stood at his side.

"This gala has always been one to uplift and emphasize the importance of acceptance within the world that we live our everyday lives in. With that, this event is meant to raise funds in support of the LGBTQ+ community in an effort to promote the well being of everyone within the community. This year, our proceeds will be going towards a few local centres and homes that take in youth within the community who need homes and a safe place to live their lives as their truest selves."

"With your combined efforts and donations, and with the silent auction, we are proud to announce that this year's gala has raised over ten million pounds, and that all of those proceeds will be going back to the community so we can continue to keep making beautiful futures for the youth going through the same things a lot of us here did when we were younger."

A roarious applause echoed through the ballroom as everyone celebrated the group effort of funds raised. All around them, couples hugged each other, kissed in celebration and excitement, and held their champagne flutes high to cheers towards his father's announcement. Wilbur leaned forward to *clink* his own glass against George's, and then Dream's.

"These donations to this community are going to hold such an incredible impact, and I have never been more honoured to host such an amazing event. When I was younger, being anything but heterosexual was something shameful, and although I myself have never experienced feelings for anyone other than women, my wife here next to me went through a lot of the struggles that many of you in this room also did."

George paused for a moment, tilting his head to the side out of a moment of confusion. He looked to Dream with awe in his eyes, feeling breathless as he anxiously looked back towards the stage. They were seated close enough for his parents to see them, and he couldn't miss the kind smile and nod his mother gave him as his father continued.



“She, like many of you, had to go through trials of unacceptance and trying to find herself and become comfortable within her own sexuality all on her own. These homes and centres make it possible for youth that are in a similar situation to have somewhere safe and loving to go when they need that support. So thank you all, because this event and support for the LGBTQ+ community truly does mean the world to all of us.”

“This year has meant more to our family than before. In the past, I’ve had the opportunity to be an ally to my wife’s inclusion within this community. But there comes a time in a parent’s life where one gets to sit back and listen to their son explain to them that he has fallen in love with another boy, and that he’s the happiest he’s ever been. This year, I got to take the time to hear about my son becoming more himself than he ever was before, I got to watch him understand what it means to truly be happy with himself and his life, and I have never been more grateful to be able to provide a supportive and welcoming home for him.”

“I hope that as we continue to progress into the future, that we continue to carry this message of love and acceptance in our hearts, and continue to change the archaic ways of thinking that seem to dampen the ever present light that is truly nothing but uplifting and accepting human existence in every form. As we continue to hear from speakers throughout the evening, please know that my family and I are so grateful for all of you, and are so delighted to have such an incredible gala with all of you. Thank you again for everything, let’s make this evening one to remember.”

More applause continued to echo throughout the room, and George didn’t even notice that he’d been crying until Dream wrapped his arms around his shoulders. He did his best to muffle his sobs as his father’s words rang through his mind, and hardly noticed as Dream pulled him up with both hands on his face to swipe away tears.

“I love you so fucking much, George.” he whispered as he leaned forward to press their foreheads together. Impatience was becoming of him as he leaned in, unable to resist stealing a kiss after everything his father had said.

Dream was everything and more to him, he knew that the day he got his first letter from him. But this, being at this event with Dream by his side while bubbling champagne sparkled in crystalline glasses and people applauded their love... *This* was what feeling inexplicably happy felt like.

After hugs and teary eyed embraces with his parents as they joined them at their table, Wilbur was quick to sneak off with three glasses in hand. George had caught his cue, taking Dream’s hand to pull him away from the conversations with his parents, and guided him along the back wall of the ballroom.

Wilbur led them through the kitchen, distracting one of the waitresses as George grabbed two bottles of champagne and ducked out of the area with Dream in tow as Wilbur stayed back to flirt

for a moment longer. “Where the hell are we going, Georgie?” Dream asked as he pulled him along, turning a quick corner to land them in a gallery filled with old paintings surrounded by golden frames.

“We,” he started, guiding Dream to a leather bench as he set down the bottles and turned to sit, “are coming here. Wil and I always drink in this room at the galas, it’s tradition.”

Wilbur ducked into the room as Dream sat down next to George, adjusting his tie as he moved to hold their glasses out towards them to take. “Hey, Wil. You still have some lipstick on your cheek, there.” Dream hummed out with a giggle as he handed one of the bottles off.

“I’d wipe it off, but honestly I don’t mind that much.” Wilbur commented, pressing his thumb against the cork. He pressed hard, letting it shoot out of the bottle with a resounding *pop*.

Laughter was shared as bubbles were poured and swallowed. George’s head quickly felt cloudy as glass after glass was downed. He learned what Dream had meant countless letters ago when he said he’d lean on George a lot when he was drunk, because sure enough, he’d been pulled against Dream’s chest as a tired head of wavy blond hair fell atop his shoulder.

He pulled his fingers through Dream’s hair as Wilbur continued to tell stories about galas passed, and ignored the scoffs when Dream in his drunken state would forget where he was and would press soft kisses against his neck. Wilbur didn’t seem to mind, honestly, eventually just lying on the ground as he spoke towards the ceiling.

It was moments like this that he’d craved for so long as he waited for letters to travel back and forth for months on end. Moments of Dream whispering sweet nothings in his ear while Wilbur blabbered on about anything and everything nonsensical with slurred vowels and a laugh continuously bubbling out of him.

This was *everything*.

## Chapter End Notes

note from kat:

hihi! so fun fact, i volunteer with the HRC (human rights campaign), and every year in my state we host a really fancy gala, which is what this gala is based on. i hope you all

enjoyed this chapter and the progression of these irl chapters <3 thank you all for the love and support!

please leave comments and kudos!

socials:

[kat's twitter](#)

[tad's twitter](#)

# dandelions

## Chapter Summary

They fell back in a muffled symphony of giggles, George's arms wrapping around his neck as he pulled himself closer, making sure their hearts were pressed together. There was always something serene about having that matched rhythm beating together, holding the reality of their relationship in the absence of space between them.

## Chapter Notes

[fic playlist](#)

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

It was like living a dream. It was like he was laying across soft clouds that were carrying him gently through his life. That's how it felt to be with George.

He finally felt at ease.

It was early in the morning, he had grown into a habit of waking up earlier. Maybe it was because of the new environment or the need to spend as much time with George as possible. His body just didn't want to rest.

Sunlight was seeping into the room through dark curtains. George's bedroom had blown his mind the first time he had stepped in and only continued to do so. The whole house was beautiful, and yet it felt so cozy. George's window spot had quickly become his own favorite spot.

Dream hummed, rolling onto his side to admire George peacefully asleep. His boyfriend was curled up on his side, messy hair spread across the pillow and one arm thrown around Dream's waist. At some point he must've sleepily wiggled out of his embrace.

He shuffled closer, careful not to stir the sleeping angel. He tucked George close, lips pressed softly against the crown of his head.

Gods, he was lucky.

George barely stirred, simply sighing softly in his sleep. He glanced down where George's free arm laid between them, the bracelet he had made sitting perfectly around his wrist.

It always sent a flutter up his spine whenever he saw the bracelet. That George had worn it all these months since he had sent it. Green intertwined with blue.

Without much thought those had become *their* colors. His favorite color, with George's favorite color, one of the only ones George could fully see. And although his own was something foreign to his boyfriend, he hoped one day to have a way to show him.

Gently, he pressed their wrists together, intertwining their hands as the bracelets connected.

"Gods, I love you..." the words left his lips almost breathlessly. He left his own cheeks flushed with a dark strawberry. Even though George was asleep and couldn't even hear it, he still felt flustered with his self confession.

He loved George.

He ducked down, pressing his face against George's neck, cheeks heated.

Love felt like a whole new world with George in his arms. It felt like flowers bloomed wherever they were, that birds began to sing and the sun never left their side even with the gloomy England weather.

His movement must have stirred George awake. The smaller moving against him, the arm around him tightening as the blanket shifted around them both. "Dream?" a sleepy voice murmured, "how are you awake already?"

"Mmm," he hummed, "the sun woke me up..." he whispered right back against his chest.

For a moment he thought George had fallen asleep again until he heard a hum and arm wrapped around him tighter and a chin resting up on the top of his head. “Wanna see if Nanny Beth made breakfast?” the brunet asked softly.

And just that sentence had a smile spreading across Dream’s face. He hugged George tighter, “Definitely, let’s go?”

“If you’ll carry me.”

Dream wrinkled his nose, pulling away to find George’s eyes wide open and smiling at him mischievously. It sent his heart racing.

“Oh, fine. Already using me as you please huh?”

George simply giggled, eyes sparkling as he did. Who was he to ever consider saying no to a face like that?

Slowly they untangled themselves from the blankets. Even being awake before George didn’t mean he was any more energetic. He watched as George shuffled over to the windows and pushed apart the curtains allowing the sun to hit the rest of the room, and Dream’s eyes.

He groaned, covering his face with his hands, “Gods, I said I want *breakfast* not the sun.” he whined.

“You literally live in the sunshine state. Shouldn’t you be used to it?”

Dream peeked out from between his fingers as George rounded the room to appear at his side of the bed.

George’s bed had been another luxurious add on. Back home they had slept on his little bed pressed together because they had no choice. But here in George’s bedroom it was all soft silks and beautifully plush pillows, the two of them fitting perfectly in the middle of it all together.

Speaking of silks though, he sat up, hands moving to pull George close. “When do I get a pair of

silky pajamas? I kinda wanna match you.” Dream hummed playfully, hands moving from his arms to graze across the embroidered ‘D’.

“The D’ll stand for my name too, technically…” the blond murmured playfully, grinning up at his boyfriend.

George rolled his eyes, hands coming up to cup Dream’s cheeks before pressing a kiss to his nose. “I’d offer you mine, but you’re too gangly. So I’ll see if we can get some custom ones for you, honey.”

And all too quickly the other wiggled out of his arms and picked up his previously worn hoodie and threw it over. “Hurry up, I’m hungry.”

“Yeah, yeah…” Dream huffed, pulling on the hoodie before, in one swift movement, he hooked his arm under George’s knees and the other around his shoulders. “Is this good for you, your highness?” he teased softly as he lifted George up and pulled him against his chest.

There was another shove to his chest as they laughed it off and quietly began to make their way downstairs. The house was as quiet as a mouse, not a soul in sight, but the clear scent of breakfast cooking hit their noses instantly. Another thing he had quickly gotten used to was Nanny Beth’s amazing cooking. It made him feel right at home with wonderful home cooked meals.

They entered the kitchen finding Nanny Beth already cooking just as they had expected.

“Good morning boys.” She greeted warmly as they padded quietly into the kitchen.

Nanny Beth never seemed to mind their affection and neither made a big scene about it, and it made Dream the most comfortable. He still couldn’t help but be a little careful around George’s parents.

Dream quietly let George go back on his two feet, but not without a final quick kiss to his forehead when Nanny Beth had glanced away again.

They shared a gentle smile just between the two of them as they got settled for breakfast, knees bumping and hands tangled together as they eagerly awaited the delicious breakfast.

If mornings would always be *this* perfect, he was pretty sure he wouldn't mind waking up early. Especially if it meant he could admire George's pretty face.

-

Even with just a few weeks in London it was already starting to feel like home. He wasn't sure if it was because of how welcoming George's family had been to him or just because this was George's home.

This was where his boyfriend had grown up and written letters to him. Where he had learnt his pretty cursive letters and gotten his expensive wax seals. The whole city was filled with George's essence, and he didn't want to miss one second of it.

So there wasn't any time to waste.

George's family truly had welcomed him into their little family with open arms, and he couldn't have been more grateful for them all. Homesickness didn't even strike as hard being so far from his parents and siblings for the first time.

Though he felt it a little less with Emma excitedly facing-timing him most nights, demanding to hear about London and everything he was eating. Wondering if they really called fries chips and had beans for breakfast.

George had whined about fries for a while, stating it was perfectly acceptable for fries to be called chips. Emma had told him later he had smiled a little too fondly whilst George had made his dramatic speech. He denied it, of course, for his sister but he knew he looked like a love sick puppy each time George parted his pretty lips to talk. It was like listening to music.

It was hard not to fall deeper in love with how much time they spent together too. They were attached at the hip basically. Early in their trip George had complained about him running off too much and how he'd get lost in the London crowds or at the train stations. George had taken to keeping their fingers laced together and Dream opted on leading them through the annoying crowds since he was taller.

Today was no different, except George led the way this time. On his shoulder sat a bag filled with a few surprises, is what George had said.



Vaguely he remembered last night George had mentioned tunnels of some sort. He had half listened in a sleepy daze. George's fingers raked through his hair which had rocked him into sleep with ease.

He learnt he slept the best next to George. No more restless nights. Instead he slept with a warm body in his arms and a smile on his face.

"Are we almost there? It's getting late..." Dream drawled out, his nose wrinkled as they stepped into an area without a person in sight.

"Just a little longer. You'll like it, don't worry, it's kinda pretty. Or at least me and Wilbur think so!" George murmured with excitement rolling off his tongue.

So he hummed, letting George lead him around until a tunnel came into view. He cocked his head to one side as they strolled into the cement tunnel. For a moment he didn't understand as they stopped, until he got a good view of the walls.

They were graffiti walls. His lips fell apart as he got a good look at it. All sorts of swirls of colors decorated the once grey walls. From different words, swears, names, and intricate designs, not a spot was left blank. Or as far as he could see.

"Holy shit, this is so cool." he murmured excitedly.

George simply smiled, letting go of his hand and tugging the bag off of him. "And now you can leave your mark here in London too!" the shorter one spoke excitedly.

"Hm?" Dream glanced over, the bag now unzipped to reveal, two flashlights and an abundance of spray paints.

With ease, George plunked out a blue bottle, shaking it with a grin on his face, "Plus it's your first time!" he giggled out, practically bouncing on his feet.

And he couldn't help but share the excitement. The bag was dropped between them, Dream naturally gravitating towards the lime green bottle he spotted right away. George brought them

over to some of the emptier space inside the tunnel, and together they got to work.

The grey cement was quickly covered in smiley faces, messily drawn daisies and roses, little random shapes and the large drawl of 'Dream' across the top of a yellow smiley face. George scrawled similar little designs on the wall opposite of his.

"Come finish my heart, baby!" he called out, tugging George over to show the half heart in his blue paint.

George scoffed, smiling, "Why're you so cute?" he complained as he raised the spray can to finish the heart with his own blue curves.

Dream shrugged, "Can't help it." he tugged George close, pressing a kiss to his cheek, "You're cuter though, don't worry. I think you don't realize how many people were flirting with you whilst we shopped yesterday." His voice fell into a soft complaint, a pout forming.

"Me? Did you not see the girls ogling over you? And not to forget when you spoke. The American accent almost made a girl swoon." George shot right back playfully.

"Does it make you swoon, pretty?"

He was answered with a slap on his arm. There was a dark flush on George's face when he looked over again, rubbing his arm. "Pretty?" the other questioned softly, "that's new."

Dream smiled, "Just the truth!" he sang out.

Eventually George guided them over to another spot in the tunnel. It was older, the paint faded and darker, not as bright as their current work. The first thing he noticed was 'LoveJoy' in bright blocky letters.

*Oh.*

This is what he and Wilbur had done the first time. He reached out tracing the letters with his fingertips. His hand fell close to a smiley face next. *His* smile. A grin split across his face.

“Already marked me in the tunnel yourself.” he observed.

Next to it was a messy attempt at George’s family crest. It was something he had grown impossibly familiar with as every single letter had been sealed in red wax with its imprint. Before George, he hadn’t ever even thought of wax seals, but now they were his favorite little thing about George.

The sound of a shutter and a bright flash though had him turning around. George stood behind him, polaroid camera in hand.

“What? You looked nice, honey.” His boyfriend protested softly as he grabbed onto the flimsy card before it fell onto the ground. The shutter went off again, a slight flash hitting his eyes this time though as he blinked and stepped back.

“Hey! I coulda used a warning!” Dream called out, stepping forward to snatch the camera out of his hands. His own movement was a quick one, capturing George’s pout and holding the two black polaroids of his own.

“There, we’re even now.”

It didn’t end there for even a second. A little competition grew between them as polaroid after polaroid was taken. Silly ones and good ones. A few of Dream’s legs and a playful one of the back of George’s head to show their height difference.

“That ones a keeper!” George huffed, waving a photo of the side of Dream’s face.

Time flew in the tunnel. It was like their own little world. At the end of their photo session, they had a pile of photos between Dream’s legs while George was tucked safely into his side.

“I want nights like these forever...” George whispered, nuzzling into his arms, “It’s absolutely perfect.”

Perfect.

Life was finally perfect if he thought about it. He had left Florida for the first time, overseas with the love of his life. So many firsts and not a single thing had gone wrong.

Except as he turned back into the real world the gentle pitter patter of rain had begun. He sat up, gently shaking his half asleep boyfriend. "George... baby," he whispered, watching as the rain slowly fell into a steady fall.

It took a moment as George blinked the sleep out of his eyes and his eyes focused on the new weather.

"Oh god, the weather's so gross now." There was a frown on George's face, "I can never believe the weather app. It said it was just going to be cloudy."

"Rain isn't that bad," he offered sheepishly.

"Aren't you the one afraid of thunderstorms?"

Dream huffed. "Are you hearing thunder right now or something? Come on, I can make the rain fun!"

George stared at him skeptically, "Or... I can call Wilbur and see if he'll pick us up!" he offered, already reaching for his phone.

If there was one thing Dream was, it was stubborn. "Nope!" He got up on his feet, hands pulling George up before he could even touch his phone.

"Dream..." George whined out.

"George..." he mimicked with a soft laugh, "Come on. Rain doesn't hurt, let's dance!"

"Dance?"

"Dance!"

In reality he wasn't sure why he had said 'let's dance', he was in no way a dancer and George knew that too with the look thrown towards him. But rain couldn't be too bad with George in his arms.

"Come on." he continued to urge softly, intertwining their fingers as he tugged George out of the tunnel and the gentle fall of rain finally surrounded them. He grinned, turning his head up to the sky before looking at George who still had a frown on his face.

That's when an idea came to mind. "Here." He let go of the smaller, moving back into the tunnel to grab his phone and turned on the playlist he had made for George when they had mentioned songs in the letters.

He had added a few to it whilst he had been with George. Songs that spoke to him about them finally being together.

The latest song was *Dandelions*. "Perfect."

It was a little silly but he was sure he had blown on more than 30 dandelions wishing for George to be by his side one day soon, and here he was meeting his family and kissing him whenever he desired.

He tucked the phone into his pocket, making sure the speakers poked out before hurrying back over. The rain had switched to more of a gentle fall and he had to stop for a moment.

George had moved, crouching down next to some wild flowers that had grown on the side of the pathway leading to the tunnels. He easily recognized them as some form of daises. George's favorite flower.

And even soaked by the rain his boyfriend looked as angelic as ever, the pink on his cheeks brighter in the cold weather but the smile on his face told him George didn't mind.

He moved back out onto the path until he was standing next to George who had a handful of flowers in his hand. "Found a way to make the rain nice?" he asked teasingly.

George simply hummed until he perked up, suddenly glancing at him, “Are you playing ‘Dandelions’?” he asked curiously.

The lull of the music wasn’t too loud. It was quiet enough with the rain that he didn’t need to blast it. “Mhm, care to dance in the rain with me, gorgeous?” he asked softly, a hand outstretched for George to hold onto.

*Cause I’m in a field of dandelions.*

A gentle pink flushed George’s cheeks again as he took his hand with his free one and stood up. “First lower your head down a little.” The brunet spoke with a determined look.

He raised his eyebrows confusedly, but lowered his head nonetheless so it was more at level with Georges. “What are you-” but he was quiet as he felt George tuck something behind his ear.

The flowers.

“There.” George hummed approvingly as Dream straightened back up.

Gods, his boyfriend was adorable.

“Your turn. We should match!” he stated, picking one of the daisies from his hand and in return tucked a few daisies into George’s hair and behind his ear. There was little chance of them not falling out, but it didn’t matter in the moment.

*Wishing on every one that you’d be mine.*

“Now, we dance.” Dream declared, hands moving to his waist as he spun George around, earning a small yell from his boyfriend as they spun in a circle.

Arms reached out to circle his neck and he was easily pulled back into the day at prom when he had first seen George. How when their eyes had met the world’s weight had lifted off his shoulders and maybe everything would be okay with George in his life. How this mysterious future he had planned with a boy across the ocean had panned out differently than he had thought, but he

wouldn't have it any other way.

*I see forever in your eyes.*

They gently swayed in the rain, the soft pitter patter of rain and the lull of the song keeping them company in the dreary day. Soft smiles matched on their faces as he moved, a chill settling down but in the moment he couldn't care less.

"I didn't expect I'd like being soaked in the rain, but I suppose you've given me quite a few surprises," George spoke softly, gazing up at him.

"Told you."

George simply rolled his eyes, "There's your cockiness slipping out, honey,"

*I feel okay when I see you smile*

"Only for you." Dream drawled out, eyes shining brightly as he pressed a kiss to his cheek.

It was always addicting when he kissed George. Miles of soft skin, all unmarked for him. He could spend hours kissing every single of George's beauty spots and faintest of freckles on his cheeks. Maybe he *did* understand why George liked him so much.

Another kiss was pressed to his own cheek until George's hand was cupping his cheek and he was dragged into a proper kiss.

He tugged George closer, kissing back softly until they were left breathless. They pulled back, finally stilling as they pressed their foreheads together.

*Wishing on dandelions all of the time.*

"I love you." the words were softly whispering against George's lips, and it was worth it to see George's eyes widen just a little before his fall into a gentle knowing smile. It was worth seeing the

little surprise that hit George each time, but he didn't let George reply right away. "I know we've said it about a million times, I hope it never stops making your eyes go wide and your lips turn into a smile but when I say it, and I hope you know I mean it, George. I mean it more each passing day."

*I think you are the one for me.*

George's smile never faded as he rambled, "You're adorable, you know?" the brunet gushed softly, "I love you, Dream, it won't ever stop making my heart skip a beat."

*Cause it gets so hard to breathe.*

He managed one more kiss to George's lips before it looked like his boyfriend had enough of standing in the rain. He was pulled back into the tunnel and he couldn't help as George began to complain about the rain and cold.

"Oh come on, it's not that bad, baby." Dream hummed, shaking his head as he grabbed their bag.

But he should have known George going quiet was a bad sign. In a second there something cold pressed against his back.

"George!" He whined out, whipping around to find George giggling behind him with a smug look.

This was love.

---

"So what you're telling me is that you got drunk?" Sapnap's voice rang through the phone with a static coating barely able to mask his tone indistinguishable between jealousy and disgust.

"Look, I didn't get *drunk*, we just had a few glasses of champagne." Dream muttered in response, rolling his eyes.

Before his friend could even get another word out, his phone was snatched from his grasp while a



giggling George fell back onto his bed with it pulled close to his ear. Normally Dream would have protested and tried to steal it back, but something about the way his best friend and his boyfriend were getting closer made sparks of embers ignite his chest with joy.

“I know, he’s ridiculous— No, of course he did, Sapnap.” George continued, mumbling into his end of the call as Dream collapsed against the bed next to him, propping himself up on one elbow.

He couldn’t help but reach over, running the backs of his fingers softly against barely-there freckles while cheeks began glowing rose under his touch. George was pretty, he’d known that from the day he first received a polaroid of a brightly smiling face and clothes that hung loosely from his frame. As time went on and more polaroids fell out of neatly folded pieces of ink stained pages, he realized more and more that George was so much more than ‘pretty’.

George was beautiful, and in every sense of the word as well. Whether it was ever blooming rose petal blush or the gentle sweep of dark eyelashes against alabaster skin, George was always something *so* beautiful that Dream had a hard time pulling his eyes away. He knew from the moment he’d first gazed upon letters swirling together with perfection he was doomed, but it was moments like these where they were so casually involved in each other’s lives with the ease and comfortability of *knowing* each other that he understood just how beautiful *they* were together.

“Yeah I’ll put him on speaker.” George mumbled, pulling Dream’s phone away from his face.

There was a fleeting second that could have frozen space and time between them where George didn’t press the button to include them both on the call. A moment, so brief it could be missed by anyone should they be around, but still a moment of pure perfection. It was nothing really, dark eyes locking with his own, blinking once, and small creases forming at the edges of George’s mouth as he smiled.

A single second of perfection, a momentary glance that held the entire weight of their adoration for each other, a simple exchange before reality resumed around them.

He’d gotten used to looking forward to those small glimpses into his own heart, letting himself fall deeper than humanly possible without any ounce of guilt or remorse. And he cherished those most of all. “Hello? You idiots there?”

George laughed lightly at Sapnap’s voice, pressing the speaker phone button before setting the phone atop his chest. Dream hummed lightly, leaning down to press his lips softly against George’s cheek if only to solidify whatever was mutely communicated between them.

“Yeah, we’re here. So, what was this about you two having secret plans for something?” Dream chimed in, letting his lips drag chastely against satin skin before adjusting himself to pull his fingers through chocolate waves beneath him.

“We can’t tell you, that would literally defeat the purpose of ‘secret plans’.” Sapnap mocked.

“He’s right, you know. We can’t tell you.”

Dream rolled his eyes, mesmerized by his own motions of pulling through soft tufts of hair while an ever brightening blush continued to spread across his boyfriend’s face. “Fine, how are you, Sapnap?” he asked, diverting the topic despite his own curiosities.

“I’m good, man. Honestly life is kinda boring around here.”

“What? No cute girlfriend to sweep you off your feet?” he retorted, not missing the small smirk George gave him at the question.

“Nah, not for me at least. I don’t know, dude. I don’t think I’ll ever find someone. I don’t even, like, *know* how dating and stuff works really. Like, I do, but I don’t know. With you guys it seemed so... easy.”

George hummed at that, looking away from Dream for the first time in a while as he lolled his head to the side, staring at his wall covered in polaroids from Dream’s life back in Florida. He followed his gaze, darting between pictures of his face being mostly covered, others he remembered posing for for at least an hour before actually taking of himself just to make sure he would appear *attractive* enough, even before he’d admitted to himself that he had been falling in love.

“I mean, I wouldn’t call what we have *easy*. It took us a while to even figure out what we wanted.” he replied lazily, pulling his fingers through the curled bits around George’s ear before letting his touch trace along the curve of his jaw.

George turned back to look up at him, reaching a hand up to hold his face gently as he smiled. “I agree, I don’t think it was easy. But I think when you meet someone and have that connection with them that things just... I don’t know, really. Things that are meant to happen will happen.”

An audible sigh crackled between the static of their call, “What’s meant to happen will happen. You’re on some guru shit, Georgie.”

They all chimed in on shared laughter, and Dream wished for a moment that Sapnap was actually there with them. If he were, he didn’t think he’d be so touchy with George. Around their families, he tried his best to keep it to a minimum, always holding back from constantly wrapping himself around his boyfriend in favor of being polite about personal displays of affection. But the second they were alone, he’d do everything he could to hold George as closely as possible.

Maybe it would be a mix of both with Sapnap around. If he were being honest, he wished he even had a single idea about what it would be like. Meeting George was a surprise and had happened much faster than he was anticipating. He was thankful for it, now understanding the constant need to be around him at all times. But part of it, especially when they were all on a call like this, made him wish he’d been able to at least meet his best friend in person as well.

“Really though, I think you guys are good together. I don’t think I’d want a relationship with someone if it wasn’t even half as good as what y’all got.”

“And what’s that, Sap?” George asked, letting his hand fall from Dream’s face to rest on his own stomach all the while Dream continued to pull his own fingers through George’s hair while getting lost in his eyes.

“I guess just something worth having. Dream never shut up about you, even before he came out to me and stuff. I mean, I knew the moment he first mentioned you that he was gonna be attached, so I guess it was kinda fun on my side to watch him make an idiot of himself trying to hint at having feelings for you.”

“Hey!” Dream chimed in, envisioning himself smacking Sapnap’s arm at the insinuation that Sapnap had known about his feelings way before he did. Did he?

“Oh come on, dude. You’re obvious as hell. And we all know your asses both knew what you were telling each other before you finally confessed. Scribbling out lines and shit, that’s romance stuff.”

“Says you, dipshit.” he teased back, earning a swift and light smack against his stomach from George.

“Be nice, idiot.” George said, smiling up at him.

“Hell yeah! George called you ‘idiot’ instead of ‘baby’! I’m teaching him well.”

More laughter shared between them was inevitable, filling the space between George’s bedroom walls with light and comfort. It was something he loved about the three of them all getting along so well, something about two of the people that mattered most in his life actually being able to exist in his life harmoniously.

He made it a goal in his mind to make sure they would all be together one day, even if Sapnap had to sit through watching him hold George’s hand and falling asleep wrapped in him during movies. He didn’t care, he wanted something peacefully happy like that, he wanted a future where they could all spend time together making forever memories and letting laughter just like this echo through their own home.

Sure, Sapnap would probably end up living somewhere nearby so he wouldn’t be submitting himself to the life of being a third wheel, but he knew that maybe one day he could *actually* have a future like that.

Conversation continued to push through static and cut out words while exhaustion was overrun by hyperactive laughter and jokes about the size of George’s home there in London. It was easy to listen to George and Sapnap bounce off each other, already seeming to have some of their own inside jokes that were somewhat impossible to decipher, but he enjoyed it all nonetheless.

It was worth seeing George smile as brightly as he did, worth hearing his best friend’s voice echo with ease as he continued to talk about his own upcoming preparations for his senior year of high school. Promises were made to come visit for spring break, because winter was reserved for sharing snowy nights under the comfort of crackling fires and soft melodic music wrapping around twinkling lights. And more than anything else, Dream was finally able to envision his life without fear of what was to come.

“We really do have to go though, we have a date.” Dream added after protests had been made several times to stay on the call.

“Just take me with you! We can switch to FaceTime and you can show me the beach and everything!”

George laughed, pulling the phone closer to his mouth, “You sure? Cause if we do that, you’re gonna have to watch us make out.”

“Ew, God, okay, no. Fine, call me later. Emma and I have a competition to see who gets to talk to you idiots the most.” Sapnap said between splutters of feigned disgust.

“Bye, idiot.”

“Cheers, Sappy!”

The line disconnected with a signifying beep, and before George could move, Dream pulled the phone from his grasp and tossed it aside. He moved his hands up, cupping George’s face gently as he leaned down and nuzzled his nose against his boyfriend’s as he felt a sudden beat of warm breath fan across his face.

“Thank you,” he started with a whisper, pressing his forehead against George’s as he let his eyelids fall heavily against his vision.

“For what, baby?” George whispered back, pulling his own hands up to rake through Dream’s hair, the light drag of trimmed fingernails against his scalp sending a comforting shiver down his spine.

“For being friends with him, for being with me, for everything.”

-

Salt water, however tempting, was misleading as hell. Back in Florida, waves would crash against his skin with warmth and smooth sand while vines of seaweed would wrap around his ankles with mirth. He’d stand bare chested under the golden rays of the sun, letting speckles spread across his shoulders while the tips of his ears tinted crimson and threatened burns that could only be soothed with aloe-vera and ice packs.

But in Brighton, their choice date area for that evening, water almost frozen to the touch encircled his calves with taunting stillness and threat to freeze him where he stood atop smoothed stones and pebbles. Even with springtime sunlight managing to let its rays pierce through normally grey clouds, the sea surrounding them refused to warm up to the occasion.

“This is fucking freezing, Georgie.” Dream complained, fighting every urge to give into shivers

running up his legs that sent spikes of ice through his veins.

George only laughed at him, moving to the side as he swung a foot back and proceeded to kick up a good splash of water onto Dream's clothes. "What was that? You're *cold*?" he teased, reeling his foot back to kick more water up.

Dream couldn't help but smirk after shock settled, letting something devious creep across his face. He waited for just a second, long enough for George to realize he was more than ready to beat him at his own game, and then he smiled. "Oh baby, you think you're *so* cute, don't you." he spoke lowly, taking a stride across pebbles as a look of panic flooded George's eyes, dilating his pupils to hide any remnant golden flecks floating throughout from the presence of the sun.

"I-I'm, Dream... Come on--"

"Oh no, Georgie," he started, stepping closer as he slipped one of his hands around George's wrist. "You started this, and I don't feel like backing down." he continued, moving his free hand to slip around George's waist, settling on the small of his back.

"Baby, if you get us both more wet, then we're going to be miserable for the rest of our date." George whined in protest, pouting out his bottom lip as he blinked up at Dream with wide doe eyes. George was convincing, always knowing exactly how to pull him away from any other intention with the promise of something sweet.

But the more they spent time together, the more he got to understand sly little licks in the way George would speak, or the way he'd pull his hand through Dream's hair if only to distract him, he came to realize he could resist. So he ignored the pleas, moving back with a shit-eating grin before moving his hand from George's back to swiftly scoop through the cold water, splashing it messily against George's waist.

"No!" his boyfriend screamed, jumping back with a giggle bubbling under his protests as he slipped away from Dream's grasp.

The biggest problem with being at a beach littered with pebbles was, unlike sand, rocks were slippery under the presence of ever moving ripples and waves. So before George could wade away to a presumably safe distance, he was falling backwards into his own demise with terror riddling his face, taking place of his sparkling smile.

Dream lurched forward, trying to grab George as quickly as he could before his back crashed against the water, but ultimately met his own soaked fate as fingers messily grabbed at his wrists and he was pulled into the icy water. Between water-slowed movements of tangled limbs and lungs full of barely caught breath, Dream managed to wrap an arm behind George's back and stabilize his footing while submerged.

He pushed himself up from the water, gasping for a breath as he pulled George up with him, fingers clutching to the front of his shirt as dripping streams of water fell from both of their dampened hair. Once upright, George pulled himself close to Dream's chest, stabilizing his own footing as he took heavy breaths to regain a hold on the world around them. For a moment, Dream felt panicked, clutching George closely before pulling him back to scan his face for any sign of pain.

But all he was met with once he brushed wet hair aside was a ridiculously wide smile and scrunched eyes as George began to *laugh*. "I'm so sorry, I didn't mean to— Why the hell are you *laughing*?"

"Because," George started, moving closer once again as he reached up, pushing Dream's hair from his eyes as he smiled fondly up at him, "you're an idiot."

Dream rolled his eyes dramatically, scoffing as he looked down to their drenched clothes. Of course he would make them fall into the water, and of course George still looked more than stunning after his clumsy mistake. "I'm *your* idiot though, right?" he asked, meeting umber eyes blinking dazedly up at him.

"Always."

One kiss later, maybe ten, the two waded out from the water, making their way back towards a duffle bag that had been left a few feet back from the water's edge. Dream quickly pulled out a towel, wrapping it around George's arms as he moved it around, doing his best to dry off his boyfriend. George was quick to laugh at him, pulling it away to finish drying himself off as he urged Dream to get his own towel for himself.

"You'll catch a cold."

"And I just wanna make sure you don't catch one first, is that so bad?" he retorted, ruffling his fingers through chocolate waves before finally reaching for his own towel.

“You’re too sweet to me.” George mumbled fondly, running his towel through his hair.

Dream pulled his own towel over his head, rubbing it against his scalp. When soft material was pulled away from his face and down his chest, he caught his boyfriend’s eyes lingering on him. Dream paused, turning his gaze to meet George’s as a soft smile crept across pink lips and cheeks tinted to match. Another moment, this one longer than the last, that solidified for just a second that they were able to exist in their own world of love where nothing else mattered.

He stepped forward, cupping George’s jaw lightly as he looked down at him, tipping his chin upwards. “I’m so in love with you.” he whispered, tilting his own face further down to close any distance between them.

Gentle fingers curled into Dream’s waist, making him smile as soft lips brushed against his own while butterfly wing lashes brushed against his cheeks. “And I,” George whispered, lips ghosting under Dream’s with the promise of what never ceased to make his skin riddle with goosebumps, “am madly in love with *you*.”

George pressed himself up, closing the minimal distance between them to slot their lips together, tightening his grasp on Dream’s waist as Dream moved his free hand to cup the other side of George’s face. Warmth trailed from his mouth, sinking down his throat before it spread throughout his chest, twisting throughout his ribs with flaming tendrils that ultimately swelled around his heart.

Kissing George always felt like *fire*. In the mornings, it was a gentle warmth like laying underneath the sunrise while grains of sand were graced by sherbet skies. When they were surrounded by people and kisses were kept chaste and simple, it felt like little sparks flying off of ever-burning embers that constantly radiated nothing but love throughout his chest. But moments like these where they chose to exist within their own realm of existence, moments that were held and lingered as the world muted around them, those were the ones that ignited fire in his veins.

Sure, it wasn’t enough to dry their clothes, but residual salt water dripping down their chests and legs was long forgotten when they had each other and were able to let nothing else matter. For just *that* moment.

When time resumed, they managed to dry themselves off as much as possible, moving to a picnic table along the pier’s edge where they sat to let the mid-day sun do the rest of the work as they ate away at food purchased from a nearby stand. Conversation flowed about how George used to come there as a kid with his family when his parents had long weekends and breaks from work. He and Gracie used to pick out stones with holes in them, believing at their younger ages that looking through them would allow them to see into another dimension.



He recalled letting the belief of magic in the world swim through his own childhood, a time when he would sit alone at the park, letting himself believe that mythical creatures dwelt under patches of flowers and in the nooks and hollowed out holes in trees. Dream explained his childhood fascination with Greek mythology, elaborating for who knows how long on his favorite Gods and stories attached to them.

“I have a question about that, actually.” George mumbled, swallowing down a gulp of his strawberry lemonade.

“Shoot.”

“I noticed it in your letters, and I never really remembered to bring it up because I was too busy trying not to fall in love with you. Which obviously didn’t work, but whatever.” he continued, making Dream laugh lightly as he thought about his own tumultuous feelings that developed much quicker than he’d ever expected. “Anyways, I noticed that you say ‘Gods’ instead of ‘God’. Like, okay that sounds stupid how I said it, but like, you say ‘Oh my Gods’ as in plural where most people would say it as singular.”

Dream hummed, snatching George’s plastic cup of lemonade to take a quick sip before setting it back down on the worn wooden table. “Yeah, my obsession with Greek mythology kind of took over my life a few years back. My family is agnostic, so we never really grew up believing in one religion or another. I never really had anything...” he trailed off, trying to find his own wording.

“Omnipotent?” George added, attempting to fill in the blank.

“Yeah, like almighty, I guess. There was just no higher power that I believed in or had the want to, and a lot of my classmates believed in some supreme being. So I felt a little lost for a while and ultimately turned to Greek mythology. I don’t necessarily still believe in those specific Gods, or any Gods really, but the plural stuck because I liked the idea of varying fates existing in some form of an afterlife, I guess.”

George was quiet for a moment, smiling to himself before he grabbed Dream’s hand, pulling him up from their little table. “Where are we going?” Dream asked, willingly following footsteps away from where they’d let themselves warm and dry from the sun back down towards the water.

“One second.” the brunet stated quickly, pulling away from Dream’s grasp as he started scouring the pebbles under their feet. He stayed focused, eyes locked on the ground until he found a stone

that seemed to match exactly what he'd been looking for.

Dream tilted his head to the side, eyeing his boyfriend as he turned back around to face him, holding out the small grey stone. He took it cautiously, letting his fingers feel where time and water had formed a well rounded hole through the middle of it.

"Hold it up to the sun." George half-whispered, moving to stand at his side as he entangled their fingers together gently.

Dream did as he was told, lifting the stone towards the sky until a singular beam of sunlight was shining through the small hole, directing its light into a concentrated circular shape against his t-shirt. "I wasn't raised religious, and I don't really know what I believe in in regards to an afterlife, but I *do* believe that the world we live in has its own little bits of magic that allow us to believe in *something* wonderful after we pass on."

He found solace in George's words, squeezing his hand tightly before turning his head to the side to look down at him once again. "Promise me one thing?"

"Anything, baby."

"Promise you'll still be with me, wherever we end up after we die." he asked sincerely, lowering the stone to tuck in his pocket, knowing it would be something he'd keep for the rest of his life.

"I promise you forever and more."

-

Bike rides and laughter filled euphoric smiles underneath the setting sun filled their evening until exhaustion settled in and led them back to a car that drove them home. With only one day left in London before they made their way back to America, they'd far neglected the need to pack up George's belongings to send off to their future home in Virginia, and were finally realizing just how behind they were.

Although they were able to sneak in a quick nap on the car ride home, they fought their tired state when they settled back into George's room, taping together boxes to fill with books and momentos. It was strange to watch George pull polaroid pictures from his wall that detailed

Dream's life back in Florida from when they were writing letters to each other no less than a few months before. He missed it, in a way.

Not that he wasn't ecstatic about finally having George in his grasp, finally being able to hold him close without ever having to think about him slipping away, finally able to press his lips against his skin and lips with tender warmth and held passion. But he missed the excitement of waiting impatiently for a perfect envelope with a wax seal and George's cursive writing to show up in the mail.

He'd thought about it a lot since they'd been together in person, wanting to find ways to keep their promises of writing letters to each other forever something he could actually fulfill. He'd found ways to sneak small notes into George's hands, little quips about how much he loved him or how cute he looked while he slept that he was able to jot down on pieces of paper he could find lying about. But nothing seemed to compare to what he used to cross out in long written letters.

"You know, I still plan on stealing all of your clothes when we get to Virginia." George sang from his closet, stepping out with a pile of folded shirts that he maneuvered into a box by Dream's feet.

"Then I see no need for you to keep packing your own clothes, baby." Dream quipped back, wrapping his arms around George's waist once he stood back up to pull him back onto the bed.

They fell back in a muffled symphony of giggles, George's arms wrapping around his neck as he pulled himself closer, making sure their hearts were pressed together. There was always something serene about having that matched rhythm beating together, holding the reality of their relationship in the absence of space between them.

It was something he'd always craved when they'd waited days or weeks for letters to arrive, something he missed and never truly had when he'd been with Audrey long before. Sure, with her he'd craved intimacy in some forms, but what they had always seemed to lack something pertinent to *love*. With George, though. Gods, with George...

With George he felt like he could *finally* fucking breathe without worrying about jealousy or any other underlying doubt or guilt. He felt weightless when he was able to feel fingers tangle in his hair and soft lips whisper promises against his own. He felt nothing but peace when he'd look to his side to see George smiling back at him, or see soft chocolate curls splayed against the pillow next to his own head.

That's what made *them* different from what he used to have or what George had always rambled on about when he talked about movies he'd watched. With Audrey, with stories, there was always a

sense of fallacy to what was happening. Some moments could make you truly feel something that would strike you to your core, but when the credits rolled or when Audrey walked away without even a hint of tears in her eyes, there was a residual feeling of emptiness lingering in his bones.

But when he was able to curl his fingers into a lithe waist while his own face was caressed by gentle hands, he felt safe. He felt like nothing could ever pull them apart, because they'd already spent the first nine months of knowing each other with as much space between them as humanly possible.

"I'm going to miss it here, but I think I'm going to love our new home even more." George interrupted his thoughts, pulling him back into the reality of comfort underneath them while nothing but love radiated between them.

"And we'll come back to visit anyways. Plus, when we're finally in Virginia, we can *actually* be alone together." he hummed back in response, pressing a kiss against George's temple.

"I can't fucking wait."

"Stay there, don't move." Dream requested, pulling away as much as he hated to get up from the bed. George whined in half-protest, half-confusion, but let Dream slip away for just a minute nonetheless.

He hadn't had shaky hands since the night of prom when he'd first turned around to see George standing in front of him for the first time. But when he stood in front of his own suit he'd worn to the gala, reaching into the pocket to pull out a napkin he'd snagged, his fingers betrayed him.

Dream wasn't even sure why he was nervous in the first place, it's not like he hadn't already explicitly confessed *just* how deeply in love he was with George. But the vulnerability of words scrawled against paper always seemed beautifully reminiscent while lingering with innocent anxiety of waiting for a response of some sort.

With a heavy breath, he pulled the napkin from the blazer's coat pocket, taking just a second to admire it before turning back to face the bed. George was propped up on his elbows, lips pursed and eyebrows furrowed as he seemed to try to sort out what exactly Dream was doing and why the hell he'd left the comfort of their make-shift cuddling.

"I have something for you." Dream mumbled shyly, walking back to the bed to comfortably slip

back into George's hold.

"What's that?" his boyfriend asked, curiously reaching for the napkin. Dream pulled it back, meeting dark eyes swimming with intrigue before leaning in to press his lips against his boyfriend's for a lingering moment.

"It's a letter, kind of. It's, like, the best I could manage while you were talking with Wil and your parents during the gala. Just... I don't know, I missed writing to you."

George smiled sweetly, leaning in again to hold another lingering kiss that tasted of strawberry lemonade and just a hint of salt water smiles. "I've missed writing to you too. Can I read it?" he asked. And Dream would have been an idiot to refuse such a beautifully spoken request.

---

*My baby,*

*You look insanely handsome tonight, have I told you that yet? I think I've said it maybe a million times, but I don't care. You're the hottest fucking person in this building, and I'm not sorry about that. I don't know how I got lucky enough to be your date, but here we are.*

*I've been trying to think of ways to tell you that I love you even though I've probably exhausted every combination of the words since we've gotten to actually be together, but I don't think I can say it enough. I love you, I love you, I love you. Gods, I love you.*

*This is a napkin, so I obviously don't have enough room to write as much as I'd like to, and I'm probably going to have to use all four sections of this stupid thing to even get a decent amount of words down, and I'm definitely wasting space right now by rambling about this in general... But I don't think I'd be me if I didn't fuck up a little bit of my writing.*

*I just wanted to let you know, in writing, that I am genuinely the happiest I have ever been in my entire fucking life. I never thought I'd get to have something like this, have someone like you. Actually, no. I don't want "something" or "someone" like this or you. All I want is this, all I want is you.*

*Seeing your life and being able to be a part of it has shown me that no matter where I am, that as long as I'm with you, everything and everywhere will feel like home to me. Because you're my*

*home, baby. You have been since the day we met, and you always, always, always will be. I've never loved like I love you, and I refuse to ever let myself even think about being anything but yours.*

*I hope you know how much you mean to me, and how much I love you, because if I could give you the world, I would. I just need you to know that, because right now you're talking to your family and all I want to do is be by your side forever and have a family of our own one day. Don't think too much about that, because that's probably way in the future. But yeah.*

*Anyways, you're so fucking beautiful, and I can't imagine my life without you. Stay with me forever, because you're stuck with me and I refuse to let you go. I love you with my entire heart and soul, George. I always will.*

*- Your Dream :)*

## Chapter End Notes

note from tad:

Hello hello !!!! I really hope you all enjoyed this chapter, sorry about the little wait, life is hectic and writings been a little hard for me so KAT helped me out with this chapter aka wrote a lot of it <333 send KAT extra love please. The fluff however continues :))) it's so nice writing them all in and love and mushy. But with more chapters the end comes closer :( I'm gonna be sad to see this fic end but seeing how much love it got and continues to get means the world to me <333 thank you all so much for the support

comment and leave kudos pretty please!!

socials:

[kat's twitter](#)

[tad's twitter](#)

# finally home

## Chapter Summary

“And son,” Dream’s father started, the word *son* sending a rush of warmth through his veins, “thanks for helpin’ the kid realize what makes him happy. We were a little worried for a while, but you helped change his life for the better.”

## Chapter Notes

[fic playlist](#)

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

*My Dreamie Baby,*

*You’re funny, you know. When my father told us he had business in America and that we could fly back on the private jet, you said that you were going to stay up the entire flight just to enjoy the “lavish lifestyle”. But baby, here we are only two hours into the flight, and your head is on my lap, and you’re snoring just a little bit.*

*Don’t worry, it’s cute. You’re adorable, actually.*

*I’ve been thinking a lot about what you said the other night when we were packing up my room. I’ve missed writing to you, I’ve missed that anticipation of waiting for your responses too. And don’t get me wrong, having you with me in person is better than anything I could have ever imagined, because for months this is all I have ever wanted. But I believe our letters were something magical, and I want you to know that they always will be to me. So, while you’re sleeping, I’m going to write to you.*

*Going to Florida to surprise you was something terrifying for me to do, honestly. I was scared of a million different things, even when I knew it was incredibly ridiculous to even be nervous in the first place. I know we talked about it when we were there, but my mind convinced me that everything could go wrong. Sometimes it felt impossible to imagine that you were actually someone real and tangible, someone capable of loving me the way that I love you. And I know now that saying that now sounds just entirely idiotic, but we’re idiots, so in a way it makes sense.*

*I don't know, Dream. I guess I never thought of myself as someone capable of being truly and wholeheartedly loved by someone else. I guess part of me convinced myself that I never deserved it, in a way. You know how much I love watching movies, and I think part of that developed because it was an escape into some other reality where anything was possible. Before I came out, any reality other than the present at the time was something relieving. Especially when I was able to find films and books that had characters that were just like me.*

*But then I met you.*

*You said once that we might be soulmates. I didn't believe in anything like that before I met you. But God, I think I knew the moment I got your first letter back that you were someone who was meant to be in my life. I obviously didn't know at the time what we'd become, or if we were even a possibility, but something in my heart told me that I'd never be able to let you go. No matter what ended up happening with us.*

*I think I believe in soulmates now, because I don't think there's any other reasonable explanation for the universe bringing us together in the way it did. I believe in you and me, in us. Redundant, I know, but it's a common trope in stories for people to be fated to meet and destined to lose each other along the way. I don't plan on ever being parted from you, and I hope you know that.*

*I hope you know just how much I love and adore you, everything about the way you talk, how your freckles become more visible when you blush and smile, how safe and comfortable I feel when I'm wrapped in your arms. There's so many things that I love about you, and I could honestly spend this entire flight listing them, but I think I'd rather keep some of them to myself for now. Why? Because I want to be able to remind you when you need it most.*

*I will, however, tell you that you make me so unbelievably happy. The fact that we're flying above the ocean right now so we can go pack up your room and make our way to our new home is insane to me. Getting to this point of our lives always seemed so unobtainable, yet here we are. I'm so excited to live with you, just us and Patches in our own little world of love and happiness. It seems absolutely perfect to me.*

*Listen, I know not all relationships are smooth sailing, and I know there will probably be times throughout our lives that we argue or disagree on things. So when we do, I hope you can always remember that no matter what comes between us, I will always choose to stay. I hope you do the same as well, because I can't imagine my life without you.*

*I love you Dream, so goddamn much. You look so beautiful right now, so I'm probably going to end this letter here so I can move down to cuddle with you and kiss your face. I'll give this to you*



*when we land, but I needed to get this down on paper while I could.*

*I love you, and I'm happy to say finally in a letter that I don't miss you, because you're right here.*

*- Love always, your boyfriend*

---

Soaring through clouds atop a sparkling sea of life while wrapped in protective arms that never failed to make his heart echo louder against his chest cavity was everything he'd ever dreamed of. Pulling polaroids and ink stained pages into cardboard boxes while Emma rambled on about her camping trip and asked a flurry of questions about being in London felt more than comfortable. Watching Andrew sneak the football he'd given Dream for Christmas into one of the boxes before taping it up was nothing but heartwarming.

Conversation around previous solidification of their lease for their new apartment in Virginia had quickly become a topic at the dinner table while they bit into cheeseburgers and let fizzing soda bubble down their throats. George found himself often pausing to admire the family surrounding him, letting himself get lost for bits of time when Dream's fingertips would tap against the top of his knee, or would rake across the back of his own hand. Goosebumps littering his skin whenever Dream would come in contact with him would never stop making his heart race, especially when it happened in an almost secretive fashion.

Dream's family made him feel comfortable enough to not have to hide anything. They'd welcomed him into their home with open arms and done everything in their power to make sure he was included in everything, so much so that they'd already added a framed photo of he and Dream to their stairwell along with the other memories forever gracing their home. Those smiles never faded from captured moments to laughter echoing around a scratched and worn dinner table, no matter what, they were a family.

When everyone had begun to retire to their rooms for the evening after well fought over board games and promise plans of Dream and George coming *home* to visit for holidays, he lingered back at the tug of his hoodie sleeve. Dream was off in conversation with Andrew at the base of the stairs, rambling about the drive for the next day as George turned to see Dream's parents smiling gently at him.

"George, we just wanted to let you know that we love having you here, and that you'll always be a part of our family." Dream's mother spoke sweetly as his father patted his hand against his shoulder.

He swallowed his own emotions quickly, biting against his tongue as he smiled back at them, “Thank you, really, it means a lot. I love your family, and—” he paused, turning back to look at Dream who shot him a nervous look. “And Clay genuinely means the world to me. I promise to make sure he checks in as often as possible while we’re away, and we’ll come visit when we can between my classes, and—”

“George, sweetie. It’s okay, we trust you’ll take care of him. We just wanted to remind you that you are loved, and we can’t wait to meet your family one day too.” Dream’s mother consoled, lifting a caring hand to his face to rub gentle circles against his cheek. He smiled gratefully at her, still biting back tears that threatened to fall.

“And son,” Dream’s father started, the word *son* sending a rush of warmth through his veins, “thanks for helpin’ the kid realize what makes him happy. We were a little worried for a while, but you helped change his life for the better.”

George was pulled into a tight embrace by Dream’s parents, final ‘thank you’s’ shared in hushed whispers before he pulled away and made his way back to the base of the stairs where his beautiful boyfriend was waiting patiently for him. He refused to tell Dream what he’d discussed with his parents, teasing that it had been something secret. He couldn’t admit in his sleep hazed state that if he started talking about how loved he felt by his second family that he’d burst into tears.

So they made their way up the stairs, Dream hanging off of him with every step until they were settled back in his twin sized bed. He managed to tease Dream about his gangly legs taking up too much room, but the blond was quick to shut him up with kisses and whispered comments he wouldn’t dare utter out loud with family members sleeping across the hall. Promises of what the sunrise would bring them, glittering gold solidification of plans they’d had for what felt like forever.

“You...” he drawled out as warm lips pressed and dragged against his neck, blooming roses under his skin, “need to sleep. We have a long drive tomorrow.”

Scolding Dream never came with ease, because of course as soon as he told Dream they had to be up early, the other only grumbled in protest and dug his fingers into George’s sides to elicit giggles he had to attempt to suppress. A signifying text from Andrew let them know they were being too loud, and George found himself burying his face into Dream’s chest out of embarrassment, as if anyone could see his face glow crimson other than the warm body he was pressed against.

“Hey.” Dream mumbled, wrapping George tighter in his arms as the brunet raked his fingers through soft tufts of waves.

“Hm?” he hummed, lifting his head against the pillow to nudge their noses together lightly.

“I love you. So much.”

George smiled to himself, tilting as he moved forward, pressing their lips together. Remnant mint toothpaste tingled against their lips as they held and *pressed* further, keeping movement minimal as silence surrounded them, echoing their hearts beating against each other. Kissing Dream had been what he was most excited for when it came to meeting him, second only to *finally* knowing that what they had was real. And he’d be damned if he said the feeling of love sealing them together so intimately didn’t make him feel like he was floating.

-

He couldn’t remember if he’d said it back before they’d fallen asleep, or if they’d kept their lips slotted together until exhaustion took over their beings entirely and let them fall asleep. But he was sure to mumble it a million times against Dream’s skin as the morning sun peered through dusty plastic blinds and the smell of maple and bacon wafted through the home.

All boxes had been loaded into a moving van the night before, furniture they’d picked out a few days before hand filling up any empty space. One box was left to ride along on the back seat of Dream’s car, because only the most valuable items had to be transported separately from everything else. Sure, said fragile items weren’t made of glass or easily crushed under constant movement and the threat of shifting boxes, but they were worth keeping safe above anything else.

The box of handwritten letters were set against worn down leather seats as Dream’s parents said their final ‘goodbyes’ to the boys, reminding them to make sure they stopped for gas before they ever hit a quarter of a tank that could end up leaving them stranded. They hugged each other tightly, Dream’s mother doing everything in her power to pretend that she wasn’t crying with her son heading off to an entirely different state.

Emma wrapped her arms around George’s waist, mumbling about how he better promise to call at least once a week, and that he better take her with them next time they visited London. He promised sincerely with a ruffle of her hair before she was swept off her feet in a bear-hug of an embrace from Dream.

“Y’know, I’m gonna miss the kid.” Andrew hummed, resting an elbow on top of George’s shoulder.

“We’ll come to visit a lot. Plus, it’s not like it’s your goodbye for him *yet*. You still have to drive all the way to Virginia with us.” he replied, keeping his gaze locked on Dream’s laughter filled goodbye with his younger sister.

Andrew chuckled lightly, letting out a sigh, “Oh, Georgie. You’re perfect for my brother. Always gotta come up with a bright side.”

There wasn’t any mockery coming from his tone, instead his words swirled with warmth and care as he smiled widely at his brother. George hated himself for a moment for ever believing Andrew was someone incapable of compassion. He’d just worried about Dream having no support system at home, being alone with no one to confide in other than a goldfish and tabby cat. But he learned all too quickly that Andrew only ever wanted the best for his brother, and that he was happy to call Andrew his own brother as well.

With a few more tear stained hugs and well wishes, Andrew parted ways in the moving van while Dream settled into the driver seat of his car, fingers quickly linking with George’s as they pulled away and began their trek up the coast. He would miss Florida, if he was being honest. There was a sense of family and belonging there, one that helped him feel somewhat sane and protected while being so far away from London.

But there was nothing but excitement swirling through him while a familiar playlist reverberated against the windows and the cool scent of pine and lemon wafted around them along the blast of air conditioning. As they drove, palm trees that seemed to line every road became more and more sparse, spaces between trunks filling more with shrubbery and empty air above. He’d hardly even noticed the palm trees when he’d first gotten to Florida back on the day of prom, and part of him knew he’d miss it.

Florida had a sense of belonging for him, something that was well known in a way, maybe purely because of the memories ingrained in his mind from simple words and polaroid pictures sent to him from across the ocean. Maybe it was because he’d spent months upon months falling in love with the life of a person he’d only hope to have met one day, only now understanding *just* how beautiful that meeting really was.

But he was grateful as the shapes out of their windows morphed into that of what was more familiar to him. Palms turned to pine, sunshine seemed blocked out more by overhang and twists in the road, and for a moment he let himself imagine what it would be like to actually see the colours of green surrounding them. He knew it was something beautiful, because how could the eyes of the love of his life be anything but? George considered the idea of it all, ever growing life from the earth, glittering emeralds filled with vitalization and the promise of a harmonious domestic bliss.

All of it, any meaning of the colour itself, was a perfect embodiment of Dream. He was wonderful, full of life and continually excited about branching out into the world surrounding him. He was gentle, still with the wind as it carried him through life without caution or warning. He was patient, although his knee always seemed to bounce while his fingers tapped against whatever surface they could manage to find, he would always seem to find a way to listen and fully absorb *everything* that was happening around him.

George believed that may have been one of the things he loved the most about Dream. Sure, physicality was an impeccable addition, but Dream's heart was *so* full of love that at times he truly understood it would be impossible to ever part from him. And if he were being honest, he wouldn't have it any other way. George had lived in false realities for so much of his life, always wishing and wanting for something 'magical' like what was portrayed on screen or between the text printed within novels.

He never expected to get everything and more, and in every way more enthralling than he could have ever imagined.

"Tell me something." Dream commented approximately five hours into their eleven hour drive as the turn signal was flipped to signify their pull off for an exit to fill the car with gas.

"What?"

"Tell me something, something you've never told me before." Dream continued with a smirk as he maneuvered the car through a green light and over to an empty gas station.

"I'm pretty sure you know everything about me already, Dream." he replied, rolling his eyes dramatically as they pulled up to a station.

The two of them both got out with an exhausted sigh, stretching their legs with grumbled huffs of pain after the first half of their trip had finally passed. He watched Dream go through the motions of filling the car, and took it upon himself to use the cheap window cleaner to clear splats of bugs from the front windshield. As he pulled the squeegee across the last line of suds, strong arms wrapped tightly around his waist as warm lips hummed and pressed a kiss against his jaw.

"Oh, hey there." he spoke softly, knocking the stick of the cleaner against the front tire of the car before turning with Dream still locked around him to place it back in the bucket. With his hands free, he wrapped them around the ones holding him close, letting his head fall back against

Dream's shoulder.

"Tell me something, baby. Anything." the blond asked once again, keeping his tired voice low and hushed as the sounds of only the distant highway and some barely audible music from the gas station filtered around them.

"What do you want me to tell you?"

"I already said, something you've never told me before. Something you scribbled out."

George turned in Dream's arms to face him, pulling his arms up to rest atop his shoulders so he could pull his fingertips through the ends of golden waves curling at the base of his lover's skull. "I think I've probably told you all of it by now. But, if you must know, there was a letter. I don't really remember which one, I think it was right after New Years Eve." he started, biting at the inside of his cheek.

"Yeah, you went to that party and that guy tried to kiss you."

George hummed with a nod, pressing himself onto his toes *just* so he could kiss Dream for a second before continuing. "Yeah, in that letter I crossed something out about wishing you'd been there with me, or that I'd wished you had been the one asking to kiss me."

"Yeah, I kind of was able to decode that one, you didn't cross it out too dark, baby." Dream joked, ignoring the click of the gas nozzle as the car had finished filling.

"I'm sure you did, just as I attempted to decode absolutely everything you ever crossed out as well. *But*, there's something about New Years that I never told you."

Curiosity was visible as it peaked in Dream's eyes, glittering from the sun overhead as his pupils blew out in anticipation. "Oh?"

"I wished in the New Year alone, you already know that part. I only went back to the party for another little bit after that, and then made my way to a guest room at Wil's. I couldn't sleep though, so I ended up sitting in a chair by the window in that room until five in the morning."

Dream lifted his eyebrows as he pressed a quick kiss to George's cheek, turning back to remove the nozzle from their gas tank and close it up. "Trouble sleeping?"

"Not exactly..." George hummed, lifting his arms back above his head to stretch his back out one last time before moving back to his door. He rested against it for a moment, rolling his neck while hating the cracks that sounded through his ears as he did.

"Then why? Was something bugging you?" Dream asked, using the space around him to stretch his own arms out, twisting himself quickly to sound more cracks in his spine built up from endless sitting and driving.

George couldn't help but laugh as Dream's face contorted into something either painful or relieved, "I guess so, yeah. More like a thought that couldn't leave my mind."

"Which was?"

They opened their doors, sliding back into their seats while a small meow sounded from the backseat. Dream leaned back, filling a small bowl with water for Patches. She had been delightfully calm throughout their entire drive, mostly sleeping in the glow of the sun shining through the rear windows. Only once did she crawl up over the seats to stand on George's lap with her paws up against his window, watching trees go by in a blur.

George reached back, scratching between her ears with a smile. He felt soft lips press against his cheek, making him smile further to himself as a familiar bloom of warmth carried across his skin, remnant with the scent of caffeinated sodas and shared licorice strings.

"You." he started, turning back to Dream just to nudge his nose against his before he could pull away. "I couldn't stop thinking about what you were doing, and hoping that you were thinking the same about me. I wanted to believe that the flirting between us meant as much to you as— Well, you know that already. But anyways, yeah. I was thinking about you."

"Georgie—" Dream hummed as doe eyes ensued and smile creases began to line his face.

"And I knew that we were five hours apart, so I waited. I waited until it was officially New Years for you too, and I looked up at the faint glow of the stars and whispered a 'Happy New Year, Dream' to you. I couldn't sleep until I knew I'd at least done that."

Dream pressed forward, connecting their lips heavily with a sharp inhale. Breathlessness was something George had gotten used to and loved to experience as often as Dream would let him. Some kisses were more *true* than others, more filled with emotion and sincerity, filled with gratitude.

They'd been separated for so long without having ever met, and at times it had felt like the world was going to cave in around them before their fingers ever got the chance to touch. So when lips were held with saccharine promise of bubbling champagne and *I felt it too*, he couldn't help but fall even more in love with everything they had together. And when plush pink pulled away from him slowly, he dove back in for just another second of bliss before giggling to himself and letting Dream start the car to get them back on their way.

"You know, when the clock hit midnight, all I was thinking about was you. I wanted to be with you, I wanted to kiss you. I just... I wanted *you*. I always felt like that, but something about that night just made me want you more, or at least helped me realize *just* how badly I wanted you."

He caught Dream smiling as they made their way back onto the highway, and he couldn't help but reach over to twist their fingers together as Dream spoke, "You have me, you always will. And next New Year's we can make it up to each other."

It was a promise, another promise to add to the ever growing list of words that only seemed to hold more and more weight than those sent between postal carriers for months on end. And the best part about their promises to each other was that every time they were able to cross out an old one, leaving lines faint enough to read through, they were able to add another to the bottom of it all, continuing their promise of *forever* together.

-

Eleven hours in a beat up car would have sounded miserable to him a year ago. But something about the way sunlight had managed to swirl together with love-stained lyrics and insatiable laughter throughout the entire drive had made him excited that it had happened in the first place. However, he was grateful when they finally pulled up to an old brick building in Virginia, parking promptly behind a moving van.

Although their bodies were exhausted from such a long trip, they were quick to stretch their limbs and listen to Andrew's grumbles as they picked up box after box and carried them all inside. George resorted to carrying cardboard while Dream and Andrew opted to move in heavier pieces of furniture, yelling at each other to pivot their stances through doorways and creaking stairs.



It was fun to watch the two of them bicker, knowing well that insults of *asshole* and *dickhead* were nothing but lighthearted and brotherly. Even when their couch was dropped on Andrew's foot due to Dream stumbling up the last step on their way up to the new apartment, the two of them were able to laugh it off together and joke about a dramatic amputation. And as the sun began to set, filtering clementine warmth through dusted windows, the three of them settled with heavy breaths on the couch together while Patches explored her new surroundings.

"Alright kiddo, that's the last of it." Andrew hummed, letting out a sigh as he took a sip of water from a bottle he'd carried up ten trips ago.

"Thanks, man. Sorry you had to drive the truck." Dream replied, patting his hand against the faded and tattered denim on Andrew's knee.

"Nah, don't even worry." Andrew started, standing up from the couch with a groan, "Plus it's worth it to get your ass out of the house." he joked, kicking the bottom of Dream's shoe. "George, take care of my baby brother."

The brunet smiled up at him, glancing to Dream quickly before smiling back up at Andrew, "I promise."

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Ikea furniture thankfully came with instructions, otherwise their bed frame would have been left to be a pile of broken and terribly half-assembled planks of painted wood. They only managed to incorrectly connect pieces about five times, Dream finally flipping to a different section of their pamphlet to realize there were instructions in English after spending an hour trying to decode the Swedish ones he'd been giving himself a headache over.

They'd taken it upon themselves to unbox their new mattress on top of the finally built bed frame, knowing they'd exhaust themselves too much to try to move it after it expanded from its box if they'd opened it on the floor. Their nightstands were quicker to put together after they had an understanding of how all the bits and bobbles fit together, and once furniture was completely assembled, they were able to move onto their boxes.

Memories began filling their walls and drawers, everything from small accents they'd brought from their old rooms to little trinkets they'd managed to collect throughout their shopping trips with their parents. Their diplomas were hung together in matching silver frames, other awards and certificates being kept in binders on a shelf underneath. Dream had held onto the stone they'd stolen from the beach in Brighton, having purchased a small golden stand for it to rest perfectly in on a bookshelf littered with romance novels.

With clumsy maneuvering, fairy lights were strung along all their walls, giving a gentle glow to the apartment in place of overhead lighting and the lack of sunlight as the world around them had faded into the darkness of night. Dream had mentioned they needed to get plants, and George agreed that they'd go to a local shop later that week to fill their apartment with more life.

"I like all these decorations we got, but I think we're going to need more, the shelves are a little empty." Dream commented, pulling folded t-shirts from a box to set in open drawers.

"I agree, but maybe we should save space for filling them with memories." George replied, moving hangers through the sleeves of sweaters and blazers as he hung them in their closet.

"And that," Dream started, leaning over to kiss George's cheek, "is why I love you."

"Oh, so that's the only reason?" he teased back, hanging up a well-worn hoodie that had spent months hanging around his body to keep him warm in Dream's absence.

"You're an idiot"

Sweet fondness hummed against his skin with puckered lips, pulling him enticingly away from his own tasks in favor of raking his fingers through waves of woven gold and feeling butterfly wing lashes blink against his cheeks. He let their lips slot together with familiarity and belonging, relishing in the feeling of the lack of fear of interruption. They didn't need to hide here or be wary of their own displays of affection with people around.

No, here they were alone, they were safe.

"*Your* idiot." he mumbled back against Dream's lips with a hushed whisper.

Once clothes were combined and tucked away and books were lined by series and titles, varying in density and sizes, they were able to move onto piles of polaroid photographs. Images of Dream's face obstructed by anything from hands and textbooks to bright flashes that were still unable to completely block out cherry-rosed cheeks and spots of freckles, bright smiles from George and Wilbur at concerts and rehearsals, captured memories of sleeping cats in sun soaked windows. Every memory they'd ever shared with each other while over four thousand miles of ocean kept them apart were hung next to each other on the walls they finally shared.

They took the time to talk through them all, every memory they'd wished the other had been there for, and ultimately deciding that because they were shared with the other through envelopes, papercuts, and stamps... that of course they would forever hold the idea of the other within them.

Patches adapted quickly, finding spots throughout the open floorplan that she found most comfortable as they continued to tack polaroids to their chosen wall. She'd spent the first while exploring, sniffing out nooks and crannies that she could potentially hide toys in, spots on new furniture where she could rest in spots of sunlight that would shine through wide windows. She'd made herself at home, and although George missed Cat dearly, he was glad to have her now sleeping in a ball on their couch.

"She looks so peaceful already." he hummed quietly, careful not to wake her as he put up the final polaroid they'd taken together on the private jet before leaving London.

"She adapts well, I think she's just comfortable around us both so it's easier for her." Dream replied, falling back against the hardwood floor.

George smiled softly, moving to sit behind him so he could pull Dream's head into his lap. "Hey now, I'm pretty sure once the reality of all this settles in that I'll sleep more than her."

"As long as you promise to let me hold you while you do." the blond replied, reaching a hand up to tangle in George's hair as the brit rubbed his thumbs along the structure of Dream's jaw.

"Wasn't that always the plan? Pretty sure cuddling was one of the first agreements we made."

"Actually, baby," Dream quickly corrected, "it was holding hands." he finished, pulling his hands down to find George's, locking their fingers together atop his own sternum.

"Of course, how could I forget?"

Dream used his free hand to point at two shoe boxes sitting on their kitchen counter, "Not sure, honestly kind of offensive... Maybe I should re-read one of those to refresh your memory."

"Maybe so," George hummed teasingly, leaning down to ghost his lips just above Dream's, "but

maybe we should start with ordering some pizza.”

“Ha! I told you we’d end up ordering food the first night.”

Dream had been right, in their letters George remembered going on about how he was planning on making some nice fancy meal for their first dinner together in their apartment. But he had never anticipated *just* how exhausting the entire moving process was going to be. Sure, he hadn’t been the one driving the expanse of half the east coast, and he’d been one to carry mostly boxes rather than heavy furniture and awkwardly shaped objects. But it was much more physical activity than he’d ever exerted before.

It was worth it though. Seeing *their* home finally become a reality around them, a million promises fulfilled after waiting, and waiting, and *waiting*. He was more than happy to resort to eating cheap pizza over their kitchen island as Dream reflected on memories of being left home alone with Andrew and his friends. Comfortability had ensued the moment they’d actually met in person, but in their shared apartment, it felt all the more natural.

He relished in the flavors of cheeses and pepperoni, letting Dream use cheap napkins to wipe grease from his face as they let laughter swirl between them. It was becoming more obvious that they were both tired, but only wanted to fully enjoy everything their first night alone brought. So when Dream pulled out a vinyl record and set it carefully on an old player George had gotten in secondary school, he could only smile.

“I love this song.” he whispered, walking to meet Dream halfway in their living room.

“Then dance with me, baby.”

A strong hand settled at his waist, the other grasping at his hand as he moved his own free hand to rest atop Dream’s shoulder. Music swelled and carried them as they waltzed minimally across creaking wooden floors while twinkling lights blurred in glistening beauty. Entrancement overwhelmed him as Dream guided him throughout their dance, illuminating their eyes with exuding affection.

When they’d been at prom surrounded by people, George had been overly anxious about everything surrounding them, along with the fact that he’d *just* actually met the love of his life for the first time. But here, in their apartment where the walls were their own and music carried their steps with humble belonging, he felt like the stars could carry them anywhere.

They danced throughout the entire side of the record, letting music fall into nothing but crackling through the speakers as they held each other close, swaying minimally as the reality of their exhaustion settled. He wasn't even sure what time it was or if the sun would be rising soon enough, all he knew was he just needed to stay in Dream's grasp.

Silk pajamas with an embroidered 'D' were given as a gift when they retired to their bed for the evening, Dream excitedly dressing into them and relishing in the smooth comfort they provided. The two settled under their blankets, turning out the fairy lights and letting nothing but the faint glow of the moon outside illuminate the sparse space between them. With their bodies pressed together under plush coverings, George lifted a hand to star speckled cheeks.

"I love you, Dream. And I know we've said that a million times to each other now, and I know I've told you before just how much I mean it, but—" he paused, letting his eyes rake over beauty blinking openly back at him, "I never thought I'd *actually* find love like this, and I feel so incredibly lucky to have you. I love you, Clay. I love you."

If he saw a tear fall from Dream's tired eyes, the vision of it was quickly melted away as their lips were languidly and wholeheartedly pressed together, pulling their beings impossibly closer. Loving hands grasped at his waist, gently but bruisingly keeping him close as Dream kissed him deeper and with more feeling than he'd ever felt bloom between them before.

Saying Dream's name out loud to him for reasoning other than formalities held the weight of the world. He'd promised a while ago that he'd only say it when he felt nothing but incandescently in love with the blond holding him *so* close, and in that moment, he truly meant it.

"I love you, George. Forever."

Lips continued to press and move together, keeping them in a synchronized dance as they let themselves melt into their shared existence of love, love, love, and nothing but *love*. George felt his heart swell and expand, growing with every sense of what green made him feel, and in that moment he fully believed he could finally see the colour in all its emerald glory.

-

It could have been early morning or mid day when warm sunlight peered through their open window, cascading glittering beams of golden rays across their tired skin and fluffy blankets. George peeled his eyes open slowly, blinking away at the sleep still riddling his body as he dragged his fingertips across freckled shoulders.

Dream was beautiful, and he'd tell you that time and time again and never get sick of saying the words, even if only in his mind. There was something about permanent stars forever permeated against tanned skin from times where the sun kissed him too deeply, leaving ever growing galaxies as a signifying reminder of how it loved him so. George was sure at some point in his life he'd manage to press his lips against every single one, but somehow hoped the sun would only grace Dream's skin with more if only to give him more to love.

The ones bridging across Dream's cheeks and nose were his favourite, some darker than others to stand out in their need to curate constellations within the universal expanse of love touched, sleep flushed skin. As Dream slept, lips parted while soft breaths warmly caressed George's cheeks, he took the time to softly kiss as many of them as he could.

When warm lips hummed against his own cheek and gentle arms pulled him closer, he let out a small giggle, leaving one last kiss against Dream's cheek. "Good morning, sunshine."

"Morning, angel." the blond hummed back, keeping his eyes closed as he spoke groggily.

"You're really warm, can we just stay in bed all day?" George asked, snuggling his head into the nook of Dream's shoulder and neck, making sure to leave small kisses after he spoke.

A soft breath pushed through his hair, Dream's nose nuzzling through his chocolate locks with deep and slow inhales. They reveled in silence for a moment, holding each other close, feeling their heartbeats echo against each other's while their bare chests remained pressed together under the comfort of their blankets.

"I think we still have more to unpack." Dream finally spoke up, sparking remembrance of the few boxes they'd neglected in favor of pizza and dancing the night before.

But in that moment, George didn't really care, "And we have the entire summer to do so."

"Then we can absolutely stay in bed all day, anything for you. But would you mind if I took a shower? I feel kinda gross from driving all day yesterday."

"Of course, I'll still be here when you're done." he agreed, although he would have normally argued to keep Dream in bed with him.

George lifted his hands to pull at Dream's face, squishing his cheeks together as he sealed their lips and held him there for a minute. Morning glory blossomed between his ribs, tightening the hold of Dream's presence as long as he could manage. When he pulled away, Dream laughed and tackled him, peppering his face and neck with a million small kisses as they laughed and let themselves have that moment together.

After a while, he finally relinquished his grasp, allowing Dream to pull away and move out of their bed. George rolled over to where Dream had slept, quickly re-wrapping himself in the blankets to absorb whatever warmth had been left over from his beautiful boyfriend. He let out a sigh, listening as the bathroom door clicked with a close and the shower faucet squeaked to let water flow.

He knew he only had a short amount of time, and he had to make sure some plans were still in action. So, George pulled out his phone, quickly dialing out to the one person he knew he needed to speak with most.

"Hey, man! Y'all settled in?" Sapnap answered with a joyous tone.

"Yeah, hey, still need to finish getting everything put together, but we're finally here." he replied, letting his head fall back down against feather filled pillows of comfort that tempted him to fall back to sleep.

"I'm so glad! Plus that means our plans are still on?" Sapnap questioned, delight evident in his voice.

George hummed, still blinking against the sunlight as Patches slowly crawled up onto the bed, turning in a small circle before settling atop the covers next to him in a particular ray of morning sun. "Definitely, just calling to make sure you got your flight confirmation for next week."

"Sure did. My mom got it all printed out and has it hanging on the fridge. I gotta pack everything closer to the day I leave but I'll be gettin' on that plane."

When they'd originally made their plans, they'd decided they wanted to keep Sapnap flying in to meet them a secret from Dream. George had been trying to figure out ideas for presents he could get his boyfriend to celebrate them finally starting their life together, and he'd convinced himself that he wanted it to be something that couldn't necessarily be bought.

Sure, he had to buy the plane tickets to actually get Sarnap from Texas to Virginia, but giving his boyfriend the opportunity to meet his best friend that he'd known and played video games with for years seemed like the perfect gift. Plus, he wanted to meet him himself as well. Part of being with someone was becoming a key element in their life, and he had no plans to do anything but welcome anyone important that loved and supported Dream into his heart as well.

"Good, I'm really excited to meet you, and for you to meet Dream in person."

"I'm excited, bro. He's been one of my best friends for what feels like forever. 'Bout time we all meet up. Plus, I gotta make sure you're not some crazy old dude still." Sarnap joked, laughing at himself as the sound of glass bottles clattered in the background.

"Sap, we've literally Facetimed each other." George replied, rolling his eyes dramatically as if the boy could even see him.

"And? Filters exist!"

He was glad that he and Sarnap had gotten so close so quickly. Their shared sense of humor had developed quickly, letting them talk endlessly if they wanted to about whatever in the world, because they'd always end up laughing and sharing faux insults meant to show appreciation for the other.

"You're so stupid." he scoffed, rolling onto his back as he used his free hand to stroke through Patches' fur.

"Whatever, I'm hilarious. Anyways, Dream still doesn't know I'm coming, right?"

Squeaking handles sounded in the background and he heard a stream of water still into silence. His heart caught in his throat, immediately knowing he had to end the call as soon as possible so as not to spoil the impending surprise meet-up.

"Nope, it'll be a perfect surprise! But the shower just turned off, so I have to hang up." he said hurriedly.



“Aight, I’ll see you soon Georgie.” Sapnap replied, his smile evident as he spoke with excitement.

“See you soon.”

## Chapter End Notes

note from kat:

hi :) thank you guys for your patience between updates lately as i've had to write a lot and also had a bunch of stuff goin on in my personal life. anyways! our boys are finally in virginia!! and we've only got 3 chapters left til this fic comes to a close <3 your love and support means the world to me, and this story just makes me so unbelievably happy. hope you guys are all doin good and are excited for some sapnap content :)

pls leave comments and kudos! we're soooo close to 40k hits and 1k kudos, so share the fic with your friends <3

socials:

[kat's twitter](#)

[tad's twitter](#)

## sands of time

### Chapter Summary

With arms overflowing with potted plants, the two made their way up the stairs and to their front door, George trailing a few steps behind him. But Dream froze before he reached their doormat, feeling his blood run cold and his breath catch in his throat as he saw a sliver of light peering through their front door.

### Chapter Notes

[fic playlist](#)

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Dripping slowly, each grain of sand glistening with tormentous golden wonder against the pile it fell into under the obstruction of curved glass. As a slow whirlpool fell with tantalizing missed opportunities, more and more pieces taking seconds, minutes, hours, *days*, away from him. From *them*. He didn't want it to ever end, but time seemed to be against him. Would there ever be enough time to catch every moment possible with the love of his life before...

*"Dream..."*

Fading, falling, running out of time. Each grain of sand taking snapshots of minute moments that could have been held forever if he'd just been able to grasp at them. But the hourglass continued to block his hold, bulletproof glass refusing to let him through to stop time where it fell without him. He needed to get through, he needed to be present, he needed to stop watching it fall away.

There were too many things he wanted to do with George by his side, and if the glass wouldn't let him through, he'd do anything he could to stop it. Even for just a moment. Scientifically speaking, he remembered from George telling him once, if sand reached a hot enough temperature it would turn to glass. Maybe he could spark embers beneath the cage, ignite flames strong enough to lick up the curved edges and forever freeze what he'd already missed.

He froze before he could strike steel against stone, looking up at the giant hourglass as the pieces of sand seemed to stall mid-air, letting him take a deep breath for just a second. Was it worth it?

Was trying to stop time worth ignoring everything going on around him, worth letting smaller moments pass by? It was an hourglass, of course. And when time ran out, it could be tipped back over to start all over again.

Maybe that was the meaning all along, maybe he wasn't meant to try to break through.

"Dream?"

Dream blinked against the sunlight glimmering off of ocean waves, pulling himself from thoughts clouded with grey swirls of doubt as he felt a gentle hand twist around his wrist. He shook his head lightly, letting his surroundings come back fully into view as he turned and looked down to his boyfriend looking up at him with confusion in his eyes.

"Hi, sorry, did you say something?" he asked, not realizing how long he'd been lost in his own mind.

"I asked if you were okay, you wandered off." George replied cautiously, moving his grasp down to intertwine their fingers while worry strained his voice. George was receptive to emotion, always knowing exactly what tone to use for comfort and concern when it was needed most, and it melted Dream's heart.

"I don't— I didn't mean to, I just... Fuck, I'm sorry."

"Hey, hey it's okay." George soothed, pressing himself up onto his toes to peck a small kiss against Dream's cheek. "What were you thinking about?"

"Too much that doesn't matter, just time, really. Letting too much get to me. None of that matters though, what have you been up to?" His words felt jumbled, it would take too long to explain everything his mind had been distracting him with, and he didn't want to take away from their date at the beach.

George hummed lightly, assumingly believing him for the moment but undoubtedly planning to ask about it again later. "I found these little glass bottles at a stand over there, they said we can fill them with sand and the tiny shells we found earlier to remember our trip here."

And in the blink of an eye, he was able to reimagine everything he'd haunted himself with. Sand

stopped falling through the neck of an hourglass to rather hold steady, refusing to slip away. It could be cherished, encapsulated by small glass bottles that would remind them of the time they spent with it and the moments that flashed between each grain.

He felt a sigh of relief fall from his lips as George handed him one of the bottles, leading him back towards a small sand castle (rather a misshapen lump with a few shells and bits of seaweed sticking out of it) that they'd made earlier that day. It took some maneuvering and a few failed attempts, but eventually they found that funneling the sand through a twisted up receipt seemed to fill the bottles easiest.

A few tiny shells were dropped in on top within each bottle, small white cones and barely formed pearly beauties to sit atop dampened sand. George had found a few small pieces of sea glass as well that had happened to be blue and green, and he'd taken it upon himself to put one of each color in their matching bottles. Dream hadn't even noticed that he'd kept his bottle's cork between his teeth until George used his own cork to seal Dream's bottle before pulling the other from Dream's mouth to seal his own.

"You know," George started, holding their bottles up towards the sunlight, "when we get home we can pour wax on top of these to seal them forever, I brought my kit from London."

And just like that, George had completely resolved every worry he'd been holding within himself. The thought of wax pressed into envelopes before they'd been sent across the ocean now being used to seal together a memory they'd finally shared together in the same space made his heart swell with nothing but adoration and love.

He turned to look at the one person who always seemed to keep him warmer than the sun ever could, and who made him wish on stars more frequently than nights when the full moon would grace the sky they shared, "You're incredible."

"And *you*," George started, lifting his hand to caress Dream's cheek before pulling him down lightly to press their lips together for a lingering moment, "think too highly of me."

"I'm allowed to, I'm your boyfriend." he teased back smugly.

Moments like these would last forever, and no amount of falling sand or unbreakable glass could keep them parted, not if Dream had anything to say about it. So he kept George close, pressing into their kiss with firmly held passion that made him remember just how lucky he was to have what he could hold. He relished in everything George was to him, soft petal pink lips, blushing cheeks with newly formed freckles from their outings in the sun, a heart that held more love than

he ever thought humanly possible.

He never wanted to stop kissing him, he'd made that clear before they ever met in person as well. The feeling of it was overwhelming at times, feeling entirely all consuming with flames burning bright blue that could melt him where he sat. So he kissed George like he meant it, and he did, and never stopped even when he was left absolutely breathless. Because if his lungs were devoid of air and his body left incapable of movement, he still had his lips locked with the most beautiful boy he'd ever met and gotten to love.

"Baby..." George hummed between them, pulling away with a light gasp as he pressed their foreheads together.

"Hm?"

"I'm not sure everyone here wants to watch us make out."

It wasn't scolding, really. He had a point, and although Dream was still getting used to the whole 'public displays of affection' with a partner that made it obvious he wasn't straight, he felt more comfortable when they were surrounded by people neither of them knew. That didn't mean he wanted to stop.

So he protested, "Then let's go home."

George pulled back with wide eyes, a sudden panic visibly flooding through him as he glanced at his phone and back while anxiously raking his fingers through the sand below them. Dream was confused as he watched George become more antsy. It wasn't like they hadn't retired home after a long day out in hopes of spending more time alone and away from the public eye.

"Actually, there was a shop I wanted to stop at on our way. They've got all kinds of plants, and maybe we could get food too?" he asked, brushing his hands together to let sand fall back against the endless sea of it below them.

"Uh, sure. You okay?" he asked with slight hesitation.

"Hm? Yeah, I'm fine, I just want to get some things for our apartment. That's all."

This was something new he was seeing from his boyfriend. Usually when George was anxious about anything, he'd cling onto Dream and ask to go home as soon as possible, always seeking some kind of solace. But delaying that seemed more suspicious than anything. He trusted George wholeheartedly, and nothing could ever break that trust, that much he was sure of.

But curiosity would eat at him until he was able to get the words out of him. Dream knew he had to be patient, give George time to settle his own thoughts until he could dictate exactly what was going on in his mind. George was patient with him like that as well, so giving him that space to work it out was something he felt obligated to do, even if it meant racking his brain to figure out if he'd done anything wrong or to upset George.

"Okay, let's go then."

City buildings cascaded over them, casting shadows between rays of the setting sun as they made their way back towards the highway that would lead them home. George had set their navigation to take them to a shop he'd researched filled with variations of growing vines and potted succulents. *Their* playlist was put on as Dream explained that "*One day you're going to have to learn how to drive.*", while George insisted it wasn't necessary when he could walk to classes.

He'd never seen George check his phone as often as he did on that drive, constantly pulling at the top of the screen as if he was refreshing something, and switching between that and his text messages. Although he hated what his brain would do to him, always considering the worst possibilities, he did his best to come up with a list of *good* things that George could be anxiously excited about.

One, he could be talking to Wilbur about their band releasing their new EP soon and the potential signings they could get. Two, he could be talking to his family and discussing their upcoming travel plans to America where they could visit. Three, he could have something secret planned for Dream's birthday. Although that one was at least a month away still, the possibility still seemed like a good one to add to the list.

When they arrived at the plant shop, George's mood seemed to lighten as he gently caressed leaves and flowers growing and thriving under the humid lights they were kept under. He'd taken Dream's hand with ease, guiding him between different shades of green until they'd filled a cart with at least ten different new additions they'd be taking home. He seemed happy, smiling brightly as they picked out matching cacti that they'd named after each other.

He didn't let Dream pay, still being unemployed since they'd moved had left him with only his savings from his job back at the grocery store, so anything unessential was what George had stated

was his responsibility to pay for. Dream had laughed at him while loading the plants in their backseat, promising that he was going to get a job so he could get more unessential items until their apartment was littered with them.

George had laughed and blushed, kissing him quickly before rounding back to the passenger side of the car. Dream couldn't shake the feeling that something was up though as he noticed George typing away frantically at his phone's screen, keeping it turned towards the window so Dream couldn't see anything.

"Are you sure you're okay?"

George smiled softly, letting out a sigh that sounded almost *relieved*, "Yeah, yeah I'm okay, honey. Can we just go home?"

Confused, once again, Dream asked, "I thought you wanted food?"

"Maybe we can go out somewhere nice tonight, go get dressed up and then go to that Italian place we saw a few days ago?"

He let himself breathe for a moment as George reached across the center console, intertwining their fingers together before delivering a light squeeze to Dream's hand. He brought their shared grasp up, pressing a soft kiss against Dream's knuckles as he drove through thickening pine trees that barely let any light shine through from the sunset.

"Anything for you, gorgeous."

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The drive back home from the plant shop hadn't taken too long, evergreens passing by in a flurry as the sun made its way beyond the horizon while George sang along to whatever song was playing as off-tune as possible. His mood had completely dissolved from anxiety curling around his skin to that of nothing but pure glee and enjoyment of life. Although Dream was stumped on what had happened, he was willing to accept it was something they could talk about later.

In that moment when they pulled back up to their apartment and started unloading their plants and other trinkets from the beach, all he wanted was to decompress and convince George that they should stay in and order take-out. If it meant holding George close as a movie played in the

background, the night would have been a big relief after the confusion from his own thoughts and George's suspicious actions.

With arms overflowing with potted plants, the two made their way up the stairs and to their front door, George trailing a few steps behind him. But Dream froze before he reached their doormat, feeling his blood run cold and his breath catch in his throat as he saw a sliver of light peering through their front door.

"George..."

"Yeah, baby?" his boyfriend asked as he stumbled and caught himself coming up the last step.

"Did you lock the door before we left?" he asked, gulping thickly as he continued to *stare* at the door slightly ajar, hoping to whatever Gods out there that if anything had happened that Patches would be okay.

"Pretty sure I did, why?" the brunet asked once again, meeting him at his side.

Monstera leaves brushed against his face, but he couldn't be bothered to move as terror and a million ideas of horrendous scenarios flooded his mind. "It's open, what if someone broke in?"

There were valuables inside of their apartment, sure. Expensive furniture and gaming setups that George's parents had upgraded for them, jewelry and a safe full of necessary items George needed to keep on hand for his future and in case of emergency. But there were things far more valuable in there. Polaroid pictures dictating their lives and the lives of their families, Patches... shoeboxes full of letters.

Things worth more than money could ever buy and that he would devastated him if they were lost forever.

"We should probably go check." George offered, nudging his side.

"What if they're still in there? What if someone attacks us?" he asked with a hushed whisper, now raking through every possibility of George getting hurt by an assailant if they hadn't left yet with everything the two of them had.



“Dream just go in, it’s gonna be fine.” his boyfriend replied with a simple eye roll, smirking lightly.

“George—”

“Just,” George started with a huff, pushing past Dream until he’d moved the door open and walked a few steps through the threshold, “now he doesn’t look like a psycho killer, does he?”

Dream peered into their living room, almost letting heavy pots drop from his grasp as he saw a boy with a face he’d gotten to know all too well over the course of his life. Red-ish brown hair, bright eyes, and a hint of stubble. An oversized hoodie and a ‘T’ hat on his head...

“Hey motherfucker!” Sapnap exclaimed excitedly, standing up from the couch as Patches jumped off his lap to run over to George.

Sand froze in the hourglass ticking by, taking a snapshot of his life that came back in flashes of late night calls and endless playful bickering, sitting in a tree while he cried his eyes out and came out to his best friend because he’d fallen in love with a boy across the ocean, shared laughter and outbursts during college football games shared on screen through Discord. He was real, and he was *here*. “Nick?”

“In the flesh!”

George helped take plants from Dream’s hands, letting them all get set down before he rushed over with his arms wide open. Before he could breathe, he had Sapnap wrapped tightly in his hold, hands clapping against his back while laughter rumbled against his chest. He may have squeezed tighter than he ever had before, but *Gods* it was worth it.

Meeting George was different. The shock that came with meeting someone he had fallen in love with when he’d least expected had been all consuming, and all he’d wanted was to hold him forever and never let him go. With George, he’d wanted to swoop down and kiss him the second he saw him, reserving his own wants in favor of savoring the moment and leaving the sweeter parts for later.

But with Sapnap, someone he’d known almost his entire life but only through a screen, all he wanted to do was cry. Not because he was sad, but because he was the *one* person who got him

through some of his toughest moments in life. Someone who stood by his side six states away no matter what, because he did the same for him as well.

“What is happening? How– When– What are you doing *here*?” he found himself sputtering as they pulled away and he moved his hands to hold his best friend’s shoulders tightly, still trying to grasp exactly *how* this was all happening

“You can thank your boyfriend for that one, dude.” Sapnap replied with a light chuckle, nodding behind where Dream stood in front of him.

Dream turned, dropping one hand from Sapnap’s shoulder to hold out towards his boyfriend, smiling delightedly towards the both of them. George stepped forward, taking Dream’s hand before letting out a *yelp* as he was tugged forward into a group hug between the three of them. He let out a sigh of relief, holding the two people that meant the most to him in the world closely, and in that moment, he let himself shed a tear or two.

“How is this happening right now? What? I’ve known you for– Gods, what, six years now? And you’re actually here?” he fumbled more of his words, tripping over his own tongue as he still tried to comprehend *how the fuck* Sapnap was standing in front of him.

The realization hit him slowly, and then all at once. “*You can thank your boyfriend for that one, dude.*”, *George constantly checking his phone all day, delaying their plans to go back home, distracting Dream at the beach asking him to stay longer and relax under the sun even when he’d been sunburnt, walking directly into potential danger of someone unknown breaking into their home.* Of course the two of them had planned it together and kept it a secret from him.

“Man, Georgie, is this what he was like when you surprised him at prom?”

George giggled lightly at the comment, holding tight to Dream’s arm as he rested his head against his shoulder, “I think it was a different kind of excitement, but the shock is definitely familiar.”

“Swear to Gods you’re gonna give me a heart attack one day, baby.” he mumbled down to his boyfriend before turning to glare jokingly at his best friend. “You too, dickhead. How long have you guys had this planned?”

“Since y’all went to London. Gogy here and I would call whenever you were asleep or off doing something and would plan it all out.”

“Gogy?” Dream asked, taken aback at the strange nickname he’d never heard before in his life, even when the three of them had shared countless calls back and forth.

“It’s such a stupid nickname, don’t even ask.” George grumbled, using one hand to push away at Sapnap’s shoulder.

“Nah, you haven’t seen his Minecraft skin? He’s got those snazzy goggles, it’s an *excellent* nickname.”

The three of them easily settled into casual laughter and conversation, talking all about how their secret plan had almost been foiled on multiple occasions. The time Sapnap had texted George while Dream had been holding his phone, and George promptly swiped it from his grasp and *attempted* to pin him down as a distraction. The flight from Texas had been delayed but they’d been working with scheduling drivers to make sure Sapnap could get there in time. Or how George had typed in their apartment number wrong and how Sapnap had been searching for spare keys under the doormats of every door in their hallway.

They’d settled on ordering take-out, deciding that going out in public with how much energy was bouncing between all of them was a terrible idea. Teriyaki chicken and crab wontons were split and shared, small bits being dropped and snuck to Patches curled up next to George where he sat on the ground. It had been surprisingly easy to let conversation filter between them, there weren’t any awkward moments of silence or lagging in topic changes like he’d feared there might have been.

And when they were all too tired to keep their eyes open, Sapnap easily got comfortable on their couch with spare pillows and a blanket before promptly passing out for the night. Dream had ruffled his fingers through his best friend’s hair, listening to him snore loudly as he covered his mouth to bite back any laughter at the noise.

He was grateful to be going to bed after such a long day, especially with his boyfriend waiting with delight glistening in his eyes as Dream got into their shared bed and pulled him close. “You know you had me worried earlier.”

George hummed, pressing a finger between Dream’s eyebrows, “I know, your forehead gets all scrunchy here when you’re stressed.”

“You were being so secretive, I was just worried that– I don’t even know honestly. I just don’t like

when you don't tell me things. Cause I guess I don't like the thought that you'd feel like you'd ever have to lie to me, I guess."

A kiss was softly pressed against his lips, lulling him back into the reality of his beautiful boyfriend holding him close, loving him deeply, keeping him grounded. "It was for a surprise. I promise under any other circumstance I would have immediately come to you if something was wrong. I promise that, okay?"

Dream nodded lightly, hair sticking to the pillow even when he leaned forward, slotting their lips together one last time with a hum before letting sleep take over his being.

-

An entire week with his best friend and his boyfriend on either side of him had been filled with nothing but fun. Late night movies that turned into nonsensical ramblings about their futures, ridiculous games in Minecraft where they'd share keyboards and try not to die, drives back out to the coast and back while music blasted loud enough for them to lose their own thoughts. And honestly? He wouldn't have it any other way.

Being surrounded by two people who changed his life in more ways than one filled a part of him he hadn't known he'd been missing until it was filled with bright smiles and endless laughter. He felt more thankful than ever before, and he was slowly learning that waiting for grains of sand to fall was pointless when he could spend time running across it barefoot without a care for what was to come.

Throughout their week all together, George had taken it upon himself to make sure Sapnap knew their town as well as possible so he could feel comfortable there. Hours upon hours were spent dragging him around campus, giving him tours around the different buildings and other amenities the school had to offer, all the while filling his hands with pamphlets full of options for academic success. He'd taken them, rather had Dream drive them, to a *Cat Cafe*, home to various flavors of warm drinks, pastries, and furry friends to sit on your lap while you enjoyed your meal together.

Patches hadn't been too fond of them when they'd come home from that adventure. She'd acted strange at first, sneaking around them as if she'd never seen them before. Afterwards she sniffed them all out and ended up hissing at one point. As the rightful queen of their home, they all agreed it would be best to change and wash their clothes so she couldn't smell the other cats' remnant scents on them.

Although their first evening all together had been shared with take-out around the coffee table,

every night since had consisted of the three of them pressed shoulder to shoulder in the kitchen, trying out new recipes that they only managed to burn once. Sapnap was a surprisingly good cook, always going on about how his mom taught him well and how “*Everything is a little better with hot sauce or a pinch of salt*”.

Most of all though, Dream cherished the new memories they were able to add to their wall. New polaroids of three smiling faces, ones of he and Sapnap alone looking like total douchebags with their hats turned backwards, others of Sapnap and George making a heart with their hands and kissy faces towards the camera. The point of their shared polaroids in the first place had been to show each other bits of their lives until they could combine them into one, and although there were some he kept to himself for a while, others were always captured on his phone and texted to Sapnap the second he received them. Having his best friend actually adorning their walls now made it only feel more like *home*.

As long as the week had felt, it began coming to a close surprisingly quick. They’d all agreed for their final night to go to a local carnival filled with light up rides and various booths to visit and games to play. After a few photo booths and cheap roller coaster rides, Dream had noticed George eyeing one giant teddy bear in particular.

With determination in mind, he waited patiently until his boyfriend had mentioned he was going to use the restroom and would meet them back at the striped tents, pressing up onto his toes to kiss Dream’s cheek. Sapnap, being as playfully obnoxious as possible, asked where his kiss was. And George, not willing to back down from anything, promptly kissed his cheek before turning on his heels, leaving Sapnap’s jaw practically on the ground.

“Dude, you’ve missed the bottle five times in a row now, it’s not gonna happen” Sapnap mumbled as Dream tossed one of the small silver rings in his hands towards a group of green glass bottles.

“I’m gonna get it, I have to.” he replied with a huff as he lined up his next shot, eyeing the bottles carefully.

“Why? To win your loverboy a teddy bear?”

With his third to last ring in hand, he took a deep breath, eyeing the center bottle. He tossed it, watching the ring *clink* against three bottle tops before ultimately toppling between two of them. “Did you see the way he was looking at it? He wants that bear so bad, and I’m *determined*, Sap.”

“Look, he’s still in the bathroom,” Sapnap started, quickly lowering his voice to a whisper as he checked his surroundings, “just ask the chick behind the counter if you can buy it off her.”

“No, I gotta win this, I wanna be able to tell him I did.”

His second to last ring was flipped between his fingers as he eyed the oversized teddy bear sitting at the back of the tent. Dark brown fur with a red heart sewn in the middle of the bear’s chest. Dream tossed the ring, watching it bounce across the top of not one, but *four* bottle tops, ultimately falling to the ground.

“Bro, you’re fuckin’ whipped.”

He *had* to win this. If not for George, then only to prove his best friend wrong. He focused on one bottle near the back, noticing a little more space between it’s top and the ones surrounding it. With one last ring in hand and one last wish for luck, he tossed the ring through the air. And maybe it was the Gods above or way too much adrenaline fueling his focus, but the ring landed and stayed around the neck of the bottle, securing him the win.

“Let’s fucking go!” he shouted, using one hand to shake his best friend’s shoulder out of pure excitement.

“Holy shit! I was convinced these things were rigged.” Sapnap commented in awe as they watched a blonde ponytail twist in the air before she lazily strode back towards them, teddy bear in arm while pink bubblegum popped between her teeth.

“They are, it’s about a two percent chance of actually winning. Here’s your bear, dude.” she mumbled, winking at Sapnap before turning away with a flip of her hair to face a group of kids trying at the same bottle Dream had just won from.

“Thank you.” he said all too quickly, turning to look around.

Under the glow of twirling rainbow lights and the overpowering scent of cinnamon sugar and funnel cakes in the air, he finally spotted him. His beautiful boyfriend was walking back with a hop in his step, three cones of cotton candy in his hands. As soon as he realized what Dream was holding, he started into a run.

“Babe! Look!” Dream shouted out to him as he got closer, holding the bear outwards. George quickly shoved the cotton candy towards Sapnap’s chest before stretching his arms out to wrap tightly around the bear with a squeal.

“Dreamie, I love it so much! Thank you!”

In reality, Dream was staring *way* too long at George holding the bear, admiring just how large it was in comparison to his small figure, how the bear’s fur matched George’s hair almost too perfectly, as if they were made for each other. Under any other circumstance he may have felt more self conscious about the literal heart eyes he was making towards the absolutely adorable scene in front of him. But in that moment, he couldn’t have given less of a fuck to who was looking. He swooped down, planting a soft kiss against his boyfriend’s cheek before turning back to Sapnap.

“Y’all make me sick.” his friend joked, biting into a fluffy cloud of pastel blue candy.

“Sorry Sappy.” George sang out sweetly, maneuvering the bear to sit on his hip.

“Come on, let’s go on the ferris wheel.”

He’d barely even registered Sapnap’s comment as he was dragged through a swirling vortex of twisting lights and streaming swells of melodic tunes. Delighted screams and drunken laughter echoed around him while people passed in flurries and made the world feel like it was spinning sideways. But then, just before he looked up at the monstrosity of a ferris wheel in front of him, he caught just a glimpse of green flash through his boyfriend’s eyes, and in that fleeting moment, he remembered *just* how in love he was with his life.

“Hey, Dream?” George asked quietly, keeping his voice low as he pulled Dream’s gaze away from the giant wheel before them.

“Yeah?” he asked in return, feigning confidence even when his fingers quaked with anxious tremors.

“You gonna be okay?”

“Y-yeah, I’ll be fine.” he confirmed, gulping thickly at the thought of being that high up in the air, considering the risk of putting his trust in metal that could be feeble enough to kill them in an instant if the wind turned in a strange direction.

“I can go up with Sapnap if you want to stay on the ground, the bear can keep you company.”

He took a deep breath, shaking his head with a pouted lip before turning back towards their friend waiting at the front of the line waving them over. He stomped forward, George and giant teddy bear in tow as they settled into their cart and awaited their slow moving demise of being lifted from the ground.

It wasn't so bad at first. Only a few feet from the ground like being up in his tree, and then a little bit higher like sitting on his roof back home in Florida, and then... He felt his heart rate pick up in speed, echoing against his chest as their cart was stopped at the peak height of the ferris wheel. His palms went sweaty as he pinched his eyes to a close, feeling nauseous as Sapnap laughed and used the bar in the center of their cart to move them back and forth.

He felt a gentle hand twist together with his own, fingers lacing together with comfortability and sense of belonging and familiarity. Another hand held and caressed his arm as he tightened his grasp, steadying his breathing as the muted voice next to him said something of a scolding nature until the cart came to a halt once again.

“Oh shit dude, I'm sorry. I forgot about the heights thing.” Sapnap said hurriedly, reaching forward to place a hand on top of Dream's knee as he peeled his eyes back open to nod and force a smile towards his friend.

“S'okay, just— Maybe keep the thing steady.” he asked nervously, turning back to face his boyfriend.

With George smiling sweetly up at him, reaching up to rub a soothing hand against his cheek and through the ends of his hair, he felt himself become more calm. Sapnap had already mentioned at the beginning of the week that as long as they weren't making out every second of the day, he didn't care if they kissed in front of him. So in that moment, Dream let himself dip down to press his lips against the ones he loved most.

He thanked George for keeping him safe and steady, smiling for a polaroid as Sapnap held the camera out to take a picture of the three of them and as much of the giant teddy bear that they could possibly fit in the small bit of film. And as a night full of fun and headaches would have normally left them all hyped, they felt exhaustion riddling their bodies and ultimately decided to retire home for the evening. George and Sapnap decided they could only drive home safely if *everyone* wore a seatbelt, and that included the teddy bear who was safely strapped in the backseat.

Everything was comfortable from how they kept the music low on the way back to the apartment,



to the way Sapnap offered to carry the teddy bear while Dream opted to carry a half-sleeping George inside. Through sleepy mumbled, George insisted on staying with them in the living room while they talked, although his protests were quickly dissolved into wordless hums as he drifted off to sleep on Dream's laps while the taller pulled his fingers through his boyfriend's hair.

He glanced over to his friend sitting cross legged on the floor while their beloved tabby cat curled up and purred in his lap. "I'm gonna miss you."

Sapnap looked up from where he was petting Patches, smiling tiredly. "I'm gonna miss you too, dude. It's been really fun to *actually* hang out."

"Six years of waiting for this shit."

"And counting!"

Dream paused for a moment, glancing at the wall covered in polaroid pictures that included all of their newest additions. He turned back with a question in mind that he'd asked all too often since the day he'd met his best friend, "Promise?"

"Dude, we've been best friends since I can remember. I don't intend on letting that go any time soon. Plus, you have to help me survive my senior year so I can come out here after high school is all over."

"Wait, wh— Wait you... You're gonna go to school here?" he asked, half shocked at the thought that Sapnap would *actually* be going to college, the other half of him taken aback at the thought of him joining them *there*, in Virginia.

"Hell yeah, well, kind of. Georgie said my grades and shit look really promising, so as long as I keep it up, I could get into school here." his friend mumbled, tucking his thumb under Patches' chin as she flicked her tail back and forth in the air.

"Nick! That's fucking incredible!" he tried to exclaim as quietly as possible, careful not to wake up his semi-sleeping boyfriend. "We— *All of us* could actually live together and—"

"Well, I mean..." Sapnap interrupted quickly with a scoff, "I'll probably get my own place so you idiots can have your love nest, but we'll be in the same town and can hang out all the time."

The thought of it all hit him like a wave, flashing visions of shared holidays and homework study sessions, spending time in the same living room watching games during football season while trying their best to explain the logistics of each play to George until the actually semi-understood them. Going to Sapnap when he needed a friend when George was at class or busy with something else, getting to watch his best friend and his boyfriend be able to continue growing their own friendship.

He could *finally* have the life he always wanted. One filled with love and friendship always at his fingertips while family was far enough away to give them distance while also being close enough for comfort.

“That actually sounds kind of perfect.” he whispered with a smile spreading easily across his face.

“I agree. Was all *his* idea too.” Sapnap replied, nodding towards the sleeping beauty in his lap.

“Really?”

“Yeah, talked about how it would make you happy to have your best friend close by. Something about you getting annoyed with him.”

Of course in their planning of this entire surprise visit, George had found a way to discuss Sapnap’s future. Dream was never level headed enough to give sound advice, so he was glad to know that his boyfriend could offer some solace to his best friend in regards to whatever kind of future he wanted. And although he knew Sapnap was half joking about the last part of what he said, he couldn’t help but scrunch his nose at the thought of George ever finding himself annoying enough to push Dream away.

He chose to ignore the thought, remembering that at the beginning of the week all he’d been afraid of was losing what he hadn’t grasped yet, only to find it all and more falling right into his open arms with ease. He laughed gently as he smoothed his thumb across George’s brow, “I don’t think that’s possible.” he hummed fondly, knowing damn well he’d never get annoyed with being as in love as he was.

“Nah, I don’t think so either. Y’all got somethin’ special.”

“Thank you.” he started, looking back up to smile at his friend just in time for Patches to curl her

tail around Sapnap's wrist, "Really, it means a lot to me that you've been so cool about the whole thing."

"Hey man, all I care about is that you're happy. Plus, Gogs is funny as hell, I've liked hanging out with him." That nickname made him smile even wider, the thought that the two of them had spent enough spare time together for something so simple yet so meaningful to develop between themselves filling his heart with nothing but adoration.

"He's loved having you here too, we both have. Really though, I am gonna miss you a lot."

And he meant it. Having Sapnap in their home, closer than a couple states away for the first time in their lives... It felt more comforting than he'd ever wished for.

"Don't worry, George said he'd fly me out for spring break. I'll be back before you know it." Another exciting plan to look forward to, a future where he wouldn't have to worry about what passed in between as long as there was something bright to look forward to.

"Hell yeah. You know— You know I love you, man. Right?" he asked. He knew the answer, they'd said it a hundred times before to each other over tear stained static calls and excited conundrums in celebration of epic life events. But yet, he continued to ask if only for peace of mind before his best friend would be sent away on a plane once again.

"Yeah, dumbass. I love you too. Thanks for being my best friend. I don't think I coulda made it through life without ya." his best friend confirmed, moving Patches gently off his lap as he stood up, reaching a hand out towards Dream.

The blond chuckled, reaching his hand back out to meet Sapnap's in the middle for a firm shake. "Honestly, yeah, I don't think I could have made it without you either."

"Shut up, you had lover-boy to get you through." Sapnap mocked, pulling his hand away slightly to lock their pinkies together for one last shake before pulling away entirely.

A pinky promise, something they'd done since they were kids over Skype calls with their cameras pointed at their faces. Pinkies held up towards their screens whenever promises would be made, even if said promises involved becoming the new Batman and Robin, or world famous football players who would win the SuperBowl together. Pinky promises always rang true to their hearts, and in person they meant the entire world.

So he argued, because he knew his best friend needed to be reminded he was just as valuable to his life than what he gave himself credit for. “Okay, but who talked me through my breakup with Audrey? Who hung out with me on late weekends playing Minecraft? You accepted me for who I am when I came out to you without hesitation. I needed you and you were always there. So really, you might have helped me more than I ever helped you.”

And it was worth it to see Sapnap smile proudly before shaking his head and stretching his arms out with a yawn. “Damn, dude. Well, fuck. Happy to be your best friend dude. Always.”

“Yeah, always.”

## Chapter End Notes

note from kat:

ayooo dteam meetup before the irl dteam meetup! hope yall enjoyed this chapter, tried my best to write dreamy boy working through his own anxieties while falling in love with his own life and the people surrounding him. thanks for being patient while i got this chapter written, was also taking a mental breather from writing the last chapter and a half as well as writing my valentines day oneshot :] love you guys and your support and constant love and fun curiouscat questions! can't believe we only have 2 chapters left til the end of this journey!

If you are 18+ and wanna read my valentines day oneshot you can do so [here](#)

Comments and kudos mean the world, i miss hearing from you guys!

Socials:

[kat's twitter](#)

[tad's twitter](#)

# happy birthday

## Chapter Summary

Morning hues brightened into noon-high sunlight casting shadows against the trees outside, still peering through their panelled windows while Patches curled up in what beams of warmth she could find.

## Chapter Notes

[fic playlist](#)

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Prismatic beams of rainbow light would refract and reflect in a kaleidoscopic fashion whenever he wandered about his own mind. Gentle and careful fingers would reach out and ghost a touch above what would be, but before his life felt completed, the light would dissipate and shatter before he could reach it. Cracks in glass would splinter and shard around him, threatening to fall and pierce through his skin.

It felt like a shattering mirror, cursing his fate as he would stand above tumultuous dark waves crashing in on themselves, the glass floor threatening to crack below his weight and leave him drowning once again. Night after night, he'd try anything he could to stop the glass from breaking, refusing to touch any beautiful mirage that made its way into his resting mind, for he knew it would surely lead him to his doom. For a while, he got used to standing in place, letting himself be surrounded by mirrored glass reflecting an image of self doubt in an endless world of repetition.

But one night, he decided to see if he could swim. George had taken in a deep breath, looking up to the ceiling where warm beams of sunlight beat down against his back, hitting the floor wherever he walked to lead him towards the temptation of *maybe this time*. And when he reached out, when he *finally* was able to touch the rainbow light, it expanded. Surrounding him in a protective embrace, he felt the warmth of the mirrored sun swell around him, holding him close with the promise of never letting go.

Time and time again, he'd been scared of time itself. Never being enough, never finishing what he was supposed to, never saying words he'd meant to say. But when he was able to feel the security in protective prisms surrounding him with nothing but warmth and love, he began to understand what it meant to let time simply coexist while he appreciated everything surrounding his world. He gave a lot of credit to Dream, really. Because how could someone so wonderful entering his life

with such a warm hold *not* be the embodiment of the sun?

Those dreams became less common, more filled with flashes of summer smiles and sunlit sleep under a cool breeze while wrapped in protective arms. He didn't need them anymore, he thought, not when he had someone that made time feel like it didn't have a need to exist. Why would he give it any thought when harboring too much attention for its constant need to pass would detract from the simple moments that happened right before his eyes?

He used to be scared of it, but something about the way a special hue of rose would tint it's way underneath paint-splattered freckles and would light up eyes that *only* seemed to look at *him* helped him realize just how much he didn't need to be afraid. Dream had easily become the embodiment of the sun, to him. Warmth constantly beaming with bright light in the form of a glowing smile, gentle arms that would hold him with the strength of a consistency of being there whenever life would rise or set, kissing skin and leaving his mark because he could and wanted to ensure the world knew that George was *loved*.

Spending summer wearing shorts and t-shirts while sneakers were worn down with hikes and river water hadn't ever been on a list of things he'd planned to do with his life, but *God* it felt so freeing to breathe in the atmosphere of love and happiness that surrounded him. Warm nights were spent driving around or laying on blankets in the middle of nowhere in hopes of seeing constellations that would dare exist in comparison to the more than beautiful ones that dotted his boyfriend's face.

Warm mornings were usually spent in bed, sleeping past noon only if a tabby cat would allow without the need to wiggle her way between their sheets in search of scratches between her ears. As time passed, vines grew and bloomed with vibrant leaves and small buds of flowers across their walls and down dust ridden bookshelves. Although they'd parted ways with Sapnap, he'd left his mark in their home by being featured in polaroid photos and a coffee mug with an 'S' printed on it sitting in their cupboard in a row with two other's marked with 'D' and 'G'.

Their little apartment had easily become a perfect sanctuary that they were happy to call *home*. They learned more about each other as the summer months progressed, they learned how to communicate between disagreements with calm voices and level headedness. They learned that they liked to do crafts together, frequenting a local shop that sold canvases and home-made paints they could spend late nights mixing water with to create, albeit somewhat shitty, paintings for their walls.

Most of all, George learned more and more each day just how comfortable he felt when consistently in the presence of someone who loved him equally as much as he loved *him*. And now with mid-August nearing, promises they'd made long ago rang through his mind. He couldn't think of anything truly tangible to get his boyfriend for his birthday, and after days of pacing back and forth, raking through the internet for even a hint of what to get, he came to the perfect conclusion.

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*My Dearest Dream,*

*I have to say, thinking of something worth getting you for your birthday has been nearly impossible. I think I've scavenged through every website imaginable looking for quite literally anything worthy of making your special day the best it could possibly be, and still came up empty. Here's the thing though, I don't think there's anything in the world I can give you that will actually express how much you mean to me.*

*So I thought to myself, what would Dream actually like? He doesn't really need anything new for his computer, we just got a bunch of new clothes a few weeks ago, Patches has already been spoiled with a few new mushroom shaped cat trees (and it's not her day anyways, although I'm sure she'd disagree). I made lists, I called Sapnap, your parents, your siblings, Wilbur. I literally called Skye, Dream. I tried to see if she could think of anything I hadn't already. And then it hit me.*

*Something that shows you just how much I love you, something worthy of making you smile on the day that celebrates your existence in this world, something... meaningful. You know, one of the reasons I fell in love with you was in the way you wrote. It never ceased to make me smile when I would get an envelope in the mail, knowing all too well that it was green, and running off with it just to see how many doodles there would be in the margins. I never smiled as much as I did when I was reading your thoughts to myself, trying to imagine what your voice sounded like as your rambles scribbled their way into my heart.*

*I know it's cheesy, and I don't care, but our letters mean more to me than anything in the world. Without them, who knows if I'd have ever met you. Granted, we did come up with a scenario or two where we would have inevitably met, but I like this story that we got. I've told you before and I'll tell you time and time again, but I love you. I love this life we have together, I love our little home full of plants and somewhat decent paintings, I love that Patches curls up in your lap as if it's second nature for her. God, Dream, I love everything.*

*You are one of the biggest blessings in my life, and I think it's important for you to know that today most of all because you existing is what I am most thankful for. I told you around Thanksgiving last year that I was thankful for you, and I need you to know that that feeling has only grown more and more as we've spent time living together and actually being with each other. I can't imagine a second of my life without you at this point, and I hope you know I never plan to.*

*You are the embodiment of sunshine itself. To me, that means you are warm and comfortable, you light up people's lives just by walking into a room and smiling the way you do, you give people a*

*reason to feel comfortable with themselves and know how to feel loved. You shine through darkness because you have this sense of belief that everything will be okay in the end, and you radiate that so brightly that you make it easier for other people to believe the same thing.*

*Your personality is addictive, your smile is dazzling, your eyes are wondrous, and your laugh is so purely wonderful that anyone with even a spark of happiness in their lives will feel the insatiable need to laugh along with you. You are so loved by so many people, probably more than you know, but I hope you know that I will always love you the most.*

*Before you, I never thought I'd find happiness like this. My plan for life was to simply attempt to exist, go to university in hopes of earning a degree and following in my father's footsteps. I didn't think I'd find a love like this until I was older, hell, if at all. But you... God, you... You make me feel so goddamn loved and wanted and needed, so I need you to know that I will always love you, always want you, and always need you.*

*You are worth celebrating! You are so incredible, and I plan on reminding you of that all day today (and every day, of course, but mostly today, because it's your birthday). I hope you know how wonderful you are, and if you ever forget, just let me know. I promise to remind you whenever you need it, baby. I have the absolute most laziest day with not a single plan planned for us, and I hope you thoroughly enjoy just how much we are not going to be doing today. I'm looking forward to it, honestly.*

*Happy birthday, my love. I am so glad that you exist, I'm so fucking in love with you, and I hope you have the best birthday in the world knowing just how loved you are. The world is yours, all I ask is that you let me keep existing in it by your side.*

*I did think of one gift, something I wanted to give you a million times over before we'd ever met in person. I think it's finally time you have it, seeing how I'll be starting classes soon and won't be attached to your hip at all times. Use it wisely!*

*I love you, in case you needed a reminder.*

*Love always,*

*Your baby <3*

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Although he appreciated the now immersive dreams that would come with the night while stars littered the sky, he much preferred the glow of morning sun cascading against tanned shoulders dotted with thousands of constellations that could always outshine what was heaven blessed. Golden glints seemed to glisten brighter with every sleep laced breath, warming Dream's skin more with every passing second.

George couldn't help but reach out, letting his fingers trace along invisible lines connecting one freckle to the next, expanding out into a multitude of galaxies that swirled with dazzling adoration and peach ringed softness. He was already being held close, tired arms wrapping tightly around his waist all the while his heartbeat remained pressed against the one it beat for. Pulling himself impossibly closer, careful not to shift the sleeping beauty, he leaned forward to press his lips against what the sun had already kissed.

Ghosting whispers of *I love you* were seeped into every inch he could manage to kiss, trailing from the curve of a sculpted shoulder, gently caressing the soft heartbeat felt through his boyfriend's throat, and finally landing against the outer edge of rose petal lips he cherished every promise from. A soft noise filtered out between parted lips, carried by the gentlest breath known to man

George hummed, pressing another kiss just barely out of reach of Dream's lips. "Good morning, birthday boy."

"Hm?"

"It's your birthday, idiot." he chuckled lightly as strong arms tightened around him, fingernails curling into his shoulder blades before loosening to trail incoherent swirls against his back.

"Which means," Dream's voice came out lowly as his eyes remained closed, "I get whatever I want today, right?"

George pulled his hand down to hold a strong jaw, kissing the glowing apple of Dream's cheek sweetly, "Yes, of course my love. Anything you want."

"I want," his boyfriend started, tucking his head into the crook of George's neck, "to stay in bed for now."

George's eyes rolled back lightly as he felt lips press against his throat, holding their placement with intent until Dream pulled away with the softest sound possible. He trailed back up, dragging

languid lips against George's skin that left streams of burning rays in their wake as they moved and left remnant embers of kisses for him to revel in.

He moved his hands up, pulling his fingers through tangled strands of woven gold as he let himself sink into the serene strawberries tinting his skin pink, "Sounds perfect."

Morning hues brightened into noon-high sunlight casting shadows against the trees outside, still peering through their paneled windows while Patches curled up in what beams of warmth she could find. They'd grown used to staying pressed together, mumbling nonsensical nothings between their shared breaths with words that would melt into cotton pillowcases without guilt. Anything and everything was promised and held within their walls, and nothing would dare part them when the world fell quiet in their bubble of safety.

George wasn't one to impose on plans of no plans, however he wanted to make sure they didn't entirely sleep the day away without his boyfriend understanding just how special he was. So he whispered quietly against lips that parted barely from his, knowing well that his words may be swallowed whole before he could utter them. "I got you a gift."

But invisible puppy dog ears perked up just as they always would when any news was shared, no matter the importance of it. Dream smiled, dimples crinkling and pressing against George's own as he spoke in protest, "You didn't have to get me anything, baby. I already told you that—"

"I know, but I wanted to get you *something* to celebrate. To show you that I'm glad you exist." he argued back, letting his tone remain soft and hushed as if anything louder than a whisper would shatter their perfect embrace.

"You flew my best friend out here to visit, I have *you*, what else could I need?"

He hated parting from what made him most comfortable, especially when Dream moved to press tender kisses against his collarbones as he twisted and stretched back to his nightstand to reach for a simple envelope. George felt himself let out a sigh before giggling and pulling the letter between the minimal space still left.

"What..." Dream trailed off, pulling one hand from George's waist to touch at the corner of stark white paper.

"Just read it."

A careful finger slid under the sealed flap of the envelope, gliding with precision as not to rip any edges. He realized he'd never watched Dream open an *actual* letter from him, focusing in on the way the wax seal he'd added was carefully pried at until the envelope was fully opened without a single wrinkle. Emerald eyes scanned and darted from line to line, following the curve of each cursive letter as Dream made his way through a message George was sure he'd emulated out loud thousands of times, but still felt the need to stain paper with.

George knew his letter was heartwarming, but he hadn't expected to see a soft gloss coat across his boyfriends eyes as tears were blinked at and left to fall down freckled cheeks while others clung to dark lashes. He knew all he could do in the moment was reach out to wipe away what stained rosy cheeks with their bed sheets, listening to soft sniffles as a gentle smile spread across the beautiful face he loved so dearly.

"Baby, is this your phone number at the bottom?" Dream finally asked as he chuckled through hiccupped tears.

And George could only giggle in return, wiping one last tear away before letting his fingers thread through waves of blond mindlessly. "I realized when we were at the carnival with Sapnap and I got lost for a little bit that we never exchanged phone numbers. I mean, we haven't really needed to since we've constantly been together, but I start classes next week and—"

"Gods, you're adorable." Dream mumbled, letting the letter fall as he surged forward to steal a kiss willingly given. "Does this mean I get to text you during class?"

"I'm sure you'll be busy with your own work," George replied softly, kissing a pouted lip that was puckered out at him, "but yes, you can."

"I'm going to write all of my texts in the form of a letter," the blond continued, sitting up straight to clear his throat as he rolled his shoulders back. "My beloved Georgie, your ass looked amazing when you got out of the car and walked to your class. I'll be back to pick you up in a few hours. Love always, your idiot."

Barely forceful hands flew forward, pushing against Dream's shoulders to force him to collapse against feather filled pillows. Laughter bubbled with ease as George did what he could to wrestle his way on top of his boyfriend, failing all together as he was promptly flipped over and pinned down even through squirming legs and wandering fingers. He tried to be quick, but Dream was always quicker to catch any movement and bite back any quip with a press of his lips or teasingly prodded joke or taunt.

And he wouldn't trade any second of it for anything else in the world.

Dream ducked down, hands holding George's face as he sat on top of his waist. George lifted his own hands to match his boyfriend's movements, keeping distance non-existent between them so Dream could whisper with intent, "I love you, thank you for my gift."

"I love you more."

"I love you most."

They decided on settling in bed a while longer, maneuvering for Dream to lay his head on George's stomach as he stroked his fingers against Patches' back, all the while George pulled his own through Dream's hair. It was a position of comfortability in cuddling they'd grown to prefer, domesticity expanding around them as they laid in silence or talked about hypothetical yet meaningless topics that would roll off their tongues with ease.

In his dreams, George had feared shattering glass that mirrored insecurity all around him. But seeing sunlight itself rest against his skin with soft breaths and crimson tinted cheeks made mirrors thin until he could *feel* the permanence of what love really was. He didn't have anything to escape, if anything, he was able to see his boyfriend opening more doors with endless possibilities lying behind each one.

When stomachs grumbled and pulled them both lazily from their bed, brunch was decided on as an array of every breakfast food they could manage to make while letting music flow throughout brick and picture covered walls. A waffle maker they'd gotten as a gift steamed and whistled while the savory scent of bacon wafted from where Dream stood at the stove. Matching floral aprons, a gift from Nanny Beth, were donned with pride between spatula slaps against their backs and puffs of whipped cream dotted against their noses.

Rosebuds bloomed across their cheeks when strawberries melted against their tongues, twisting delightfully with the flavors of maple and honeyed pastries. Although they could have dined as they tended to at their dinner table, the two opted to place themselves atop the kitchen island, sharing sips of berry smoothies and spoonful's of whipped cream and sprinkles of laughter.

Steele cobalt curtains were drawn, dimming out any stray beam of sunlight that dared pierce through glass windows when they finally decided to settle on the couch with bowls of popcorn and a competition in mind. Horror movies were selected, bets placed on who would scream louder at

any jump-scare or paranormal being that haunted their television. Patches slept like a baby through every jolt in background music while the two found themselves clinging to each other's hoodies while biting back squeals and blood curdling screams.

Dream surprisingly caved first, yelping louder than he'd ever intended before burying his face against George's chest, shaking fingers clawing into the material pooling around George's body. He held his boyfriend close, only lasting another moment before turning his own gaze away from the screen to join Dream's hidden gaze from the screen to lay between only them. They mocked each other minimally, both admitting that neither of them would win their horror-filled bet of wits.

However, they kept a promise they'd made many letters before as George was pulled into his boyfriend's lap and his lips were met with openness and held desire. The movie continued to play, muting to a deafening ring as trails of light skimmed across his skin, kissing cherry blossoms into his soul and pressing love-drunken flavours of rose delight against his teeth. Movement grew lack as credits rolled, and George was sure he could have fallen back asleep if it weren't for the intoxicating manner in which Dream's eyes held him steady.

They decided to bring Dream's birthday to a close with one activity they'd only indulged a few times, still leaving the brunt of it for a moment like this. George grabbed them glasses of champagne while Dream pulled two shoe boxes back to their coffee table. George had missed their letters, and he was happy to see his newest one being added to a box of envelopes already beginning to yellow with dust and time.

"I want to know everything you never said, and it's my birthday, so you can't say no." Dream stated, taking a sip of his champagne as he sifted through the letters he'd received.

"You have to tell me what you said too, deal?" George replied, holding out his glass to offer a cheers to seal yet another bargain between themselves.

"What if it's something embarrassing?"

He rolled his eyes dumbfoundedly, sneering teasingly at the blond, "I'm pretty sure we're past the point of *anything* being embarrassing, baby."

"Okay, okay. Fine. We'll go in order then."

One by one, each letter was laid out in order as best they could remember it. They realized quickly

that never marking the date on which they'd written them proved the task somewhat difficult, however they managed well enough as they read through confessions and flirtatious comments that evolved with more fervor over time. Old crossed out cursive seemed to lighten in places while almost blacked out lines were slashed through messy handwriting, and they couldn't help but laugh at the mess of love they'd fallen through together between pieces of paper and the patience of an ocean that used to separate them.

"You know, I think you crossed out more than I did." George commented with a smirk, running a finger over one of Dream's letters with flowers doodled in the margins.

"You might be right."

*How are you so cute?* Dream's finger ran over the crossed out question as he smiled, "I was literally melting into the floor when I read about you having a favorite cow. Like, I knew I was into you, but it was the little things like that that made me start realizing *just* how attached I was getting."

George remembered sending the polaroid from his grandparent's farm, posing with Henrietta and making sure to pat her head before bidding her adieu. He'd promised Dream a while ago that when they next went to London to visit that they'd make their way up there, if only to meet the sweet cow that kept him company during daydreams over fields of wheat.

Dream cleared his throat, pointing to one of George's letters, "You crossed out something here in this one about saying how you couldn't cross out an entire paragraph?"

He read over the words asking about Dream falling for Skye, smiling as he shook his head at his own premature idiocy, "Yeah, I didn't like asking you about Skye. Like, I was still being cautious and making sure I wasn't crazy, so I kept asking about her because I needed to know if you were into her."

"You have to know I was only bringing her up so I could talk about how similar you two were. I guess it was my subtle way of telling you that I liked you." Dream added, nudging George's shoulder with his own.

"Which is *why* I put that song in that letter. I knew I was going to have to ask about her, but I just... I needed to know if you felt the same *pull* that I did."

Lyrics rang through his mind, beckoning him to think back to a time where he would lay on his bedroom floor while lyrics laced with longing would lull him to sleep, only to trap him in a mirrored nightmare that would refuse to let him breathe. He used to feel helpless, alone... but something about *knowing* Dream more as time progressed had taught him not to be so scared of his own reflection, taught him how to love something he didn't know how to properly yet at the time.

*God I wish I could...* “Tell you how I feel.” Dream interrupted his thoughts, dragging his finger across some of his own scribbled out words to finish what he'd never *actually* said.

“You could have, to be fair.”

“I tried, but obviously it got crossed out. I was just scared, Georgie. I didn't really understand what I was feeling, but I knew I wanted to keep feeling it, and that it only happened with you.”

George took another sip of his champagne before moving to settle more comfortably in Dream's lap. His boyfriend pulled the letter up as they relaxed back into the cushions of their couch, skimming over words and lines together as they further attempted to decode what they'd tried and failed to say time and time again.

*I would say it back I think... fuck. I've lost it...* “And then?” he asked, pointing at lines scribbled over much darker than the rest.

“I just can't lose you. I think that's what it said.”

Dream's voice had fallen softer as they continued, and although George knew his boyfriend wasn't embarrassed to be admitting what he'd once tried to say, he understood the feeling of reminiscing on such innocent feelings that used to terrify him as well. “And this part? *I'm already ready to hear it, idiot. That's all I want to hear from you...*”

The blond scoffed as he lifted a finger to trail along George's, guiding them both across the words that once were, “Tell me you love me.” he admitted, pausing to press a kiss against George's cheek, “That's what was crossed out there. I needed you to tell me you loved me.”

The letter was set down as George turned back, slotting their lips together softly and holding their connection as everything around them fell silent, leaving only their breaths to sound between barely parted mouths. “I love you, I love you, I love you. I'm sorry it took me so long before.” he continued to whisper, pressing quick kisses between every repetition of the three words he'd

always known existed *only* for Dream.

“Don’t be, you were worth waiting for. Always will be.”

Revelations only continued to unfold as they settled back into reading through their letters. Words that used to be inked over with lines meant to permanently keep them protected and hidden seemed to dissolve against the pages as Dream read aloud through almost every single piece George had never been able to decode.

*Can we please just be together?*

*Please just tell me.*

*Maybe I should just grow a pair and tell you.*

*I can give you everything and more.*

Promises and pleas of *more, more, more*, continued to appear as their past continued to unravel. George let his own confessions be read out with pride because asking Dream to ‘*Teach me, please.*’ had only been one of many promises fulfilled since they’d been lucky enough to exist within the same space.

“This one, here. What does this say, baby?” Dream asked curiously, letting his fingertips dance across words that George remembered purposefully leaving readable as if to ensure past Dream that he wasn’t alone in what he was feeling.

“It says, ‘*Okay, you’re attractive, I’m attracted to you. Fuck off.*’ I feel like I didn’t cross that one out that dark, I could read it pretty easily there.” he argued, turning to look back at his boyfriend.

A smug smirk was plastered under cocked brows and a devilish stare, and George realized all too quickly that Dream knew *exactly* what he was doing. “I know, I just like hearing you say it.”

“You’re such an idiot.” George scoffed, setting the letter aside to grab another from their pile.



“You called my ass out here, look. *‘Yeah, I saw what you crossed out. You can just show me. Please.’* Then again, not too subtle on your part.” Dream commented, laughing at himself with ease.

George ran over the lines in his mind, reminiscing on when he’d been sat with a pen in his hand and determination in his mind, letting his heart lead his words as he convinced himself that he wasn’t alone. Dream had wanted what he wanted all along, in that moment, he let himself believe that Dream wanted to kiss him, know him, be with him; just as much as he wanted that all for the two of them as well. And he was so beyond glad that he was right.

“I think at that point we were far beyond subtleties. It only took us, what, three more letters to be decisive about being together?”

“Felt like forever though. Don’t forget about the whole detour my letter took to get back to you.”

Flashes of crying in a hoodie that was supposed to keep him safe tangled together with tear stained silk pillowcases and strums of a guitar that were meant to bring him comfort while he waited through days of nothing but silence. When an envelope had finally arrived covered in stamps from New York to Egypt, he felt like he could finally breathe and meet his reflection once again, this time with the power of the sun and moon guiding his every step as he fully learned to embrace the love he’d cultivated.

“I don’t think I could ever forget that. It nearly killed me.”

Dream moved the letter out of his grasp, wrapping his arms tighter around George’s waist as he nuzzled in against his neck. “I’m glad it didn’t. I think hearing your giggle that night I called Wilbur, though, made me lose my mind.”

“Oh, really?” he teased lightly, reaching back to pull his fingers through hair that tickled at his neck, not minding the feeling when soft lips whispered and laughed against his skin.

“Are you kidding me? I’d gotten this *confession* from you with lines barely crossed out... hang on, I think it’s this one.” Dream commented, pulling one last letter from the pile.

*I don’t want you to hurt. I want you to be selfish. I want you to want me like I want you.*

“I cried when I read that, George. It was confirmation, even after every other scribbled out confession, that what we had was real. That what I was feeling, and still am feeling, by the way, wasn’t just one sided. And then I never heard back when I sent my letter. I was terrified.”

“It took everything in me not to fly to you when I hadn’t heard back.” George admitted confidently, remembering the undeniable pull he felt that kept drawing him to the conclusion that Dream would have never left him.

“Wil told you I was going to fly out the next day, right? I had enough in my savings for a one way ticket.” Dream asked with a pout.

“I almost wish we could go back in time and do that, but at the same time, I feel like we wouldn’t be where we are now if that were to have happened. Like, maybe we would be, because we’re *us*... But, I don’t know, I like the story of us. Even if it happened with some heartache.”

“I think it was worth it, especially since I have you here now.”

Their words had remained soft throughout the sun that set behind drawn curtains, keeping them safe as the moon glowed through a sliver that Patches had managed to wiggle her way between. Dream’s hums had grown slower as he kissed and whispered against George’s neck and shoulder, eyelashes fluttering that made delightfully warm shivers trail down his spine.

George turned his head to the side, catching Dream’s eyes fall to a close as he kissed the tip of his nose, “Let’s get you to bed, baby.”

“I don’t wanna move.” Dream mumbled, burying his face into the material of George’s hoodie.

“You’re falling asleep on me—”

“I know, I just— This has been the best birthday in the world. I don’t want it to end.” Dream interrupted as his voice remained muffled.

“It doesn’t have to end yet. But bed sounds like a better place to spend the rest of the night, if you ask me.”

“Okay,” he drawled out as George got up and turned to lead him back to their bed.

After a long day of doing busy nothings, George was gentle when he led Dream back to their shared bed on tipped toes and entangled fingers. His loving boyfriend sat lazily on the edge of their mattress while George assisted his sleepy self into silk pajamas so he could end his special day covered in everything lovely he could possibly be offered.

Before Dream laid himself down, George managed to run a comb through golden locks and twist some strands together in a fashion that Emma had spent a few hours teaching him. His boyfriend hummed along a song without a surety to what the tune belonged to as George twisted two braids along either side of his head, pulling his hair back gently so he could sleep peacefully on it as he was laid down and tucked under familiar and comfortable blankets.

“Thank you.” Dream whispered softly as George laid himself down against plush pillows, feeling arms wrap around him with a familiar protectiveness that pulled him against Dream’s chest.

“For what?” he asked, letting his finger trace the outline of Dream’s collarbone as he felt himself drifting off to sleep.

“For making me the happiest person in the world.” Dream said softly as a kiss was pressed against George’s cheek, “For giving me the best birthday I’ve ever had.” Another kiss pressed and held against his forehead, “For loving me, and wanting me... like I love, *and want*, you.”

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When only a few days before his university courses began, George helped Dream click through various applications and forms until they’d found an online programming course that would best suit the line of work he was looking to excel in. They’d figured out a schedule that worked well along with George’s own, Dream remaining firm in his promise to walk George to class every morning and be there waiting at the end of every day. George had called him ridiculous far too many times, and evidently had given into the request when puppy dog eyes and a pouted bottom lip begged him incessantly.

New supplies for his classes were purchased as the days neared to him facing the challenges of walking between brick buildings and bustling crowds of fellow university students. Dream had hand picked out multicoloured folders and notebooks for him, later realizing he had to label all of them with handwritten sharpie titles when George couldn’t tell the difference between a green and yellow folder.

And on his final night of freedom before the next step forward in his life began, Dream set up one of the most romantic dates he'd ever had for them to enjoy together in peace. Rose petals had littered wooden floorboards while the scent of cinnamon and oranges floated throughout fairy lit walls. Bubbles had covered their torsos in a shared warm bath as they let tense muscles release anxieties of what was to come, finally letting them soothe their way to sleep before the next day began.

And, as promised, his boyfriend held his hand and strode by his side for five blocks as they neared the campus buildings and said their *goodbyes* for that day with a lingering hug and quick kiss against his cheek. And like clockwork, Dream would be waiting on the library steps with a book in hand and nervous tick bouncing his knee up and down as he waited for George to meet him for their walk back home. Occasionally flowers or cardboard cups of hot cocoa would be waiting in his hands, ready to greet George along with a smile and quick kiss to ensure he had a good day.

A month and a half into university courses and memorized mindless walks, Dream was able to start online freelance coding that managed to, unsurprisingly, pay more than the grocery store back in Orlando ever had. Sapnap managed to keep Dream company after his own senior high school classes, calling over discord to talk as they worked on their own individual course loads so they could ensure passing grades for themselves.

George had made a few friends through his classes with a lot more ease than he'd expected. He'd grown so used to the idea of what he'd experienced in secondary school with mean girls kicking him when he was down in an abandoned lavatory to longing for something he, at the time, didn't think he'd ever truly have. But being able to walk hand in hand to his future every day with the love of his life had already shone a new light of hope for him.

He'd been excelling in one of his programming classes alongside a friend he'd been able to converse with freely, part of which made him miss Wilbur, and he promised himself he'd call him when he got home that evening. Mika, his new friend, had been nothing but kind and hilarious with him, always whispering jokes about their professor when the skies started turning grey with autumn dropping various shades of leaves throughout their town.

On that day, their shared class had gotten out early while the final course they also shared had been cancelled. Mika was kind enough to offer him a ride home as they lived further out, but with George's apartment along their route home. He'd gladly accepted, losing himself in conversation about a local diner that offered live music from local students on Friday nights. He'd agreed that it would be fun to join them the following night and let them know he'd text them later to confirm.

Gentle raindrops *plopped* against the material of his jacket, rolling off his hood and clinging to the ends of his hair. He hadn't remembered to hang onto an umbrella that day, fully expecting when it

had started that Dream would have brought one when he came to pick him up. But with classes getting out early, he let himself get lightly showered by the clouds crying overhead.

George fiddled with his keys, unlocking their front door as he shook the rainwater from his coat and moved through the threshold that kept the warmth and comfortability of pine scented candles and a love soaked boyfriend working away at his computer with headphones on. Patches quickly hopped off Dream's lap, pulling his attention back towards their front door.

"Baby? What are you doing home?" he asked with confusion lining his brow as he pulled his headphones off and quickly moved towards the front door.

"Last class got cancelled today, my friend gave me a ride." he replied simply, pressing himself up onto his toes to kiss Dream's cheek as his jacket was pulled off and hung against a hook by the door.

"Friend?" Dream asked, tone still wary as George went about taking off his shoes and moving towards their kitchen.

He set his bag on their table, pulling out his laptop and a few notebooks full of work notes he needed for a project he was working on and would later pay attention to. "Yeah, Mika. I told you about them, they're in my programming course." he explained casually, turning back towards the fridge as his hungry stomach beckoned him towards even a simple snack.

He heard socks shuffle against the wooden floor behind him as he pulled the fridge open to pull out glass bottles full of water and lemon slices. A kitchen chair was slid out with a squeak as he mindlessly continued to pull an unopened tub of hummus from the fridge before letting it close on its own.

"Oh, the one that tried to copy your code?" Dream asked as George heard him seat himself at the table.

"No, no," he waved off with his hand as he turned to set the bottles down on their table before turning back for the hummus and whatever he didn't know he was looking for in the cupboard. "That was someone else that I haven't seen in a week. I think they dropped the course. Do you want food?"

"Who's Mika then?"

There was something new in the twinge of his boyfriend's voice as George pulled crackers out and turned back to face his boyfriend seated at their table. Where smiles usually settled in front of bowls of soup or slices of toast, something new and crimson seemed to keep Dream's gaze on his own feet while his hands curled into subconscious fists. If he was being honest, George knew that envy grew with tendrils of green the same way his love for Dream did, but with thorns that would pierce deep and thoughts that would haunt.

He grabbed the rest of their snack, moving to sit in the seat next to Dream as he sat himself down and eyed the jealousy lingering in his boyfriend's wavering staring contest with the floor. "I think you waved to them two weeks ago when you met me at the building on campus to walk me home. Are you okay?"

"Yeah, yeah, no I'm—I'm fine." Dream stuttered, only confirming the suspicions George *knew* had to have been swarming his boyfriend's mind.

"You sure? You're acting a little jealous."

Dream's eyes shot up, pupils shrinking as his own realization hit him. They both knew there was nothing to be jealous of, the same way they both knew they'd only have eyes for each other so long as they both should live and die side by side, hand in hand. But George couldn't help but feel a sense of pride as he watched his beautiful boyfriend *try* to come up with some sort of excuse to explain away his behaviour.

"I'm not *jealous*," Dream half-hissed, "I'm just—I'm supposed to be the one making sure you get home safe."

"*Clay*," George hummed, moving from his seat to make himself at home in his boyfriend's lap, knowing well that using his actual name was necessary in the moment, "I love *you*. I'm home safe, here, with *you*." He paused, pulling a hand up to Dream's face as he saw a sense of defeat muddle it's way through eyes that should have been glowing gold, "How about this, I promise that next time my classes get out early and someone else brings me home that I will text you. Deal?"

His favourite smile finally graced upturned cheeks dotted in flushed freckles and sparkling eyes as Dream moved forward to seal their lips together for a lingering kiss. "Deal."

A few more kisses were shared, and the two of them were quick to settle into sharing snacks back and forth. However, George still felt a swell of pride expanding in his chest as he thought about

the fact that *Dream* was jealous of *him*. Not that there was anything to be jealous of, but he liked the feeling of knowing that, no matter what, Dream wanted him all to himself.

So as cruel as it may have seemed to be, he missed poking and prodding at Dream's moods just to see him react. "You know, I think you'd like Mika."

"How do you mean?" Dream asked with a mouth full of crackers crunching between his teeth.

George laughed only to himself, taking a swig of his water before continuing, "I mean I think you two would get along. They're really nice, even asked if I wanted to go out this weekend."

And then the reaction he was looking for hit in full swing. Dream's chewing halted as he swallowed thickly, eyes darting up once again, but this time with more fire burning behind his stare. "They... Asked you out?"

He couldn't be so cruel, not without laughing and immediately letting his boyfriend know he was kidding. When they'd written letters back and forth, quips would quickly be solved a sentence or two later, something that could be read ahead to so they'd know of the other's relentless need to make the other smile. But in person, he had to bite at his tongue until he couldn't hold back any more. "They asked *us* out. They know about you, don't worry."

"George, I don't think we've talked about—"

"On a double date. With their *partner*, Izzy." he quickly interrupted with a smile, absolutely losing himself in laughter when Dream said—

"Oh."

He pulled Dream close, nudging his nose against the blond's softly before turning his head to slot their lips slowly and carefully together. Breath held between them as they pressed, fingers holding onto the moment and twisting into the fabric of each other's shirts in hopes of being closer, and closer, and *closer*. Nothing, no one, could ever compare to the blooming sensation between his ribcage whenever Dream kissed him with a passion like that, and he knew he'd never be able to let go of something so enticingly beautiful and ever-growing.

"I only want you, baby. It's just been a few days since I've given you shit." he hummed softly,

moving back in to kiss his boyfriend once again.

“I’d call this one more of a heart attack.”

“You’re dramatic.”

“And you love me for it.”

Their bites were soft and harmless, bickering quips meant to barely even bruise or scratch. Every comment was quickly made up for with lingering kisses and delicate touches, hands wandering and swirling heart shaped patterns against the fabric of each other’s clothes all the while keeping heartbeats pressed together with steady rhythm.

“I do. So is that a yes to the double date? With Mika and Izzy?”

“Yes, as long as you’re *my* date.”

He saw himself in Dream’s eyes at times, a reflection of the best version of himself he always wanted to be. Before, when he’d felt trapped and alone, too scared to reach out and potentially crack what wasn’t actually ever broken in the first place, he’d been sure he’d forever be sealed between planes of glass that would shatter without warning. He feared sand that moved under dark waves, wanting nothing but to pull him through shattering shards if he didn’t find a way to survive.

But when he let himself realise that glass, however fragile, could be malleable when warmed to a level of comfort, he found a way to reach out, and touch. He learned to give and take, seeing himself in a new dazzling sunlight that let him freely refract his own rainbow beams of happiness by simply existing in the world around him without letting it consume him entirely. And when the love of his life would open a mirrored door, he’d pull him into view to see a million and more reflected futures of forever with nothing but love standing tall at his side.

There wasn’t a reason to be scared of what was to come or running out of time to complete everything he’d promised himself he would achieve, not when a beating heart echoing through his own pulse that matched his rhythm held him close and promised to never let go. He didn’t feel the need to control every aspect of life that happened around him, he learned to be patient, he learned to let himself love. It was something he’d written in his final paper before turning his own world around in favour of a future seen through rose-tinted glasses.



Learn to love yourself and life will let you easier love those that surround you. And with plans made to embrace the upcoming winter and every season that would follow and repeat, George felt secure in the knowledge that he'd found something worth living for. Not only a love that made his heart glow with the light of a thousand stars, but himself.

## Chapter End Notes

note from kat:

hihi, can u guys believe there's only one chapter left? it's fucking insane to me that we've been posting this since september and we're finally almost to the end! thank you guys for being patient with these updates, i've been juggling a lot with my irl life and have been speedrunning these as fast as I could haha! hope you guys enjoyed some more dream-sequence imagery, lmk if you find some relations to the ones from the last chapter cause i'd love to talk to yall about them! Thank you once again for the love and support, see y'all soon for the final chapter <3

pls leave comments and kudos!!

socials:

[kat's twitter](#)

[tad's twitter](#)

# forever

## Chapter Summary

*I want to be opening up wax sealed letters and read beautiful cursive writing for the rest of my life.*

## Chapter Notes

[fic playlist](#)

love you guys <3

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

*Dear Georgie,*

*Pft, remember that greeting? Kinda lame when I look back at it, but Emma was so insistent on keeping the aesthetic of letter writing. Feels even weirder now when I can text you any time and I can whisper “baby” and “sweetheart” in between kisses.*

*Either way, do over.*

*Hi baby,*

*That feels better.*

*I can't believe it's already past Christmas. Can you believe it? This time last year we were exchanging and writing letters just like this. Except the weather was less of a joy and more of a threat for us.*

*I hope this Christmas makes up for all the tears you shed last year. You didn't deserve that, gorgeous. Postal service sucks.*

*On to a happier note. It's been what? Basically 7 months of finally being able to be in each other's arms?*

*More than a year of being best friends.*

*More than a year of being head over heels for you. (I'm pretty sure I was in love with you before I knew it, so I'm giving myself some extra months in there.)*

*You know when this year first started I didn't even think I'd get to kiss and hold you like this. I didn't even think I'd be living with you. I know we dreamt so much so quickly and wanted so much, but there was a fear in the back of my mind that I was yearning for someone I'd never have. That these things would never pan out to be reality.*

*But they did.*

*In the end my fears were wrong, like usual, thank the gods.*

*You know, sometimes I still think about my almost lost letter. If I had never found Wilbur's manager's number, or my letter had remained lost, I wonder if it would have been different. Of course I would have sent more letters or maybe I would have had Sapnap message you on Minecraft nonstop until you replied. I probably would have broken sooner and cried to you on the phone and mumbled a thousand apologies as if I had gotten the letter lost myself. I think you'd tell me to shut up and that I shouldn't blame myself, and your cute British accent would have calmed me down.*

*(I seriously doubt the school would have found out we called together, gods we were kinda cute and obnoxious for following the rules so closely.)*

*Would have been an interesting first call I think, with us both panicked and crying but filled with relief hearing each other's voice.*

*Don't ask why I think about the lost letter so much, I think it's just because of the different directions that little hiccup would have thrown us in.*

*Maybe I could have flown all the way to London with nothing but my backpack while clutching an empty envelope. Would you have cried? Would you have hugged the strange American boy on your front step?*

*I kinda hope you would, though I think your family would have been slightly alarmed.*

*I wonder if it would've clicked in your head that it was me.*

*I'd imagine we'd sleep together in your bed, holding each other as we slept to make sure we were still there, Cat and Dog curled up at the end of the bed, you in your silky pyjamas, and me in my sweats because none of your clothes would fit me.*

*We'd wake up the next morning and you'd stare at me in slight surprise, maybe that you didn't dream me up the night before.*

*I think I would have kissed you then. In the sleepy morning haze, with sunlight peeking through the curtains and you clutching my shirt to see if I'm real... I'd kiss you and pull you as close as possible.*

*I'm so romantic aren't I? Heh.*

*Romantic gestures aside I'm so grateful for you George. I literally am so happy to have you in my life.*

*Sorry I lost track, though I'm not sure I have a certain point to this letter, really. You wrote me one a while ago, so I thought I'd give one to you this time. I gotta say I missed it. It was kinda easy rambling about my day on papers, but then again, now I can crawl into bed and lay my head down in your lap and talk until I lose my voice.*

*You always say you like it when I talk but I prefer you talking with your accent. Sapnap mentioned how you could lose it the other day. It felt like a threat. I think I'm going to make sure you go to London as often as possible so you can keep it. That's how it works, right? I assume so at least.*

*I like what we did this year for Christmas too. We got to spend time with both our families.*

*My mom kept swooning about you. She finds you so adorable and respectful and said I could learn a thing or two. If only she saw how much of a menace you are alone with me.*

*But finally adding you to family traditions was perfect. I know we don't have the snow factor like you, but I like to think we can still have the Christmas spirit without it. Going present shopping together with my siblings, decorating the tree together! They waited extra long this year cause my mom wanted to make sure you decorated with us.*

*Even my grandparents liked you! Sorry if they pestered you too much, but they were curious. They hadn't even gotten to know Audrey much so I think it was special that I brought you home for Christmas and everything.*

*It was so nice and even better to see your family again after living with you for a few months alone. I could impress them with how much I know about you and that I took care of you before and after your classes!*

*(Though you didn't have to mention the embarrassing Mika story, baby :( )*

*But the BEST PART had to be the snow. I finally had snow during Christmas time and it was magical! It was so fun, and it's unfair that's how you grew up.*

*I didn't expect it to be that cold though, and you suck for actually letting me go out in that one jacket, gorgeous. (No, I don't regret stuffing snow down your shirt.)*

*The snowball fight with Gracie was freezing, but fun. It was funny seeing her team with me though. The look on your face was priceless. Poor little Georgie all alone :(*

*Gotta say me and Gracie killed it. She's a machine when making snowballs, but I think she liked it better on my shoulders so she could pelt you with them. I think I'll team with her more often, you can have Emma I suppose, but Andrew definitely not. So don't even think about it for next year, or whichever year.*

*You're kinda a sore loser, you know baby? Don't hit me for that one.*

*But it's cute. I got to kiss your pouts away and Gracie threw snow at us. So romantic, isn't it?*

*I think snow angels were my favorite. When we let ourselves fall back into the snow and we were laughing as snow fell into our faces, and in the end it kinda looked like our angels were holding hands!*

*Tackling you into the snow piles was definitely up there as well. You looked so pretty with the snow under you and your pretty brown hair fluffed out across it.*

*You looked so good.*

*Until you pushed snow into my face. That was rather mean of you, sweetheart.*

*You're forgiven though, because right now you're sleeping so soundly curled up in your bed. I tucked the blanket around you and gave you a kiss before I started writing, don't worry.*

*I'd always wanted to see you in a bed I could get to as well. It's not my bed, but it's still a bed I can climb into whenever and be able to pull you close. It's crazy you're there, in my reach now. I keep looking back whenever you stir. I really hope you don't wake up in the middle of this letter. It would be a bit awkward trying to hide the letter and to explain why I'm sitting at your desk.*

*Sometimes I do get sad that you can't see my pretty red pen, but I wrote your name in blue this time :) Cause you're that special to me. Gotta make sure you stick out, my love.*

*Spending Christmas with your family reminds me of our first Halloween. It was around that time last year when we first exchanged letters, I think. Or close to it anyways. Probably before actually... whatever. And now it was the first holiday I was spending with you, even though it isn't as big as Christmas. I gotta say I think fall was my favorite season with you. You took out your cute little oversized sweaters for your classes but I think the days you wore my hoodies were the best.*

*You'd kiss my cheek and roll out of bed and once I got my eyes open you'd already be dressed. I remember at first you kinda asked to wear them and I'd sleepily hum. But when I got more awake it was always better.*

*It would hit me that you're standing in our bedroom, in our apartment, in my clothes and Patches would be weaving in and out from between your legs because you woke her up with a kiss too.*

*(Quit giving away my kisses by the way, Patches isn't the one driving you from and to college.)*

*But you'd tuck on your little hats and you'd be all warm and snuggled up ready for me to drive you. So I'd drag my ass out of bed, throw on a hoodie I left on the floor and lead you hand in hand to the car.*

*You know you look like an angel even at 8 o'clock in the morning?*

*I promised you lots of hot drinks during the coldest days. I'd drop them between your classes and give you the warmest hugs I could manage. I wanted to make sure you knew I was rooting for you and that you'd kick ass in university*

*I love you by the way.*

*Sorry, I don't think I've said that in the letter yet which is a crime, I had to slip it in.*

*Halloween was a treat with you. I know we're both not a fan of horror but the one movie we managed was fun until we hid under the blanket and started giggling. I think Patches is the bravest one between us. Or maybe Sapnap, but he's such a screamer too.*

*The pumpkins we carved badly and all the candy we ate. It was cute seeing you hand out candy too. You were sweet with the kids, it was really endearing. I think that's why I nearly knocked over the candy bowl when you asked for it.*

*You looked so pretty.*

*By the way, next year we're dressing up as pirates. I've decided that and I will not be taking any other suggestions. You can pick the year after, baby.*

*I think you'll make a rather hot pirate. Maybe some of your college friends will have more Halloween parties? We'll be more prepared this time too. This year you snuck it up on me and I didn't even have time to dress up all cool.*

*I gotta impress your friends somehow. Especially since everyone seems to adore you, not as much as me obviously, but still.*

*You know I----*

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*Thanks for ruining my letter, Georgie :(*

*I'm kidding, you didn't ruin it but I did lose my train of thought. You woke up in the middle of my letter just as I predicted, so it's like 3 a.m. now? But I couldn't sleep so I'm writing out at my desk. I won't be gone for long, don't worry. I also tucked my pillow between my arms so it wouldn't be too cold without your personal heater.*

*You know I used to hug a pillow whilst sleeping? Don't gotta do it now that I have you, but fun fact.*

*Oh! That's the change, we're home now. We got home earlier today. Gracie was really sad to see us go again. We had to reassure her a million times to FaceTime her more. She's adorable, you know. Reminds me of Emma when she was younger. They'll definitely like each other*

*I hope we get our families together one Christmas. It would be insanely chaotic but I think we'd make it work. Four of us can gang up on Andrew for a snowball fight. He always used to gang up on me and Emma. I wasn't as tall yet, so I think revenge is calling my name. Those two would be so amazed by all the snow. I think Andrew's experienced it before, but during Christmas?? It would be literal perfection.*

*Plus, if we fit this well together, I don't think our families will struggle too much.*

*I hope we can do it at least.*

*The gig you took me to that LoveJoy played at was absolutely perfect as well. It makes me so happy I can wiggle my way into your friendship with Wilbur. He's amazing, and I'm glad you had him on your side when I couldn't be there.*



*Wilbur's a whole catch, maybe we should find him a special someone. I feel bad that our best friends are single and have to deal with our romance constantly. I don't really feel bad, but maybe we should help them out. We are the ideal couple, hehe.*

*Your mom and dad are too nice to me I think. They accepted me so quickly and I just don't know if I earned it all? Especially after the letter fiasco, but I'm so grateful for them too. It's like having a second pair of parents, I guess that is how it works when you date someone.*

*I'm really happy they liked me from the start. And don't worry, I didn't forget Nanny Beth. She's the sweetest and really funny. She kept dropping hints when she made your favorite foods during Christmas. I may or may not have a little list of food and snacks going for you. Gotta treat you like the prince you are. I am your knight, I didn't forget.*

*I'm backtracking a little here but Christmas morning with you was beautiful. I know it wasn't us alone, but being able to wake up with you in my arms, not to mention it was snowing outside again which was absolute perfection, and you let me FaceTime Emma half asleep while we enjoyed the snowfall together. I don't think I could've asked for a better Christmas present. Of course, I still loved what you got me, but you're the best present in my life, Georgie. I hope you always know that.*

*I call you a present cause you really did come into my life as a surprise. A silly little pen-pals program for my last year of high school. A program I almost wanted to skip entirely.*

*Our lives would've been so different, huh? I wonder which school you would have gone to, I wonder if I would've applied to the programs I wanted. I don't think I would've without your encouragement. You helped me climb out of the hole I had dug myself into.*

*I love you so much.*

*I hope you liked your birthday this year as well. I could finally wish you a proper birthday and kiss your breath away. I pampered you well, didn't I? Got you breakfast in bed, cuddled you just like you asked, drew you a nice bath. Patches gave you extra cuddles too. I think I did a good job.*

*It wasn't too much, but I'm saving my best ideas for our anniversary. And yes, I'm planning the first one, let me have this, okay? This is your only warning for it.*

*Thought next year I'll do something grander for your birthday. I'll have more money saved up and all that jazz.*

*It's weird thinking about the future, soon enough it's gonna be a year of being together, and then a year of living together.*

*Maybe we should take a trip somewhere in Europe next summer? A change of scenery of course after we figure out your classes stuff if you're gonna take extra classes you mentioned. I'm totally fine with that, but we are definitely wiggling in a vacation, okay? We gotta relax a little, especially you. You deserve it.*

*What about Greece or Italy? I've always wanted to go there. Or maybe a whole trip across all of Europe? It's easy to get around, right? Lots of trains and stuff I'm pretty sure, or we can take planes when we need to! I feel like trains could be a nice little adventure though. The start of us travelling the world together or am I thinking too early for this? Either way I'll love your take on these ideas baby.*

*We can't do Paris just yet though. Unless you want me scouting out potential locations for you know what, baby.*

*You know I haven't thought much about it since we started dating, but I think it's because it's not a question for me anymore.*

*I know I want my forever to be with you. I wouldn't have it any other way, gorgeous.*

*This is so nostalgic when I read back what I'm writing. Like I used to ask all these questions and wait eagerly for a week to get a response. But now I'm going to be handing you this letter myself and listen to your thoughts and replies all by myself. It's insane to think about.*

*I think past Dream would be happy with where we ended up.*

*It's going to be New Year's in a couple more days. I'm going to be starting the new with you hand in hand and we'll have that special New Year's kiss.*

*Remember when you told me how you counted down the new year for me too? Well, you won't have to this time. You'll be right in my lap counting down the minutes and seconds together.*

*I don't think I'd want it any other way to be honest. Hope you didn't mind that I wanted to spend the new year with just you and patches. I'm sure your friends probably invited you to cool parties, but I wanna go into the new year with the two I love most. Don't worry, you're above Patchy by a half point... But don't let her know.*

*Maybe some wine and a nice movie and us two counting it down on the tv or off the laptop or something silly. We can have another dance under the moonlight after turning on all the fairy lights. I think dancing is becoming our thing by accident. I don't mind it when I'm with you though. I love when you lead me, you move so effortlessly and it's beautiful to watch.*

*You're so beautiful, baby.*

*If you think you'll get away with a little peck you'll be wrong for our New Years kiss, by the way. I'll be kissing you until it's at least 2 minutes into the new year. I gotta make it count.*

*I hope the coming year is nothing but perfect for us. I'm sure we'll have our little arguments and you'll say something to make me mad or I'll say something to make you mad, but I hope you always know I love you more than I can keep it contained. I'll probably come running after you in an hour and hug you so close.*

*I hope I never make you cry too much. It's the last thing I'd ever want.*

*George I know you don't like it when I start thanking you, but I can't help it. You've brought such a new light into life for me. You fucking flew Sapnap out here to meet me and are helping him with moving out here. You did so much for me and my best friend. You're the kindest and sweetest soul out here. You let me get away with dumb stuff and you never complain when I get quiet when I have a bad day. You're always there to soothe me and support me, and I couldn't have asked for a better boyfriend, or in general a better person to be with me.*

*For an added surprise I'm adding a polaroid in this letter. I never sent you a photo with my face, huh? I played the mysterious American part pretty well.*

*But as we have met each other properly and are boyfriends, I'm gifting you one finally. I hope you enjoy it. I won't mention it if you keep it in your bag, don't worry. Feel free to keep it close, gorgeous, maybe it'll keep the flirts away.*

*Sometimes it pops into my head how Emma used to joke about shipping you over here by herself. She always loved that I got to smiling when I was writing to you. Some boy across the ocean that I had never met, but had become the reason for me to graduate and see the end of my senior year.*

*George, you've given me so much happiness. I hope you know that. I'm, like, repeating myself again, but Gods this whole last year has been the best of my life.*

*And I'm so fucking happy that I can take you with me into another year and show you how much I love you. I don't know if I'll ever be able to show it all to you, but I hope you feel it.*

*I hope you feel it when I kiss your blushing cheeks or wrap a blanket around you when you're sleeping.*

*I hope you feel it when I pick you up or drop off food for you when you're studying hard.*

*Better yet, I hope you feel it when you're sitting in my lap typing away but you let me cling to you cause I can't stand back away from you.*

*I hope you feel it when I wish you "good luck" on an exam or when you have a bad day and I can hug away the awful feelings, or numb them a little.*

*I know I'm not the most affectionate in public, but I hope you noticed me working on it. Because, Gods, I just want to be the best version of myself for you... and myself.*

*I can't wait to get Patches a friend in our little home. I can't wait to watch more photos fill the walls, and I hope we keep writing letters to each other. It's one of my favorite things about us both, and I want to make it thrive as long as possible.*

*I want to be opening up wax sealed letters and read beautiful cursive writing for the rest of my life.*

*You helped me come out and realize I don't need to be afraid of myself, and I'm so thankful for that as well.*

*I love you so much George, you're the light of my life. Every room you walk into the sun follows*

*you in, and no wonder everyone wants to be your friend.*

*The brightest star in my life and it's why I had to put you up in the sky itself. We should stargaze for your star one night soon.*

*I love you. I love you. I love you.*

*Fuck, I heard the door creak open, I think you're awake now. The pillow must've not worked for too long.*

*One more I love you for the road before you come stumbling into my arms whining about being cold.*

*Not that I'd ever complain about it, gorgeous.*

*Let's start the new year perfectly.*

*- Your Dream :)*

*P.S. - One that you'll keep forever*

*P.P.S. - Check Instagram for a surprise*

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*Dear Dream,*

*God, you're right, I completely remember when we tried to push ourselves to do these formal greetings every letter. That didn't last long, did it? I mean, it was fun for a while. I think for a*

*while I was able to convince myself we were writing like they would back in the olden days, where something like what we have now was forbidden. I think back then, given the circumstances, these letters would have meant even more to us than they do already. If that's even possible? Anyways...*

*My Baby,*

*You're right, that feels much better. Hi, I love you. This letter made me so unbelievably happy. The fact that you started writing it while we were back in London and then had to finish it once we got home because I ever so rudely interrupted you, I sincerely apologise. But dear God you are the most endearing person in the entire fucking world, and I love you so fucking much.*

*I can't believe we actually made our Christmases at both of our parents' homes work out this year. I thought it was going to end up a lot worse than it did, but planes did not betray us the way the postal service did last year, and I'm happy to say that it was nice to spend Christmas in two different ways this year. You're right though, it's crazy to me that this time last year we were both hoping and wanting for this. It's just unbelievable that we got to actually see that all come into fruition.*

*Your family was lovely, I miss them a lot honestly. I loved hanging out with Emma and Andrew, and I thought it was very sweet that they waited to decorate the tree until we could be there with them. I know your mother made them wait, but still. I must admit it was rather strange knowing that it was December and that Christmas was only a few days away while the sun was shining and we didn't need more than a light jacket to go outside. Nonetheless, spending that time with your family was incredible.*

*Your mother was lovely as always, shopping for presents was fun (especially since I could sneak Emma some extra money to get that new set of mixing bowls for your mother), and your grandparents were amazing. I don't think they were pestering me, I think they were just curious and excited that you were in a relationship worth telling them about. (Or so I hope). They were very sweet, said that we are more than welcome to visit them any time we'd like. I don't know, your family just makes me feel very welcomed and loved.*

*Like you said, it's like having a second family, which is exactly what it's supposed to be like when you're dating someone. And two families are better than one, it's just more people to love and be loved by. Truly, I love your family. They mean so much to me and they're the reason you exist, so I'll never stop being grateful for them.*

*Spending actual Christmas in London with my family was fun too. I got to see you experience snow for the first time in your life, which was quite a sight. I told you you'd get cold with just that jacket, but noooooo you insisted that it wasn't that bad. "I can handle it, baby. Trust me." – Cut to*

*you shivering your ass off ten minutes later after you realised that snow is quite literally frozen water. Don't worry, you look cute with a chilly nose and snowflakes on your eyelashes.*

*However, I will say that that snowball fight was completely unfair! I can't believe Gracie sided with you and YOU took it upon yourself to give her leverage by putting her up on your shoulders. I'm your boyfriend, you're supposed to take MY side, idiot. You were so cruel to me, letting her hit me with snowballs and you shoving snow down my coat. I should have broken up with you on the spot. Kidding, maybe. Next year I get to pick my team first, and I have a sneaking suspicion that your siblings will both choose me over you.*

*That being said, I talked to your parents about this already, as well as mine, but next year I think we're going to fly everyone out to London. My parents have plenty of bedrooms for your family to stay in and we can bring everyone together for one big Christmas. Your father was really excited when I told him about the idea, and I gave your mother my mother's phone number. Fun fact, they've gotten pretty close and text and call a lot to talk about us and their own lives as well. So I think they'll be rather fond of spending the next holiday season together, plus it's less travelling for us, so it's a win-win really.*

*The snow angels may have been one of my favourite parts of the entire trip as well. I think I just liked seeing you in complete awe of the snow surrounding you. You really are such a curious person, and I think I fall more in love with you every time I look at you discovering something new. You say I looked pretty in the snow, but you looked dazzling. You know I call you my sunshine, because you are truly the embodiment of sunlight itself, so seeing you shine brighter than the snow you were laying in made me feel like I could melt through the powder beneath us.*

*We really did dream so much so quickly last year, trying to plan out a future like this in hopes that it would be something we could actually have. I knew I always wanted it like this with you, even if we hadn't admitted it to each other at the time, I knew. It is insane to me that we've known each other for almost a year and a half now, and that we've actually been together for a little over seven months as you said. It feels like just yesterday I was telling you about wanting to kiss the postman for finally delivering your letter to me in hopes that you'd pick up on the fact that I'd mentioned I'd never been kissed before. And thank god you did.*

*Maybe it just feels nostalgic because I'm writing this letter to you right now. Apologies again for disrupting your writing when we were back in London, I must say I find it absolutely adorable that you hung onto the letter to finish here at home so you could still give it to me. And yes, my name being written in blue was truly something exciting for me to see, so thank you for that, baby.*

*I'm glad both of our fears were wrong. I'm glad you did everything you could when that letter got lost, I'm glad you found Wil's manager's number eventually and called. I considered it too, you know. Flying out to you when I hadn't heard back. I was terrified, but I just wanted you. If you'd actually flown out to London and had shown up on my parent's front door step, I think I would*

*have been frozen— out of pure shock I believe. I don't know if I would have been able to comprehend that you were actually real, or that you were there, especially after everything I'd confessed.*

*I think after a little bit it would have settled in, and I would have clung onto you and never let go. It felt like that when I met you at your prom, actually. When I first showed up at your house and you weren't there, I felt devastated. But then I met Skye, and she walked me through that loud room under the crazy lights, and the second I saw your back turned to me I felt my tongue catch in my throat. For just a second, the world hit me like a ton of bricks, because I realised in that moment that you were actually real and tangible, that I could actually reach out and touch you.*

*But yes, if you had shown up at my front door I would have been a mess. If we'd called on the phone first I would have been a blubbing mess of nonsense, but in person you'd have been able to console me. I like that thought you had, that after we'd been able to sleep wrapped in each other's arms that you would have kissed me the following morning in the hazy sunlight. You know, you actually have quite the way with words, because that sounds magical. However, I'll always hold our first kiss close to my heart, I don't think anything in the world could ever compare to that.*

*But yes baby, you are a romantic. And I love you for it.*

*Damn, I really have missed writing to you. It's New Years Eve and you are out at the store right now to get us some food for this evening, and I must say I think it's admirable that Nanny Beth gave you a list of recipes for snacks and meals she knows to be my favourites. Although I miss writing our letters like this, that doesn't mean I don't absolutely adore when you come lay in my lap and talk until your voice falls to a raspy whisper and you make small squeaking noises when you laugh. But this, pen and paper, stamps and envelopes, wax seals and words meant only for us... I wouldn't trade it for anything in the world.*

*We may have been a little obnoxious for following the rules the entire time. Mostly. That call to Wil didn't count because technically I only heard a little bit of your voice, and we never actually spoke to each other. I think we are cute for following the rules too. I'm glad you decided to stay in that literature class and be a part of the project, because I think I'd be lost without you right now.*

*To answer your question, I don't know what I'd be doing honestly. America was always somewhere I could see myself ending up, however there are many prestigious universities throughout Europe that I most likely would have attended out of fear of leaving what I knew to be home. If I had never met you through the letters, and we'd never met through school at all, I think you would have found a way to motivate yourself through school. Maybe Andrew would have been successful in his plights to get you back into playing American football. I think if you'd gotten back into that, you'd have ended up on a scholarship in Oklahoma to play with your favourite team.*



*However, I think we still would have met somehow. At least I hope we would have. At the end of the day though, I am more than ecstatic to have you in my life exactly how I have you, I wouldn't give anything to have it any other way, because you are perfect to me. I love you the way you are, I love that no matter what mood you're in that you always come to me because you know we can talk it through. I know we very rarely argue, and I know that we will most likely have disagreements in the future, but I've said it before and I'm saying it again. I promise to always stay. Nothing could ever take precedence in my life over you, no matter what. I need you to know that. I will always stay.*

*I love you, saying it again to remind you.*

*I agree, autumn together felt magical. I've been so used to wearing my school uniform to classes that being able to wear comfy sweaters and beanies has been so amazing, literally life changing if I do say so myself. Of course your hoodies are still my favourites to wear, mostly because they smell the most like you. I'm not going to apologise for stealing them from you either, because when I do they are still warm and that makes my day even better. I hope I make up for it enough when I come home and cuddle back up in your arms. You know that's my favourite place to be anyways.*

*Speaking of those sweaters though, Mika said that they and Izzy found a thrift shop about twenty minutes away from campus that has some more cool sweaters and fun patterned button downs that they think you'll like. Do you want to go next week? I'll buy you boba from that shop we went to on my birthday.*

*Speaking of my birthday, and since you brought it up, yes it was wonderful. You are an actual angel and I adore you more than anything in the universe. Breakfast in bed, cuddling, only going out for a dinner date, and then coming home to join you in that bubble bath... All of it was so wonderful. Please don't ever think you don't do enough for me or need to outdo previous acts of kindness that you show towards me. I appreciate everything you do, and I love you more because it all involves you. You are the sun in this dull ass world, and everything around me is brighter because of you.*

*Including Halloween, because although that movie scared the shit out of both of us, the night felt magical. It was fun to pass out candy to those kids, made me think of what it will be like in the future if we ever have kids of our own. Obviously way into the future, but still. I agree on being pirates next year, I think you'd make a dashing captain. And I'd sail around the world with you in a heartbeat, baby. Sappnap would be an excellent addition to our crew, seeing how he'll be here next year to celebrate with us, I think we should get him in on the costume choice and be a band of pirates together!*

*I'm sure there will be parties we can show up at, especially with all three of us, it'll be a riot. I*

*cannot wait! Genuinely thinking about a future that not only involves us but our friends as well... it just sounds perfect to me. And honestly who gives a shit about impressing other people? I mean, sure we will dazzle them with our costumes no doubt, but you're the only person who's validation I will ever seek. You are, and always will be, my world.*

*Oh, come on now, you cannot fault me for showing love to Patches. Just because you drive me to class and back when it's cold out, and lend me your clothes so I can stay warm, and bring me coffee when my classes are out, and kiss me properly... this list is becoming long. I think the point of it was to tell you that just because you treat me like a king doesn't mean our little princess Patches doesn't deserve some kisses every now and then.*

*Don't worry, you're still forever and always my knight, I wouldn't dare not make it up to you with a million more kisses.*

*Your ideas for travelling for our anniversary sound wonderful, by the way. I'd say let's go to Greece, but I think we should save that trip for when Sapnap can join us. Did you know his family is Greek? Don't get me wrong, I'd love to go with just you, but I think he'd kill us both if we went without him. Plus, maybe we can see about making a friends trip out of that and inviting Wil, Skye, Joshua, Mika, and Izzy. I don't know, I think it would be fun! Wil and I can cover everything for that so people don't have to stress out, but maybe over the summer all of us can go? We'll talk about it.*

*(Also by the way, Sapnap has severely mis-informed you. I am not losing my accent, nor will it go anywhere. I've spoken like this for nineteen years now, some of my words may start sounding a little more American, but my accent will stay. Just as yours will, idiot.)*

*Anyways.*

*For just you and me, Italy sounds lovely. I haven't been in quite a while, actually. If we go I'll have to take you to this vineyard my grandparents took me to with my parents when I turned sixteen. It's absolutely gorgeous there, and there's lodging as well so we could stay there for a little bit. They have a lake nearby that we can go to, we can ride bikes into the city, there's even this secret little grove I can take you to with a small pond and river surrounded by trees. The water is kind of cold there, but trust me when I tell you it's beautiful.*

*I'll be happy to go wherever you would like, my love. Going anywhere in the world sounds wonderful as long as I'll be with you. You're right though, we shouldn't go to Paris just yet. I mean, if you want to, to you know, scout out places to—~~or—fuck. Okay don't make fun of me for being flustered.~~ Wow, been a while since you've seen any of that, huh? Listen... I love you. I want that, I want you, forever. I already know that. Fuck, Dream. I love you.*

*God, I love you.*

*You're sweet, by the way, for tucking a pillow in my arms when you went off to write this. You know all too well that I get clingy in my sleep and have gotten very used to having you to hold onto. I used to sleep with a pillow in my arms too before we met up. I actually used to miss you so badly that I would hold it close while shutting my eyes and wishing it was actually you. I may have cried while doing so as well. That's sad, I guess, but I just needed you to know that I'm glad I have you now to fill that space. It's always belonged to you.*

*Speaking of which, tonight after we ring in the New Year, you better cuddle me super close. I spent last year wishing desperately that you were there with me, there's not a single chance I'm only looking to get away with a peck at midnight. You're a fucking idiot. Correction, you're MY fucking idiot, and I love you. Kiss me forever as soon as the clock strikes twelve and never stop. You made last year a dream come true, and I fully intend on making this next year the best of our lives.*

*I think that past Dream would be proud of present Dream as well. I sure am. You are amazing and wonderful, and so deserving of every ounce of love the world has to offer. I hope to give you as much of that as I can, but I hope you remember to accept that love from the world around you as well. I'm sure some days the sun shines only for you, because it knows it must ensure your wellbeing and happiness. You say I'm your brightest star and that's why you had to put me in the sky, I hope you know that for me you are the one that parts any grey clouds and shines brightest of them all.*

*And that, my lovely boyfriend, is the reason I'm hoping you don't come home just yet. Because if you were to walk in our front door right now, you'd see me crying. Not because I'm sad, but because I love you just that much, and this letter from you has meant the fucking world to me. This polaroid of you, I just realised, is the first one I have that's of your beautiful face and that wasn't taken by me. This feels like when I used to get pictures of part of you back when I was waiting anxiously for the post to arrive.*

*God, I'm going to take a moment just to tell you that you are quite literally the most handsome man on the face of the planet. That hoodie, your smile, the way your eyes are all lit up because of just how brightly wondrous you are. God, Dream. Even your messy hair. Fuck. I love you so goddamn much, baby. I cannot wait for you to get home, because I am going to tackle you and kiss you until I can't breathe.*

*I love everything about you, and I'll remind you every second of every day in case you ever forget. You only make me cry because of that fact, because you mean so much to me, because you make me feel nothing but loved. I have never felt safe on my own, I've never had a clear direction for*

*what I wanted or where I would end up, but with you everything feels so clear. I think before I met you I just felt trapped and all of my insecurities always seemed to reflect on me and drag me down. But meeting you helped me gain the confidence to reach out for what I knew was best and what would make me happiest in the world.*

*Flying Sapnap out here to visit and surprise you before your birthday was an honour. He is your best friend and I could only imagine how badly you wanted to meet him seeing how you've known him for years now. I know how badly I wanted to meet you after only a few months. Seeing you two interact was more of a gift to me than anything, really. That may sound selfish, but seeing your face light up the moment you realised that your best friend in the world was standing in our living room filled my heart with so much joy. Seeing you happy will never stop making me happy, so I hope you understand that I will never stop trying my best to make you smile. Plus, you have the most beautiful smile in the world.*

*You have changed my life in so many ways, and I know you get tired of me thanking you as well for things, but truly Dream, thank you. Thank you for even writing me back in the first place, thank you for taking the time to get to know me, thank you for letting yourself feel what you feel so I wasn't alone in all of this because I can't imagine feeling this way about anyone else. Thank you for making me laugh, smile, feel excited about life and our future together. Thank you for holding me when I'm upset and never letting go.*

*I don't mind that you're not too affectionate in public, I know you're still getting comfortable with yourself and I hope you know that I will always wait for you to be ready for anything and everything. Because believe it or not, you are worth waiting for. You have always been, especially when the post loses letters and covers them in stamps from all across the world. You have made me happier than I ever knew was humanly possible, and for that I have to thank you most of all.*

*Thank you for loving me, and thank you for letting me love you. And I know that post on Instagram was something that may have been scary for you to do, but God do I love that picture. I know I'm kind of the focus of attention in it, smiling at the camera, but you're there with me even if your face is turned to the side, I can still see you smiling down at me while I'm wrapped in your hoodie. That was a big step for you to post publicly about us, and I wanted you to know that I am insanely proud of you. You are one of the bravest people I know, you helped me feel brave when I needed it most, so please know that I will always be by your side to help you along your own journey with yourself.*

*I am excited about our future as well. I'm excited about getting Patches a new friend so she has someone to play with when we're tired; Maybe we should go to the animal shelter and get a kitten on her birthday? It is Valentine's day, of course, so that could be a fun date for us. Just promise we'll dance as well, just as I hope we do this evening during our countdown to midnight.*

*I love dancing with you, I think it may be one of my favourite things that we do together. Maybe*

*it's because I like having you close, or maybe it's because it reminds me of our first time meeting each other at your prom. Either way, you make me feel like I'm flying, and I never want to come down from the clouds if I get to be with you, my knight.*

*I just got a text from you asking to come help carry in groceries, so I suppose my letter ends here. I'll give this to you after the clock strikes twelve, hopefully keeping my promise of kissing you as long as I can tonight before the wine gets to my head. I hope you enjoy this polaroid of Patches and I, we took it while you were out.*

*Why does ending this letter right now feel just as it did when we were thousands of miles away? I think it's just the precedence of it all. I'm reminding myself right now as I write this that you are just outside, I get to see you in a few minutes and spend my evening wishing in the New Year and finally being able to do so with you holding me close. Thank God!*

*I love you Clay, more than anything in the world, and I'll tell you again. I love you, I love you, I love you. I will love you for the rest of my life, because you are worth loving and being loved by. You are my sun, my moon, my stars, my everything. I love you.*

*Love always,*

*Your absolutely, wildly, delightfully, and insatiably happy and loving boyfriend,*

*George.*

*P.S. - Of course I got another papercut. Please tell me you got more band-aids at the store.*

## Chapter End Notes

note from tad:

Hello hello everyone,,,,,I guess that's the last time I'll be saying that in notes for pc&s. Sorry to start off sad lmfao. Thank you so much for all the support and love you've shown for this fic, it truly means the fuckin world to us and idk about KAT but I never imagined our little (big) fic to get this big. It's insane how many people have loved and enjoyed it and will enjoy it now that it's finished. A know a lot of people have been waiting for the 40/40. It's here finally and honestly it feels so bittersweet. We've been writing this since September and now it's March. Isn't that insane? Long fics had never been something I could even see myself achieve before this but all the

encouragement from KAT and all of you guys kept me going even though I wavered a little at the end. Pc&s dnf will always hold a special in my heart and I hope you loved them just as much as we did. It's crazy thinking about how I won't need to write them anymore, but I know I'll be reading my own fic on my saddest days. Sorry to be all sappy. I hate letting go of things. Again thank you so much for the love and support for this fic, I love you guys all. I hope you'll all support me in my future fics as well !!!! Thank you so much once again.

note from kat:

holy fuck. it's over. this fic has been an absolute journey and passion project for six months, and seeing it come to a close finally has been very emotional. I have loved this fic more than anything in the world, and have dedicated so much time to it, so to see it come to an end is truly relieving and heartbreaking at the same time. thank you guys for the love and support throughout these 40 chapters and 213,300 words of two sweet idiots falling in love. thank you to my friends who continued to motivate me when things got rough and who pushed me to continue with something that meant so much to me. shoutout to all my friends from the dnf server who's names got featured in this fic, and the few extras who snuck their way in. i hope you all enjoyed this nostalgic ending to our beloved story, and i cant wait to share with you all what I have planned next in regards to new fics. love you guys <3 thank you again for everything <3

socials:

[kat's twitter](#)

[tad's twitter](#)

## End Notes

note from kat:

hihi <3 i hope you guys enjoyed this first chapter! tad and i have a sweet friend named [mug](#), who you should all follow on twitter because he's very funny and we adore him, and he gave us a small bit of brainrot that we decided to run with! i'm super excited for this fic and for you to all read tad's chapter next week. not sure how many chapters this will have yet, we're playing it by ear right now. with how our progress is going, this one might be a bit of a longer chaptered fic!

in regards to my personal upcoming works, i have an angst/comfort longer oneshot in the works, an enemies to lovers multichap that i should start uploading here within the next week or two, and hopefully a new nsfw piece coming out soon as well for my 18+ readers! make sure to user sub to both tad and i so you guys can get email updates on when we post new chapters for this fic, as well as our other works.

comments and kudos make us smile like crazy, and we love hearing from you guys! i'm again sosososo excited for this fic and i hope you all enjoy <3

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!